Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Volume I — MARCH, 1923 — Number 7

ADVERTISING

Who Cares?

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

DURING the past year I have given considerable thought to the tragic situation occasioned by the lack of public and private interest in conservation of the out-door world and the propagation of its natural life. Frequently I have come in touch with various activities in some localities that indicate progress and achievement. Yet in spite of all that has been done the situation becomes more and more deplorable. I am not an alarmist, neither am I stupid enough to think that the mere denial of the existence of a problem ever contributes to its solution. We can never inspire any action or secure any cooperation in conservation until we first have a wide-spread knowledge of the actual condition of affairs. The people must be informed. **Education and conservation are comrades.** Every legitimate and honest medium must be at work for the dissemination of the truth. You love the open places or you would not be reading this, I love them or I would not be writing it. We both see them passing. Commercial greed and profit are stalking thru the land taking unhesitatingly and without shame their toll. The lungs of the earth are breathing poison. The blood of the earth is growing thin. The people are losing in virility and heroism. The frontier is gone and the spirit of the pioneer is fading into memory. I have faith in the citizenship of the Republic. I have faith that if this citizenship only had the facts at its command it would rise up as one voice. Nothing can defeat an awakened public opinion. When the incontrovertible results are portrayed as to what America will be like when all her streams are polluted and her every forest laid low I am confident that their action will be such that every legislative assembly in the land will reverberate as seldom in the past with the thunderings of protest and **remedy.** The future security and the permanency of this country depend upon CONSERVATION. We have run riot with our squandering. We have been spendthrifts of the most ignoble kind. We have not only dissipated what we thought was our own but we have stolen and robbed from those who are yet unborn. Worse than thieves for we have stolen from those who could not defend their possessions. "Time-servers" and "slaves of immediate need" properly characterize our methods. How we have been duped by the propaganda and upholders of commercialism. How necessary to our life and prosperity have they tried to make their factories, their chemicals and their machinery. Do they think we are knaves? Have we never read history? Call the roll of nations! Begin with the earliest recorded history of the race and tell us the name of one people or of one nation that lives today because of commercial supremacy. Not one out of the past of the world. Art lives! music lives! literature lives! science lives!—these are eternal! Foolish and fooled America to think that you will live because of the height of your buildings, the length of your railroads, the number of your factories and the standardization of your life. You are not rich enough, America, nor do you have power enough, to project yourself indefinitely into the future as a national identity when you are neglecting the very things that produce the most necessary raw (Continued on page 372)

Preston Bradley

50,000 COPIES THIS ISSUE

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Izaak Walton League Monthly

EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—Editor

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL — OZARK RIPLEY
ZANE GREY — TRAVERS D. CARMAN
HAROLD T. PULSIFER — WARREN H. MILLER
M. L. GOCHENOUR — BOB BECKER
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY — THOMAS AMBROSE
MARGUERITE IVES

Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
326 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 25c
Subscription rate $1.00 per year. Cuba, Mexico, and Canada 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage.
Entered as second class matter August 29, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I — MARCH, 1923 — Number 7

CONTENTS

Editorial—Who Cares? — *Dr. Preston Bradley* — Cover
America the Wasteful — *Robert W. Chambers* — 315
A Powerful Warning.
The Gladiator of the Sea — *Zane Grey* — 316-17-18
Detailed Broadbill Swordfish Experiences.
Tampering With Kingly Crowns — *Archibald Rutledge* — 319
Fascinating and Little Known Facts.
Pollution — *Dr. James A. Henshall* — 320-21
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.
Bonefish at Long Key — *Frank L. Stick* — 322-23-24
A Regular Fishing Story by a Regular Fisherman.
A Night Hunt for Black Bear — *Bob Becker* — 325-26-27
Exciting Hunting Adventure in Alaska.
Crooked Trails to Paradise — *Royden E. Tull* — 328-29-30
Story of Travel by Trail and Canoe.
For Foxy Fish and Otherwise — *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer* — 331
Barblessly Speaking.
God's Country — *James Oliver Curwood* — 332-33
Second Installment—"I Become a Killer."
One Bass — *Ozark Ripley* — 334-35
The Story of a Big Bass That's Still There.
Grizzly Bear Photography — *Dr. H. H. Rogers* — 336-37
Remarkably Well Told Tale.
Our Outdoor Calendar — *Warren Hastings Miller* — 338-39
Delightful and Practical Outdoor Lore.
Bird Lore — *Bob Becker* — 340-41
Announcing $125.00 Prize Camera.
Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen — *Travers D. Carman* — 342-43
A Department for the Dog Lover.
Charles F. Bennett — 343
Executive Secretary of the Izaak Walton League.
Three Thrills — *Dr. Frank Mackie Johnson* — 344
A Plea for the Single Hook.
What the Izaak Walton League of America Will Do — *By the Editor* — 345
Sign, Brother, Sign!
Who Owns Our Forests? — *Donald Hough* — 346-47
A Question of Vital Importance.
The Outdoor Woman — *Marguerite Ives* — 348-49-50
The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods — *Letters of Nan* — 349
Forest Mothers — *Sarah Noble Ives* — 350
Arms Failures in Bush and Field — *By Hunters of the League* — 351-52-53
Mostly About Boys — *By Old Bill* — 354-55
Recommended to the Oldsters as Well as the Youngsters.
Pipe Chats — *Dr. Preston Bradley* — 356
Outdoor Literature — *Thomas Ambrose* — 357
Reviewing "Tragic Fishing Moments," by Will H. Dilg, and "Mostly About Trout," by Sir George Aston.
Angling Memories — *By Anglers of the League* — 358-59-60-61
One Hook Artificial Lure Contest — 364-65

America the Wasteful

Urging Concerted Action of Whole Country

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Second serial rights presented the Izaak Walton League Monthly by Robert W. Chambers

THAT we Americans have wasted, ignorantly, the natural resources with which God endowed our country, is a self-evident proposition.

Incessant repetition of this fact is wearisome and irritating to many. But until we Americans are sufficiently irritated to wake, think out a remedy, and apply it, the Jeremiahs and Cassandras among us are going to irritate and warn us and interfere with our national complacency until that slumbering monster, Public Opinion, is aroused with a roar.

It is scarcely necessary for us to remind one another that one of the most vital of all food supplies destined for human consumption once was derived—and, in a measure, still is drawn—from the wild life of the land.

From brook, river, lake, ocean come our fish; from mountain, forest, prairie and marsh we get our game.

Not so very long ago Fulton Market in New York City furnished a wonderful display for the thrifty housewife.

In spring and early summer the wild fresh-water fish—tons of them—covered the ice-sheeted slabs; speckled trout, salmon, lake-trout, black bass—a rainbow spectacle indeed!

In autumn and winter the market was almost buried in feather and fur. Great, fat wild turkeys hung everywhere. Quail by the dozens, clusters of woodcock and snipe in dozens, hundreds of braces of ruffed-grouse, pinnated-grouse (or prairie hens), ptarmigan, wild geese, wild swan, black brant; duck of many species—mallard, teal, widgeon, canvas-back, red-head, pintail, wood-duck, buffle-head.

Fat deer hung high between the bunches of feathered game; here and there a bear sprawled; hundreds of hares and cotton-tails dangled in rows with here and there a 'possum or a raccoon.

And, in great basket crates on the sidewalk in front of the stalls, thousands of red-breasted wild pigeons were offered at ten cents each. You can get a thousand dollars today for a live passenger pigeon. There are practically no more in the world.

Is it not astounding that the worn-out, over-populated Old World now furnishes to the New World practically the only game-food within reach of our housewives?

Is there any worse example of stupidity, ignorance and waste? The Great American Ass has kicked his manger to flinders and swallowed the last truss of hay. In other words, the forests are nearly gone, and with them the wild game they sheltered. Irresponsible mean-wells are draining marshes which will be of no use when drained, and our ducks and geese and snipe will vanish.

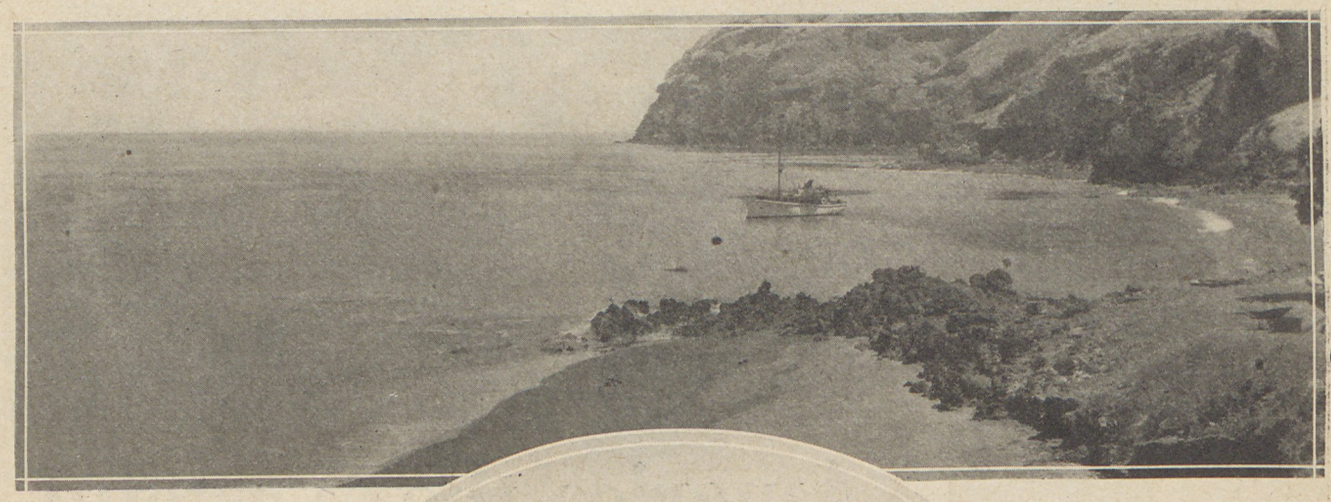
Forest fires, grass fires, marsh fires, destruction of divisional hedges, of

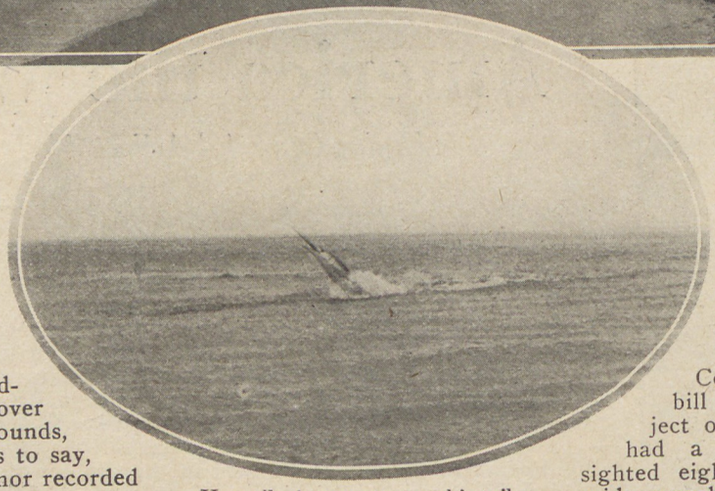
(Continued on page 366)

The Gladiator of the Sea

Beginning the chronicle day by day of a season's fishing for broadbill swordfish by the world's most famed sea angler

By ZANE GREY





He walked thirty feet on his tail.

THE 1920 season at Avalon was remarkable for the catching of three broadbill swordfish, the first in several years; and for the run of large Marlin swordfish.

Not for seven or eight years had there been such a run of large Marlin swordfish. Several were taken over three hundred and fifty pounds, all disqualified fish, that is to say, they were not recognized nor recorded by the Tuna Club because they were not caught according to the strict rules of the club. A Marlin, the recorded weight of which was three hundred and seventy-two pounds, contained a twenty-five pound yellowtail and was not so large a fish as my brother's which weighed three hundred and fifty-four pounds empty. This is the fourth very large Marlin taken by R. C. Grey, the respective weights being 300, 304, 328, 354 pounds. And this achievement stands unique because of the fact that among the rather limited number of anglers with three hundred pound Marlins to their credit no one has taken two.

At the start of this 1920 season I found myself sadly handicapped by having no boat nor boatman. It is very easy to think of giving up the long serene fishing days out on the Pacific, but as a matter of fact to do it is extremely difficult. All the veteran boatmen were secured by contracts to other anglers, so I was compelled to take up one of the younger men.

I decided upon Captain Sid Boerstler, and my choice turned out to be fortunate. Boerstler was considered the most expert engineer on the island, and an intelligent and willing young man who, under the training of Lone Angler Wiborn, R. C., and myself, very rapidly developed into a splendid boatman. To his credit for 1920 went the largest broadbill swordfish and the greatest number of Marlin swordfish, records that assuredly established his reputation.

R. C. and I, with the occasional comradeship of Lone Angler, fished from June fourteenth until September third. This was a long, trying and eventful season. It was particularly trying because the poor gasoline, the only kind obtainable, burned so imperfectly that sometimes, after breathing and smelling its residue all day, R. C. and I were so sick and half asphyxiated that we could not hold up our heads. But we stuck it out because that is the swordfish game. Considering only the broadbill fishing, which is the subject of this story, we certainly had a wonderful season. We sighted eighty-six broadbills, and I pride myself upon this fact because my desert-bred eyes picked up at least four-fifths of them. We worked seventy-five of these fish; that is to say, we were enabled to drag a bait in front of this number. We had sixteen strikes. We hooked twelve swordfish. And I caught one—four hundred and eighteen pounds. The complete story of our experiences would fill a volume. I append herewith such of the incidents of angling disaster as appear most interesting and thrilling. The word disaster is used advisedly, because fishing for broadbill swordfish is to court disaster and to meet it. The hardship, danger, and supreme difficulty of capturing this gladiator of the sea is now a matter of record. The very first day out, June fourteenth, we sighted a broadbill, and worked him without result. The next three days we sighted five, with like fortune; and one of these fish was very large, fully fourteen feet long, big around as a barrel. We ran close up on him and looked down upon him. He would have weighed eight hundred pounds, probably more. What a grand fish! He did not appear at all afraid of us. He watched us with big black eyes, as he slowly swam away.

June 20th

Foggy, warm, smooth dark sea. Ran out ten miles before I sighted a broadbill. He would not bite. Ran out to fifteen miles. I sighted another. Captain said it was no broadbill. But it was the big one we had fooled around and watched before. He went down at my barracuda bait. Presently he hit it. The line ran out a long way. I jerked and wound. Bait came back. Old

broadbill followed it clear to boat. R. C. yelled. I was amazed and thrilled. Broadbill whacked at the bait, swam around it, hit it, bit it, not thirty yards from the boat. Then he took it and went off, slow and easy. I let him go. After a little I jerked, and on the third pump the line tightened. I wound and jerked, and hooked him hard. Eleven-twenty-five. He went down. No runs! The line paid out slowly with raspy jerks of the reel. I was sort of vaguely afraid of the drag, but did not think. Damnable! The S. S. Avalon steered out of her course for us. The line finally did not pay out any more. I had the broadbill coming up. But I did not realize the tremendous strain on the line with the drag holding. Yet I did not feel that all was O. K. After thirty minutes the line snapped. I had the fish nearly up. The surprise of that was terrible. The drag had frozen solid. He could not pull out line at all. Oh, I was wild!

Then the broadbill came up on the surface. He was very loggy and appeared sick. We ran over. I saw the line and leader dragging. The fish acted queer. I put on a snag hook and actually snagged him. We were working up to him when this hold pulled out. Then he came to the boat. At this time I did not realize our danger. Captain Sid almost gaffed him—just scratched him. He passed to and fro under us, but deep. I tried again and again to snag him, but failed. Then he sank, and my heart, too, sank like lead.

This was the worst blunder I ever made, and the hardest disappointment. A terrible lesson! I may never get another chance like that.

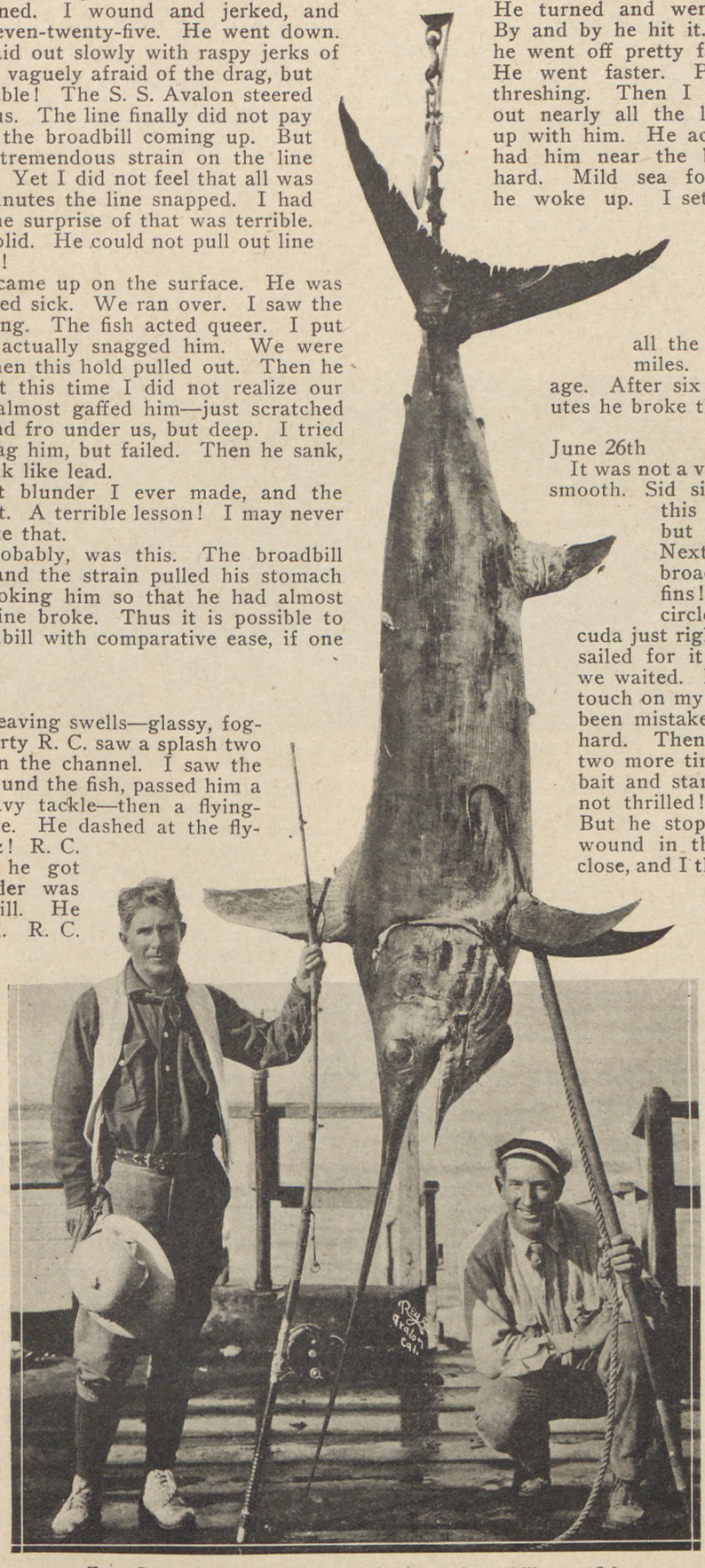
What happened, probably, was this. The broadbill swallowed the hook, and the strain pulled his stomach up into his throat choking him so that he had almost foundered when the line broke. Thus it is possible to catch a gigantic broadbill with comparative ease, if one has luck.

June 23rd

Fine smooth sea—heaving swells—glassy, foggy, warm. At nine-thirty R. C. saw a splash two miles off. We were in the channel. I saw the splash. We ran up, found the fish, passed him a barracuda on the heavy tackle—then a flying-fish on the light tackle. He dashed at the flying fish, and ran whizz! R. C. hooked him. When he got near I saw the leader was looped around his bill. He was not hooked at all. R. C. fought him six hours and fifteen minutes, four hours of it on a rough sea. The broadbill was a roamer. He went everywhere. Swift, wild, scary, we could not keep up with him. He was hooked at ten-twenty-five. After six hours and fifteen minutes R. C. passed me the rod, and when I got to fighting him he began violent tactics. Jerks, surges, runs! Finally he pulled loose. He was about four hundred pounds.

June 24th

Went out with Captain and Lone Angler Wiborn. The finest broadbill day yet. I picked up a big splash. We ran out. We soon saw a broadbill. We tried him with barracuda. He looked it over, but did not bite. We tried again. On the third try we got too close to him, apparently, as he was right alongside the boat. I reeled the bait towards us. He turned and went to it. We waited. By and by he hit it. Three times! Then he went off pretty fast, and I let him go. He went faster. Presently he came up threshing. Then I hooked him. He ran out nearly all the line before we caught up with him. He acted slow at first. We had him near the boat twice. I worked hard. Mild sea for four hours. Then he woke up. I settled down to a desperate fight, and got him up near us. He rolled and I thought he was done for. But no! He went down and fought all the harder. He towed us miles. He got fast and savage. After six hours and thirty minutes he broke the line.



Zane Grey, the greatest living authority on broadbill swordfish.

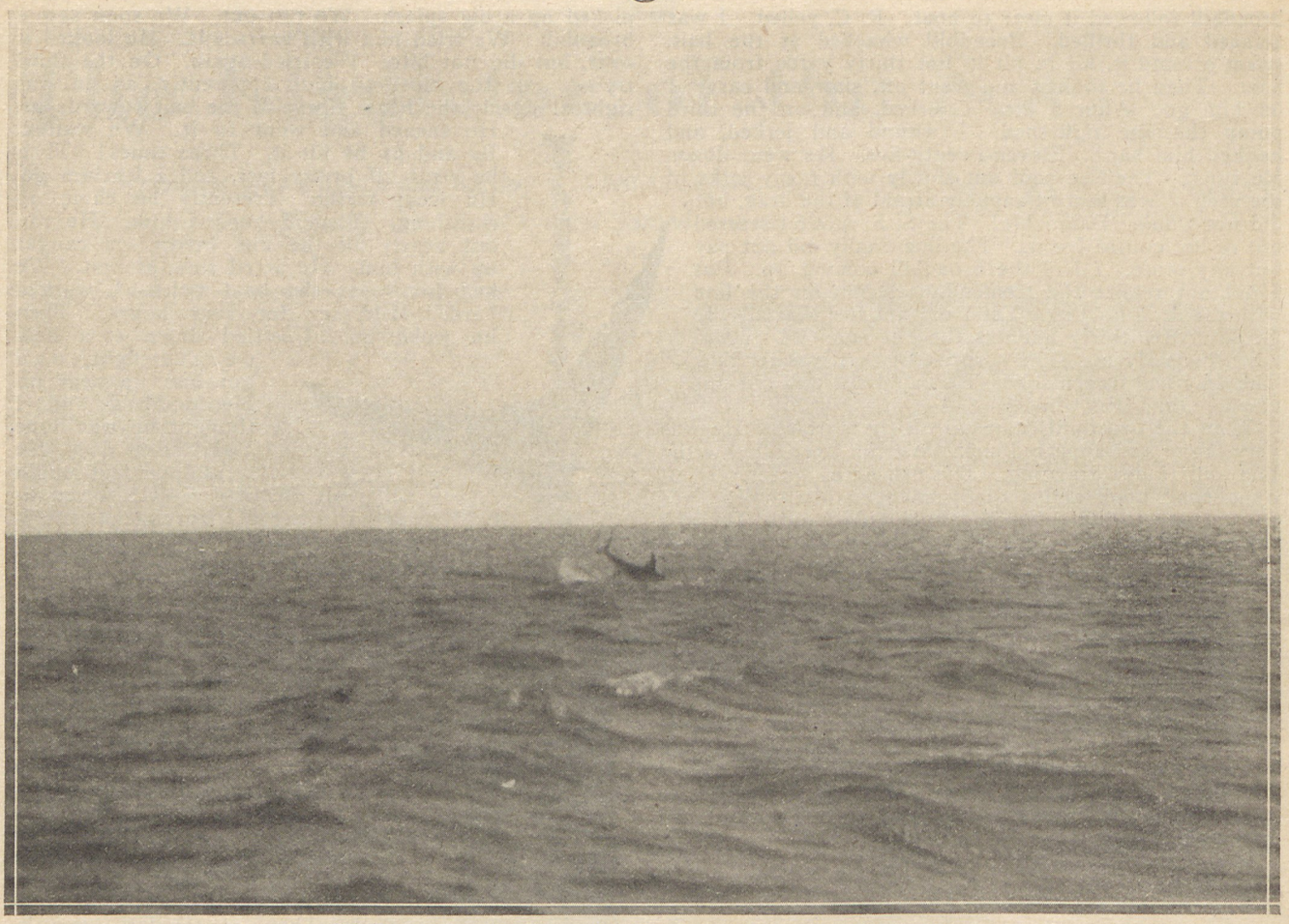
June 26th

It was not a very good day, but fairly smooth. Sid sighted a broadbill and this one banged the leader, but would not take a bait. Next I sighted an enormous broadbill—ten feet between fins! We made a perfect circle and drew the barracuda just right in front of him. He sailed for it! The bait sank and we waited. I thought I felt a faint touch on my line. But I must have been mistaken. Presently he hit it hard. Then, at regular intervals, two more times. Next he took the bait and started off. Maybe I was not thrilled! I shook like a leaf. But he stopped. After a while I wound in the bait. We saw him close, and I think he followed it. We maneuvered again, but he refused to look at it. We found the barracuda all cut up, and with two great welts ten inches apart where the monster's jaws had crushed it.

I sighted three more broadbills after that, and coming back we worked the big fellow again. No good!

July 2nd

We had several bad days not productive of fish. On this date we ran up to the isthmus. The wind came up. Disappointment! We gave up! But we ran out about four miles, and down the coast, and all the time I fought with myself. At last I decided to stop



His fin stood up bristling while he rolled and surged and plunged.

fishing and go to Oregon. Took my line in, put rods and reels away. . . . . Then I saw a swordfish! I told Sid and R. C. They were wild. I said it was a Marlin and we had no chance. But they prevailed upon me to try. So I rigged up the rod, put on the barracuda, and let it out. First time the broadbill turned away. I was disgusted. I said, "No good." We tried again, and he turned just right for me to draw my bait in front of him. He turned towards us. Then I wound it past him and let it stop. He followed. I had a tremendous feeling of suspense. He hit the bait. After a little he hit it again. Then he took it and went off slow and steady. I let him take a lot of line. When I hooked him I knew I had him deep.

He stayed down. I had an awful time trying to hold him. Only once did I get him up. We saw the barracuda on the line, and that was bad. A shark might cut the line. The only time the broadbill swam off on the surface was this time, and it gave us a chance to cut the bait loose. Then I fought him hard for one hour and fifteen minutes, and then the hook tore out. I felt it rip.

My disappointment was intense. All was good luck till the last minute. This incident persuaded me to stick it out. I shall continue to hunt broadbills and with patience, taking what comes. For now I begin to know the game.

July 5th

Awful! Terrible! Miserable! Bungle monumental! Horrible disappointment!

Fine oily sea, great swells—glassy, opalescent. Fog thin all around. Alone on the sea!

I sighted the first fish half a mile off. He had a big whitish ribbed fin. We did not get a bait near him. The next I saw a mile away. But he turned away from us.

We ran west—way off the West End—to the middle of the channel.

I sighted another fish. No good. Sid sighted one, but he went down. Then R. C. sighted another. We worked all. No good. One big fish had a hooked fin. While I was working him R. C. saw three more. And I saw two.

We worked from one to another. One followed my moving bait. Another hit at it. And finally the last one turned and followed it. I wound my reel. Sid ran the boat. R. C. yelled that the fish was following. Suddenly he hit it. Then I slacked and Sid stopped the boat. Presently he hit it violently. Then he took it and ran. I let him go. I had a hard time getting the rod into the socket on the seat. But finally I did. Then I hooked him.

He ran off on the surface threshing. We backed up on him. Then he went down a little and pulled hard. Then he came up, and we backed again. He made great splashes; his fin stood up bristling while he rolled and surged and plunged. We backed again. I got in line. Then he came toward us! I reeled in all of the line up to the doubled part. Then R. C. got hold of the leader, and he pulled. If the boat had been running we would have gaffed him then, and that would have caused him to tear a great hole in his body. But the clutch was out. He swam ahead and went under the boat. I put my rod down, and the line swept free. Mr. Broadbill came around back of the stern. He was enormous, beautiful, frightful. His sword was six feet long! He swam by us. Here again I made a horrible blunder. I should have told Sid to start the boat, and for him and R. C. to gaff the fish. He swam ahead. Sid threw a gaff over him. But it did not hold. He tried again. The gaff slipped over the fish. Then he swam ahead, under the boat. The line caught in the rudder or propeller. I yelled for the boys to raise the line with a gaff. Too late! It was close to the side of the boat, and we might have caught it between the fish and where it was fastened. But all was confusion. The line broke, and the broadbill came back and swam near us again. The sight of him was magnificent.

(Continued on page 362)

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Tampering With Kingly Crowns

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Illustration By Frank Stick

DURING the past eight or ten years this business of tampering with kingly crowns has been exceedingly popular; and interest in the sport has been worldwide. I should like briefly to describe a variety of this recreation with which I am somewhat familiar; and it is more innocent than that of assailing the headpiece of a mortal monarch. In brief, I think it can be established that the growth of deer-antlers can be made subject to man's control. My discovery of this has been somewhat curious; and while the truth of it may not yet be established, I hope it may seem interesting and plausible.

During nearly thirty-five years of deer-hunting and of roaming deer-haunts, I have never been impressed with anything more than the fact that in certain localities the stags seem to wear bigger horns than they do in other places, even though the latter may be quite near,—say, within twenty or thirty miles. I know two small private preserves (not parks, but estates of two or three thousand acres, and in desperately wild country) where the stags grow antlers that are unbelievably large. So well is this curious fact known by sportsmen of the vicinity (near Charleston, S. C.) that whenever a phenomenal head is seen at a taxidermist's or elsewhere, some one always says,—"Oh, that must be from the Millbrook Place, or from the Oakland Club. The deer there always have better horns than they can grow elsewhere." And to show what is meant by "better," I may say that many of these heads have a spread of 22 to 24 inches, a beam-circumference of 5 to 6 inches, and carry twelve to eighteen points. But it is the general appearance rather than any special feature which really impresses: the burly, rugged, craggy, massive aspect of these splendid antlers.

Once or twice I hunted where these great deer are found; and one feature of the landscape impressed me constantly. It is the so-called dredge-cuts. This country lies close to the sea; and it is here that valuable mineral deposits in the form of phosphate rock are found. These workings have been going on for nearly a century; and as a result much of the forest, destroyed by the first workings, have now returned; but the whole region is deeply and strangely serrated by these profound dredge-cuts, deep and wide ditches, now half-filled with water, canals now a permanent feature of the forest. The deer in this kind of country love nothing better than to feed on the lush grasses that fringe these cuts; and they drink from these old canals. I had often wondered if they did not assimilate an unusual amount of lime into their systems by feeding and drinking where this mark rock had been mined, and where much of it that was not removed by the dredges remained exposed to various forms of erosions. That deer do thus assimilate lime I now believe there can be no doubt; and that its absorption affects the growth of their horns is, of course, a natural and easy assumption.

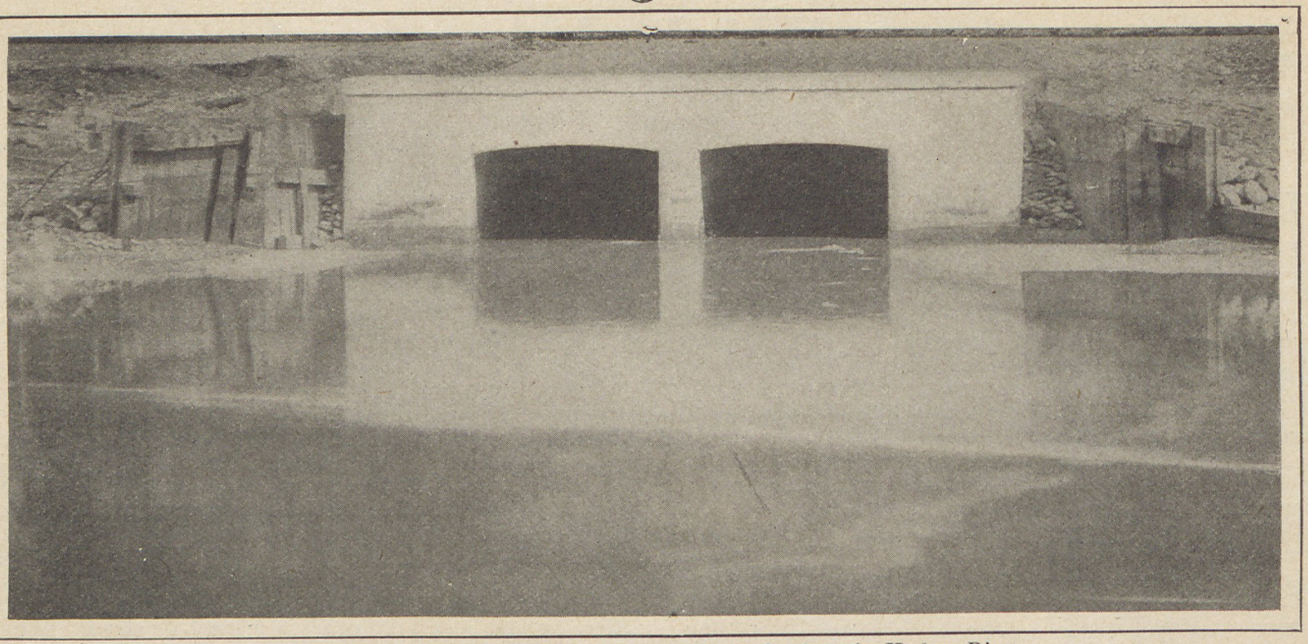
But while I was thinking over this business, I had a talk with a friend who had lately come from England, where he had been privileged to inspect a certain duke's deer preserve.

"The duke," he said, "has been experimenting with the horns of his red deer; and he has already produced antlers larger than any ever seen in the Kingdom. His keepers feed the stags turnips sprinkled with slaked lime. As you know, a deer, being of the goat family, will eat almost anything; and these deer take famously to lime, which acts directly on their antlers."

As lime is one of the chief constituents of horn and of bone, this theory seems altogether likely to prove true; and I believe I have found why the deer of a certain place are likely to have so much finer antlers than the stags of some other neighborhood. Have they not access to some alkali springs, or some other source of lime? This belief may prove also why a buck of inferior proportions may sometimes wear a statelier crown that one a monster in size. . . .

Hereafter, upon encountering a stag, the proper question to ask will be, not,—"Have you had your iron today?" or "Have you had your vitamines today?" but rather,

(Continued on (page 356)



Gates of Pollution—A New York City sewer emptying into the Hudson River.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

THIS department is devoted this month to the consideration of a timely and very important article by Mr. David M. Neuberger dealing with petroleum and tar pollution of our coastal waters, but more particularly with the bays, estuaries and harbors in the vicinity of the great cities of the eastern seaboard. The article recently appeared in "The Outlook" of February 14, and has been widely noticed. Some of the most tangible and convincing paragraphs are herewith quoted in full. The facts and statistics presented by Mr. Neuberger are, to say the least, alarming and of the most vital importance to the welfare of the entire population of the United States. They are gathered from the most authentic and reliable official sources, and from Mr. Neuberger's personal experience as President of the National Coastal Anti-Pollution League. He quotes from reports of various civic and conservation boards and commissions, and from public engineers and scientific investigators whose conclusions are the result of actual and personal investigations.

This problem can only be managed by the Federal Government as the pollution occurs only in tidal and navigable waters. Heretofore the Congress has been very apathetic and remiss in the matter, showing no interest or ignoring the question entirely, although the pollution is caused almost wholly by foreign vessels. Perhaps the next Congress may be induced to take some notice of the alarming situation, and it behooves every reader of this magazine who is in touch with his representative at Washington to call his attention to the subject, and try to impress him with the necessity of speedy action in passing suitable and drastic laws to stop, suppress or combat the growing evil.

A Warning

By DAVID M. NEUBERGER
Pres. National Coast Anti-Pollution League

STATISTICAL experts of authority assert that the sea produces for us twenty-five per cent of all the food of the Nation. Figured in dollars per year, this sum runs into many billions. Compared with this the value of any single agricultural crop seems insignificant. The market value of the food products of the land of the country exceeds annually one hundred billion dollars. One-fourth of this sum—viz., twenty-five billion dollars—would be, therefore, the market value of the sea-food products of the Nation per year. The loss caused by any agricultural pest (such as the boll weevil) is a trifling fraction of the loss caused by materially damaging our supply of sea food.

A single but glaring instance of such loss is that in 1884 the United States coast waters produced 600,000 barrels of salt mackerel. From 1916 to 1920 the production averaged 90,000 barrels per year, and this in 1921 dwindled to 43,000 barrels.

The cause, and the only cause, is pollution of the waters. Since then, and now, some of the Scandinavian countries furnish our supply, and in one or two of these countries they have remedies and precautions against this contamination, especially, however, against oil pollution of coastal waters, for in Holland they maintain so-called petroleum harbors.

In Northern waters there are no more catches of sheepshead where contamination has already found its seat; the fish have gone. For three years past there have been no spot fish (lafayettes) caught; they have disappeared. The Naugatuck River in Connecticut produces no more smelt. The Passaic River and Newark Bay, formerly good fishing places, are denuded. There are no fish in Black River. The other principal rivers in Connecticut—the Housatonic, Thames, and Saugatuck—which many years ago had a National repu-

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

tation for salmon and shad, and the Delaware River, flowing in several States, famous alike for its production of shad, yield none of these delicate fish. The North (the Hudson) and the East Rivers, in New York, equally famous for their shad and striped bass less than fifteen years ago, have none of these fish in their waters. Gone also. Perhaps the best known of all, the shad which one used to smack his lips at, the planked shad at Gloucester—gone. Things of the past. What has brought all this extermination about? One, and only one, cause. Pollution—oil and tar, oil sludge and bilge. The same is true also of the Harlem River and of Long Island Sound where it meets the East River. Not so long ago old and young men and women were found in the season actively engaged in their favorite sport—fishing—the most innocent and healthful recreation; commercial fishermen busy and intent on their catches in the North or Hudson River, to serve public hostelries and private families; the sturgeon fisherman in the upper Hudson was observed, and the interested public was his audience in hauling in his catch. Where are these scenes now, and where are the delicate morsels? Gone, never to return unless the cause which produced their extinction in these waters is eliminated, if that be possible, and these waters have been cleaned of all causes of possible contamination.

New conditions require new remedies to overcome them. When they become a menace to health and destroy food, they must be eradicated. Not in this case by one fell swoop, but by a system of co-operation, which if denied by those directly responsible leaves but one alternative—viz., compulsory legislation and its drastic enforcement.

THE DEFILER

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Labor and Commerce, who expects to speak at the annual convention of the Izaak Walton League of America on April 20th and 21st, will enjoy and approve of this cartoon.

We can, and must, stop this danger. Pound or commercial fishermen complain of small catches this year—sometimes little or none on the northern coast for days and weeks. Bathing beaches are being ruined by oil and tar pollution. In some instances women and children have had their skin poisoned, their eyes ruined, and ears and noses and throats have been affected.

The Raritan River and Bay are defiled, Jamaica Bay water is contaminated, as well as parts of Long Island Sound; the entire Atlantic coast waters from Maine to Florida already show danger from this pollution; the shores of the Gulf of Mexico evidence its approach. The shell-food and oyster industry in the North faces extinction in some parts, as no shell-fish or oysters are being taken from any of the contaminated waters nor sent to the markets; both spawn and adult fish are destroyed, the larvæ and young oyster killed. Can the amount of this loss and destruction be figured in dollars without amazement when the result is arrived at?

This pollution of coast and streams is not creeping ahead. It is marching on the double-quick, with nothing at this time to stop it. It has reached the peak of the Florida peninsula, has made its appearance off the coast of Miami and Tampa, oil-burning ships and phosphate mines adding their help to the defilement there.

There are several causes of pollution of coast and inland waters.

I have heretofore referred to the pollution of coastal waters by oil and tar. Let us now view the cause which befouls and poisons our inland streams. A great many of these are tributary to navigable waters.

Trade waste, the deleterious substance from industrial plants—creameries, tanneries, coal and phosphate mines, paper and pulp mills, paint factories, steel mills, steel plants, oil refineries, asphalt factories, enameling plants, starch, shoe and leather factories, chemical plants, sugar refineries—is the cause. This presents an entirely different problem. There is not one of the shell or finny fish tribe which can possibly escape the deadly effects of pollution from trade waste.

Certain scientific reports presented to sections of the American Public Health Association classify the industries into over twenty groups. Experiments show that certain forms of life in waters are very sensitive to change in the conditions of the water, and the slightest change will drive certain forms of life away or destroy them. Caustic soda issuing out of a plant will kill fish and other life. Dyes and the waste from wood pulp and canning factories and tanneries are deadly poison and are carried great distances, deprive the stream of all its oxygen, and life is destroyed by suffocation. Oysters are destroyed by suffocation; they may lie in a stream from ten to fifteen miles away from a factory or copper refinery, yet the poison reaches the grown oyster.

Professor Thurlow Nelson, of Rutgers College, an eminent authority, holds that the condition which now faces Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New York, the three leading oyster-producing States, means that the industry there is facing extinction, a loss of approximately $5,000,000 annually. He maintains that pollution from the poisonous effects of industrial waste has increased the one of bacterial contamination and has invaded areas which a few years ago were miles away from any source of contamination. We have within a few weeks had an example; an epidemic of typhoid which broke loose at Franklin Furnace, New Jersey, an inland town with a population of 5,000, has just been checked by the State authorities. It is reported that it was brought on by impure water, the supply evidently

(Continued on page 369)

The Bonefish of Long Key

Undoubtedly you read Zane Grey's delightful story called "The Bonefish Brigade" in our December issue. It will interest you to know that Frank Stick, the author of this story, is the "Lucky Stickem" of Zane Grey's inimitable bonefish story.

By FRANK L. STICK
Author of "THE CALL OF THE SURF"

BILLY and I and the Bull Pup, which is a sort of a boat, had been loitering around the Keys for a couple of weeks. We had fished in the Stream, and on the reefs, and inside and we had become convinced that there were enough fish left in Florida to last out the duration of our stay, at least.

Among certain plans we had made for this somewhat extended trip, was a decision to go out some day and catch a few bonefish. Not that we attached any great importance to the act, but after one has described the capture of tarpon and sailfish and dolphins, and other really important game fishes, it were well, we thought to be able to say to our admiring friends, "Oh yes, we took a few bonefish now and then, as a relaxation from the strenuous outside fishing. Yes, a nice little fish and quite active."

This was my attitude toward them. I had even, in a spirit of jocundity, sprung one about "bonefish for bone heads" which I thought rather good at the time, and so did Billy, for I heard him repeat the feeble witticism to an acquaintance, and laugh in a possessive sort of a way. Well, he is welcome to it now.

Every day some one of the old guard brought in a bonefish to be weighed on the official scales, and I marked with interest the deep concern with which they watched the indicator move upward. And I wondered why a fraction of an ounce more or less should be a matter of argument and contention, when we hardy salts, who daily brought into the dock great amberjacks, and barracudas and sailfish and such, evinced less concern in poundage. True, I was forced to admire the graceful, racy build of the fish, and its silvery coloring, but so far as I could perceive there was nothing about him to cause the cheek to flush, the eye to glisten, and the hands to clench in suspense. I had noticed all these signs of emotion during the weighing in process.

Why, there was one elderly, and under ordinary conditions, a sedate and placid gentleman, who during the first ten days of our stay at Long Key, rared around in a state which might be termed mental intoxication, because of the fact that he had taken the largest bonefish of the season, so far; a fish of some seven pounds. His sudden transition into a condition of hopeless despondency, when the president of the club brought in a fish an ounce or so heavier, was one of the saddest things that has ever come to my attention.

Of course I could not fail to be interested in these displays of emotion and at last it occurred to me that there might actually be some peculiar attribute possessed by this fish, which was not generally divulged by the Bonefish Trust, as we outsiders wittily termed the small group of fishermen who spent their time on the flats. I had a hunch they were keeping something from me.

Forthwith I determined to go quietly about it and discover the why and wherefore of it all. So one morning I told Billy that I intended to ramble down the beach that afternoon and make a sketch of a particularly interesting group of palms, that had attracted my attention. From where he reclined on his bunk, Billy turned a fishy eye on me, and opined that he reckoned he would lay off the Stream for a day and stick around with me, and help carry home my catch.

While Billy is one of the hardest crosses I have to bear, there is one still more weighty, and this is the reputation I hold among my friends of being a lucky fisherman. They are eternally repeating it among themselves, and to strangers, with the result that when I come dragging my weary limbs back to camp, with an exceptionally good catch, as the result of particularly expert and intensive angling, some one is bound to burst out with a remark such as, "Gosh, I'd rather have your luck than be president." The happenings of that first excursion after bonefish will go far toward dispelling this fallacy.

I made my sketch, though Billy, who has Gaugvinian theories of art, declared it to be an unconvincing piece of work. Then, locating a nice shady point of beach, with a conveniently fallen log for Billy to rest his back against, we cracked open a couple of soldier crabs, baited our hooks, and cast out.

It was as fair a day as any angler could have picked, with a soft breeze out of the east, white banks of clouds, and the water shimmering and gleaming in a thousand shades of blue and green, and of red, where marine growth approached the surface. And I sat there, as happy and content as a kid in June, watching a school of balaos swimming idly in the shallows.

Now about all the knowledge I had obtained concerning bonefish was that they fed entirely on soldier crabs, and that they hung around in the shallow water along shore, during the flood tide, and that one must converse in the sign language while fishing for them, and strike at the slighest tremor of the line. Some way, too, I had absorbed the idea that one must wait quite a while, in fact, until one had grown into sort of a part of the general scheme of nature, before the wily bonefish would venture to intrude on the scene. And so, when after scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed, I felt a gentle tug on my line, I straightened back on the rod instinctively, and with no idea that a specimen of the fish I was after had this early in the day come to his undoing. I struck to set the hook, as I have said, and for an instant I thought I had bottom. Then I felt a sensation unique and foreign to my angling experience. It was as though some husky person were beating on the line with rapid blows. It continued for the space of five seconds, and then the fish that was doing this funny business, took the hook in his jaws, so to speak, and went away from there. He did not hesitate and make kittenish and ineffective lunges here and there, as is the way of trout, nor did he leap from the water to look over his antagonist. He simply pointed his nose seaward, put her in high, and ZIPPO, half my considerably over a hundred yards of line was exhausted before I could clamber to my feet and get a toe hold in the sand. Then I knew it was time to do some checking, which I did. And the line snapped.

I turned to Billy, and I protest that I was perfectly cool and collected, though my knees were quivering a trifle from sitting so long. Billy was bent over, rocking back and forth and weeping or something, his rod held almost perpendicularly in front of him. As I watched, with my mouth half opened to enquire what the idea was, I saw his rod tip swoop to the water. At the same time he jumped to his feet and let out a whoop.

"Look at my thumb," he yelled. "Look at my thumb. The son of a gun. He barked half the skin off my knuckles, and busted loose before I could ease up on him. If you hadn't made me laugh so, I'd a been ready for him. Blamed if I don't fish alone after this." He said other things, fervid phrases and expressions of deep feeling, with appropriate gestures and everything. We, that is Billy, calmed down after a while, and we both baited up and cast out again, though we sat further apart.

My bite had come in the orthodox manner, that is, as a scarcely perceptible nibble. Billy's fish had taken hold like a blue, and so, even this early in the game I began to figure that these bonefish might possess some individuality.

Several times we felt gentle movements at the ends of our lines, and straightened up on them, but in each case I believe it was crabs fooling with the bait. Once, in fact, pulling in slowly, I coaxed so close to shore that I was able to capture him, a noble specimen of the common blue crab; indigenous to the entire Atlantic coast, and staunch friend of the surf fisherman. As our soldier crabs were about exhausted, I made four nice baits out of him, one of which I used in place of the one he had absorbed. An act of direct compensation, and entirely justified.

This new bait had laid there not more than ten minutes, when I had a quick run in. I reeled in rapidly, and when the line came taut, I struck sharply. Again that beating sensation, and again the fish started seaward, like the proverbial bat. The first fish had taken with him near a third of my line, and I knew there was considerably less than a hundred yards remaining. There was only one thing to do under the circumstances, and I did it. Putting on the line every ounce of strain it would bear, I gave the fish the spring of the rod. But he never hesitated in his tremendous run. A final sharp tug, when the end was reached, and the line went slack.

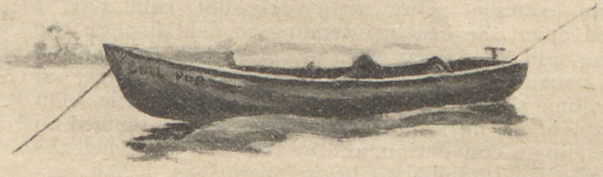
Again I looked at Billy, but he never batted an eye. He knew better. I am a devil when aroused.

The next morning early, Billy, with the sting of defeat rankling went after bonefish again, while I pottered around the camp, made a sketch and did some investigating on the side. I had a hunch. Among other things, I rescued from the camp fish box, the carcass of a small bonefish, which had reposed there so long neglected as to have lost all culinary value. I cut him open, and delving into the most sacred regions of his anatomy, I discovered three small sand crabs, in various stages of digestion. I smole a smile, then, and borrowing a small hand net I hiked up the beach and succeeded in capturing a number of sand crabs, and three husky blue fellows.

I had a sneaking feeling that what I was about to do was not quite the thing, and might be frowned upon by some of the old guard. Then too, it was an experiment. Soldier crabs were the proper bait for bonefish, they had told me, and so far as I could learn, the only bait. But it did not seem reasonable. The soldier crab is a tough, leathery bit of dirty looking flesh and skin, incased in a shell of unbelievable hardness. He is unpalatable in appearance, and in flavor too, I imagine. The blue crab and his small cousin need no introduction. I knew the bonefish to be a bottom feeder, and I never knew a bottom feeding fish yet, that did not seek his food as much by scent as by sight. The only advantage I could see for the soldier crab, lay in the fact that he might hold better on the hook. And yet, there is a trick in cutting the blue crab, and inserting the hook through the leg cavity which makes the bait permanent enough for all purposes.

Billy drifted back from his lone adventuring about the middle of the afternoon. His face was burned to the color of a ripe pimento, and he had a mean look in his eye, so I forbore questioning him. Later on, he told me about it.

It seemed he had, on arriving at the scene of our first experience, made a cast, and reposed himself with his back to a log, which is his favourite position while fishing. For several hours nothing bothered his bait, excepting the crabs. Then, along toward noon, he felt a mouthing at the bait, and on setting the hook, some creature, which he called a bonefish, but which in reality must have been some tremendous leviathan of the deep,—to judge from his description,—rushed madly up the channel, raising a wake two feet high, according to Billy. Then he broke loose. At this point, Billy said he was so peeved at the way the fish had treated him, that he slammed the rod down on the sand, and staggering up the beach he lay down under a palm tree, to think it over. Here he drifted into unconsciousness, and a natural phenomena; in short the rotation of the earth, caused the shadow of the tree to gradually move away from my friend's inert body. This explained the parboiled appearance of an ordinarily weather beaten countenance, which



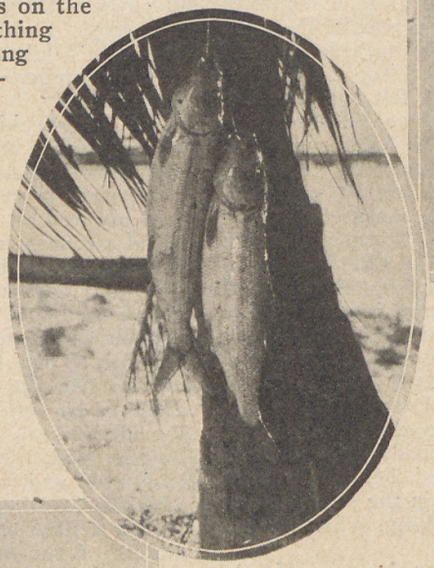
Sketch of Billy engrossed in fishing.

I had remarked upon. The stamp of truth was placed upon an improbable tale by the fact that the reel he had fished with (my reel, by the way), was frozen tight, because of the sand that had sifted into its gears.

The next day the ebb of the tide found me on the beach, with a bag of crabs, and a brand new line to my reel. Here, within two hours I captured a nice bonefish of six pounds and twelve ounces, or let us say, a seven pounder, which sounds better. The taking of the first game fish of any species is usually a momentous event in the life of a sportsman, and if this fish happens to be about the hardest fighter of them all, the adventure comes pretty near to being worthy of an epic narrative. As I am not qualified to do an epic narrative, I will be content to remember this day as one of my golden days, and will tell instead of certain happenings that came to me in the weeks which followed, and which may tend to explain the extraordinary fascination which this great, and little known fish holds for the angler.

Zane Grey has written several articles on the bonefish, which are better than anything which has been put into print concerning them, and better, I may add, than anything that will be written, unless he writes another. In fact, to Zane Grey, more than to all other writers combined, are we indebted for bringing this fish to the attention of the sportsman.

The bonefish is, of course, a comparatively new fish to the angler, and naturally, as little is known of his habits, the methods employed in his taking are more or less crude. My own experiences have been different from those of other fishermen in many particulars, and some of the methods I employed are at variance with the general rules of the game.



Two gold button bonefish.

"I made my sketch."

Though I captured several fish, while fishing from a boat, my best luck came, breezily speaking, on the hoof. The water where the bonefish is found is invariably shallow, and by wading I found that I personally, could cover the ground more thoroughly, and with less chance of frightening my quarry. In many ways the pursuit of this branch of angling compares to still hunting. You do at times stalk your quarry, and not infrequently, such is the clarity of the water; he is in sight from the time the stalk begins, until he takes the bait.

As an example. One particularly hot, calm day, I rambled down the beach, intending to fish through the morning tide. I started with an empty bait bag, but as I was usually able to pick up a sufficient number of crabs along shore, this fact worried me but little. On this day, of all days, however, the crabs all seemed to be attending a convention, and by the time I reached the cove, where I intended to begin operations, I had succeeded in picking up only three small fellows.

Now and then I stopped at likely spots, yet not until I reached the vicinity of a bit of wreckage at the head of the cove, did I see signs that suggested the presence of the fish I was after. Here, at a distance of a hundred yards or so from shore was a rilly spot in the water, covering perhaps a quarter of an acre. I waded out quietly, and placed my bait with a careful cast. It had lain there not more than two minutes, when I felt the mouthing of a fish. When the line started to move outward, I attempted to set the hook, but it pulled free. Retrieving the bait, I found it half gone, but as crabs were scarce, and valuable, I immediately cast out again. It seemed that the bait had scarce touched the water, when a fish had it. This time I hooked him. He made one tremendous run, so that I was forced to follow him for a short distance. Then he swung shoreward, and we had it back and forth for better than fifteen minutes, before I succeeded in bringing him to shore. Here I tethered the fish to the roots of a mangrove, and re-baiting with another of my precious crabs, I waded out again.

Jimmy Jordan, guide, and the largest bonefish ever captured in Florida.

And now I saw a sight, which I have never seen before or since. The water all around me seemed alive with bonefish. There were constant swirls of feeding fish. Now and then the tail or a back fin was visible, and the silver sides of the fish flashed in the sun. My hands trembled with excitement, as I made my cast, and I came near to backlashing. Almost immediately there was a fish at my bait. I hooked him, and after a heart straining battle, I brought the beauty in to keep company with his relative.

A third fish was hooked on my last bait, but my line fouled on a chunk of coral, and I lost him on his first run.

And now I was forced to stand and watch that acre of fish, while they fed in a foot and a half of water, for not another crab could I locate, though I hunted diligently along shore.

During all the excitement, I could see a fisherman in a skiff, a half mile from the beach. I knew it was Billy, because of his prone position in the stern of the boat. Billy, with a whole box full of crabs, dozing peacefully, deaf to my shouts, and to opportunity.

Another day, on a receding tide, I waded out several hundred yards to a point where a clear sandy channel divided a considerable area of marly bottom, where equatic vegetation flourished.

It was, I remember, a shining silver day, with heaped up clouds in an endless sky. Two huge sharks, their crescent fins cutting the surface, ranged back and forth,

(Continued on page 372)

A Night Hunt for Black Bear

By BOB BECKER
Editor "Woods and Waters," Chicago Tribune

IF anybody suggests to you a night hunt for brown bear tell them you prefer to do your gunning by day. That's my tip after giving an imitation of an Alaskan owl sitting up all night in the forest along a bear trail in the hopes of encountering a big brown bear. I am convinced that all good hunters should be in bed after sundown instead of wandering around in the night with a gun in their hands trying to mix it with members of the Ursus tribe.

Mr. Bear Himself.

The sporty time to hunt the big bears of Alaska is, of course, in the spring. But having missed the spring hunt I had no choice but to go after them in late autumn, which meant struggling up the salmon streams and on moonlight nights maintaining an all night vigil. Jim, my Indian medicine man guide, didn't seem to mind it at all. Here was a 60 year old Indian who could put any white man to shame when it came to packing a big load on his back and keeping awake at night. And how that old boy could read signs! But then, hunting was all he did or had done for years and years. He ought to be good.

Famous as a medicine man, famous as a bear hunter and with a reputation more infamous than famous as a disturber of the peace and a man killer, Jim was quite some character. I had been warned not to go out with him. He wasn't very keen about most white men. There were vague, disquieting stories about him taking white hunters into the woods and "losing" them. With these stories in mind there was another element of spice and adventure added to the use of such a guide for a night hunt for bear.

Jim said the first thing to do was to scout around in the big bay and determine which streams still contained salmon. During the summer all of them would have been good for a hunt, as the fish, struggling to get into fresh water, jammed every stream and at the mouth of any one of them you could shoot brown bears to your heart's content. But late in the autumn it was another story. The big run of salmon was over and we had to find those streams in which there was a later run of coho salmon. So Jim, George (an Indian boy) and I left camp one morning at high tide to look over the situation. I took along full camping outfit because if sign was abundant we were going to stay out all night. The moon was big and a clear night at this time would be ideal for bagging a brownie. The row down the bay was a delight. Thousands of waterfowl decorated the surface of the water everywhere. Green winged teal whizzed past my head like bullets and I wished many times for my little twenty gauge. At last we came to the mouth of the salmon stream and up it we rowed until the water became so shallow that we had to get out and wade, and here was where hip boots were life savers. When we had ascended the stream as far as our boat could be taken, the duffle was dumped on shore, a fire was made and lunch was cooked. Then followed a couple of hours of loafing and on my part of observation of the bird life, as all about us on the flat geese and many varieties of ducks were complaining about our intrusion into their feeding grounds. About two o'clock Jim said we would start up stream into the timber and with guns and shells up the stream we went. Five hundred yards from our camping spot we struck bear sign but it wasn't very fresh. Then deer sign became abundant, and from then on I was busy navigating the stream and following in the trail of Jim. We soon were in timber so thick that the sunlight could hardly penetrate to the floor of the forest—a beautiful bit of primeval wilderness. There was no doubt but what this was bear country. The animals had used this stream for fishing until along it they had worn a trail many inches deep—even as cattle will make a trail through a pasture. And in the soft black earth were the huge foot prints of the big brownies—a sight that sent the thrills up and down your spine. Jim in the lead, alert, noting every sign, saying not a word, walked quietly on.

At last we came to a spot where Jim had erected a sort of blind or platform for his waiting style of hunting. Utilizing the roots of a fallen tree, the crafty Indian had constructed a sort of blind big enough for three people. It was easily eight feet above the ground, commanding a view of two bear trails, and was an ideal place (if the wind was right) to wait for your game.

I climbed into the blind while the Indians went on up stream to look over the ground. The sun was almost down when they returned with the report that salmon were mighty scarce in this stream and hence it was quite useless to put in any time here, because with no salmon there was but a slim chance to encounter bear. So back we went to our boat, arriving on the broad tidal flat just as the moon was beginning to appear in the eastern sky. It was a night to stay long in a hunter's memory. The big yellow moon hangin' low in the sky, the air fresh and crisp, thousands of mallards talking away on the flat, geese loudly complaining at being disturbed, flying like silhouettes over our heads, and the guttural tones of the Indians conversing in my ears. We soon had the boat loaded up and were on our way toward the home camp—a weirdly beautiful ride in the moonlight.

Following this trip it rained for two days, and all that the impatient bear hunters could do was to sit around

and try their hand at prophesying what the weather man was going to do next. But on the third day it finally cleared up and Jim said we would look over another stream. So across the bay we went again. But it was another disappointment, as this stream was so high from the two day rain that it was almost impossible to ascend it. Moreover, with such a volume of swift water as it then held there was small chance of any weak strugglin' salmon being able to stay in. Hence, that stream was marked off the list as being a good place to try for brown bear. The trails made by the brownies along this stream, especially at its mouth, were a revelation. One I saw was worn easily six inches deep, and snooping around I found the nicest sleeping place of some former resident of that stream. This bear had utilized the hollow place in the roots of a big tree, which made the slickest, dryest little place

Arriving in the Bear Country. Jim Bringing the Outfit up the Salmon Stream.

to take a nap you ever saw. And the sign indicated that it had been used extensively by Mr. Bear during the summer. I could picture the old boy curled up there after dining sumptuously on the salmon he had caught in that stream.

The following morning Jim told me before we set sail for another stream that he had made a little medicine which would surely bring results and he assured me that this night there would be something doing. After a three and a half mile row across the bay we arrived at the mouth of the creek where we were going to hunt and as it was about noon lunch was soon prepared. Then we took a little nap in the warm October sun, as I realized that there would probably be no sleep for me that night. This was going to be THE night without doubt—unless that Indian medicine failed to work. Of all the mean creeks I ever saw this one we had to ascend was the worst. And all of us had too much junk on our backs to do much jumping and twisting through brush and over logs. Jim had a blanket on his back, while I had a sleeping bag, gun and camera to handle. And through the dense forest we had to go, literally fighting our way at times, as trails there were none except that now and then we could take advantage of a meandering bear trail. That stream twisted and squirmed through the timber, now deep, now shallow, and every ten feet you would run into a huge tree that had toppled across the way. If you tried to go round this obstruction you would invariably run into a mass of Devil's Club, which is the last word in spiny aggravating plants. Honestly a cactus is as easy to handle as a carnation compared to this Devil's Club. It certainly is well named without doubt. But all the hard work and inconveniences were forgotten when we saw the coho salmon in the pools along the way, as with these fish abundant it meant that our chances for bear were good.

We hadn't gone very far before Jim, ahead, stopped dead still and began examining the ground. Bear sign! Hooray! And when I came staggering up, tongue hanging out (that sleeping bag was heavy, I tell you) I saw the footprints of a big brownie in the sand along the edge of the stream. And they were fresh too. From then on Jim was caution and alertness personified. Carefully picking our way up stream, those bear tracks always before us, one hour passed and then another. Just as I was beginning to think that this was an endurance contest or a special hiking trip instead of a hunt, Jim stopped, looked around and then said that here we would park for the night. He motioned to a place under a big tree which was located right on a bench about eight feet above the creek. It was a fairly open spot in the woods, affording an excellent view of the bear trails across the creek.

The Indian immediately set us busy to make a sort of blind under the tree. Branches four feet long were cut and stuck around the base of it and into these we wove bundles of ferns which grow so luxuriantly in the moist Alaskan forests. When we finished our job we had a dense screen which hid us completely, as

Jim Wrapping the Barrel of His Gun with White Paper.

only small peek holes were left through which we could watch the space in front and on both sides of us.

Jim settled down in one corner of our "blind" so that he could keep watch on the trail which came from up stream. I put down my sleeping bag in the other corner, while George squeezed in between us. Before night came all of us wrapped the barrels and sights of our guns with white paper so that we could more easily see them in the dark. This done I took off my boots, stuck my feet into the sleeping bag and reclining against the tree was ready for the long night. There in the heavy forest, hemmed in by giant hemlocks and spruces, night came quickly and even before the last rays of the setting sun had ceased to light our little "blind" I knew it was going to be a long and tiresome vigil. Speech was taboo: you might whisper, but lift your voice above a whisper, never. Now and then Jim and George would speak a few words (in Indian) to

each other but nary a word to me. By the time it was dark I was hungry and there was no prospect of supper except the few raisins and an apple which I had brought along. No sort of a meal for a fellow who has transported on his back for some several hours half the contents of a sporting goods store.

Although the moon was sure to illuminate the scene of our prospective scuffle with a brown bear, it was a long time coming and how dark it was there in the forest.

Seven o'clock passed. The salmon stream, narrow and swift, as we were not far from its source, sounded noisier and noisier as the minutes slipped by. Swift though it was, we knew that above were several big holes where the salmon could be found and hence was a likely place for bears to visit. When the moon began to show through the wall of the forest George pinched my arm and whispered in my ear, "Moon come now, good time for bear."

Nine o'clock Jim passed the word along by George that in case a bear showed up I was to let it get very close before shooting so as to be sure and not miss. I asked what he meant by close and the reply came back, "twenty or twenty-five feet." Well, let the bear get within twenty feet of us. That order was like a shot in the arm and I sat up, fatigue and hunger forgotten. So we were to permit the brown bear, the biggest bear "what am," to get within twenty feet before opening fire. Oh, for a cannon instead of a rifle! But I didn't balk at the order and sank down again in my sleeping bag.

Ten o'clock according to my watch. I ate the last half of my supply of apples, but never relaxing my guard at the "porthole in the blind." The Indian boy was asleep. Jim was alert, watchful, huddled in his blanket. It was getting mighty cold. I pulled the sleeping bag more closely about my shoulders to keep out the damp, penetrating chill of the autumn night and prepared for a nap, bears or no bears. I had no more than dropped off to sleep when I was awakened by a vise like, pinching grip upon my arm. Coming to, I saw Jim bending over, one hand upon my arm and pointing with the other up stream. Hooray, at last a bear, I thought, and I gingerly picked up my gun. As I did so I heard a splash as if a brownie were fording the creek. Ye Gods! the big game was here and right close. Getting to my knees I peered up stream, straining my eyes to see the bear. Jim was tense, his eyes glued upon the creek. Getting accustomed to the murky light I saw a big animal, blurred and indistinct, coming toward us. My heart began to pound. Splash, splash, the big fellow was in the water again. Now he was on the bar and more easily seen against the sand and gravel. Still too far away to shoot. Jim raised his hand as a warning for me not to fire. I found myself trembling from eagerness and excitement. Then the bear stopped for an instant. I felt as if its eyes were boring into the darkness. Quick as a flash the big animal whirled about and headed away from us. There was a sound of much splashing as Mr. Bear floundered across the creek and in less than a second our quarry had faded away in the night. I was dumfounded, crushed, withal mad as a hornet. A bear so near, yet so far that in the darkness I could not take a shot with any certainty. Jim leaned over and whispered, "Wind she make a little swing like this (and he drew his hand in a circle) and bear smell people."

For the next two hours Jim and I stuck to our job of watching, ever hoping that another brownie would come along. But nary a sign of bear did we see. So the long, cold, supperless and bearless night passed. When daylight came we piled out of our blind, glad of a chance to stretch our legs, and inspected the tracks of our bear visitor who tarried such a short time in our vicinity. One look at those imprints on the sand and I knew my day was ruined—it was some bear. Then we packed up our duffle and started down stream, Jim, as usual, in the lead.

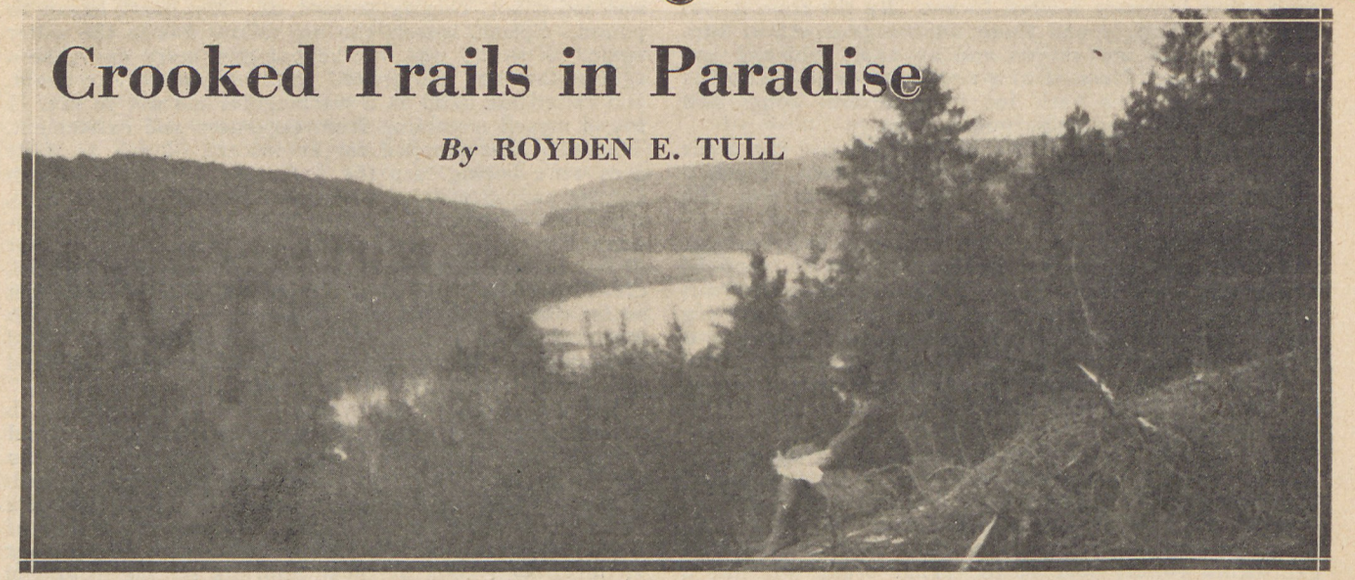
Coming to a bend in the stream where a fallen tree obstructed our way I saw Jim, several yards ahead of me, carefully look over the tree and then freeze like a pointer dog. Then he dropped down and signalled for me to come ahead. I thought, "Here is where I get a shot at some deer anyway." So I quickly slipped the pack from my back and crept up to Jim. When I got alongside he whispered, "Bear up there, shoot queeck." Zowie! What a surprise. As my gun had five shells in it all I had to do to get ready for the battle was to slip off the safety catch, and then I rose up slowly prepared to begin operations on the Ursus tribe. Looking ahead I saw a good sized bear on the edge of the creek apparently eating a salmon. Taking a quick sight behind the shoulder the big gun spoke. The bear dropped forward as if its shoulder were nicked. Hooray — I had hit the old boy. But, when I saw that animal swing around and, heading our way, begin to cover the ground I doubted if I had hit him. Jim was saying, "Shoot, shoot him queeck." So I let go another time and the big fellow lunged forward on

(Continued on page 370)

Where the Bad Brown Bears Hang Out—the Mouth of the Salmon River.

Crooked Trails in Paradise

By **ROYDEN E. TULL**



TWO of the gates to paradise are located at Tower and Winton, Minnesota. That statement may be susceptible to a suspicion of exaggeration; but if any doubting Thomas will interview any of the sect who worship at the shrine of the Red Gods and who have visited the Superior National Forest, their doubts will be set at rest. The United States Government has set aside several hundred thousand acres in Northeastern Minnesota to be a forest preserve, and the State has declared the same to be a state bird and game refuge. These two facts taken with the topography of the location make one of the most attractive vacation spots known.

This particular section of the country could serve no economic purpose, aside from timber, unless minerals were found there. The entire terrain is one mass of glacial moraines interspersed with lakes and streams; in fact a glance at a canoe map of the district gives one the impression that at least one half of the acreage is water. The forests consist of white, jack, and Norway pines, spruce, balsam, tamarack, birch and poplar trees and occasional scrub-oak and small maple; some of it virgin timber. The swamps abound in both varieties of cranberries and the ridges with blueberries, and a few blackberries; the waters teem with all varieties of game fish and the woods offer the last shelter in the West to the moose. White-tailed deer are so numerous as to excite no interest after a day or two; and bear, wolves, foxes and porcupines are to be easily found. The many beaver colonies afford unending interest to one who has the patience and skill to observe their activities, and water-fowl and other birds are plentiful.

This country must be seen from a canoe; so that anyone contemplating a trip through the interesting part of this forest must confine his outfit to the necessary things and remember that a packsack on the portage is many times heavier than the same weight on the parlor floor. The inexperienced will do well to get their outfit at one of the two towns mentioned, and take the advice of the best guide obtainable. The only exception to this would be the desiccated foods, which it would be advisable to purchase in some large city.

One of the interesting routes begins at Tower. Take a launch across Lake Vermillion to Trout Lake Portage and carry over to Trout Lake. Embarking in the canoe, all traces of civilization are lost in about twenty minutes. The transition from the inhabited to the uninhabited is startling in its completeness and the short time necessary for its accomplishment. Trout Lake is fairly large and is a pretty body of water, but has few fish except Lake trout. Its principal interest was the old lumber-camp, but that was destroyed by fire a few years ago, so that the lake is now mainly used as a highway. The route lies along the east shore of the lake, through a thoroughfare into and through Little Trout Lake, to the portage to Little Indian Sioux River.

This portage merits a story of its own, but we will only allow it a paragraph. The landing is a beautiful crescent of sandy beach, the beginning of the trail is good and the packs seem comparatively light; after one gets well up on the hill and into the brush, and has traveled a couple of miles the sixty pounds are multiplied many times; when the swamp is reached all hope dies and the vain effort to compel tired legs to balance the monumental pack on the slippery tamarack poled in the trail calls forth many supplications to Deity. The map says this portage is "1¼." It really is ten miles: take the word of one who knows. All that those who are experienced need to know, however, is that partridges and high-bush cranberries are plentiful there.

Indian Sioux River! A name to conjure with and to dream over. Miles and miles of smoothly-flowing, reddish-brown current winding its peaceful, serpentine way through great fields of waving, golden marsh grass as tall as a man; somber pines rising in serried ranks to the tops of amphitheater-like ridges, with here and there a clump of glowing, orange-scarlet mountain ash like a living flame, accenting a landscape no architect would dare imitate.

The beaver lake, with its mounds of sticks, trees, mud and grass, is deserted when we arrive; but the early watcher will see them work and play as the sun rises and a wordless prayer that no vandal hand shall ever touch these acres wings its silent way to the Father who must, by this time, have lost all patience with His wasteful, thoughtless children.

During the next day's travel moose and deer get to be an old story, and the Ranger, his wife and cottage at Devil's Cascade provide a welcome diversion. Indian Sioux River with its many interesting rapids, beautiful Sioux Falls, and two charming lakes ends with the Devil's Cascade, a narrow, gloomy, roaring canyon about one-half mile long, which empties into Loon Lake. The portage here is a perpendicular one, but there is a good spring and the Ranger and his wife were very hospitable. Loon Lake has many fine fish. The word "has" is used advisedly, for, though several were hooked, only one small one graced the festal board, or stone. Each of the others were given a memento of the occasion in the shape of a nice, new shiny bait; the supply of plugs was short too, so that the gifts were real marks of appreciation.

The first of the little bronze obelisks marking the International boundary was encountered on a bare little island of stone in this lake.

There is a railroad on the portage between Loon Lake and Lac la Croix. The rolling stock consists of one little car—a platform of heavy timbers mounted on four little wheels which are loose on the axles—and the track is a

Railroads Connect Loon Lake and Lake Lac la Croix.

hit-or-miss affair of light rails more or less spiked to birch and poplar poles laid wherever possible between the stones and stumps. These stones are not the symmetrical stones of which will stay put, such as are found in other places, but are the many colored glacial boulders so much in demand in the low countries for hearths and similar decorative work. Both canoes were landed at the end of the dock but one of the party moved them to the beach; this proved to be a godsend later. Lac la Croix is many feet higher than Loon, the car was at the la Croix end of the track, and all four of the party went after it to get the free ride down the hill. The brake, untested, failed to work: two of the voyagers, in attempting to stay its mad rush, were unceremoniously dumped among the boulders and stumps, and the other two were gaily flung into the drink when the car brought up, half in and half out of the water, where the canoes had been a few minutes before. It had carried the log buffer with it and it was some job to get it back on the track again. It would have been easier and much less damp to have carried all the duffel over; but what is a little work and a little water between friends?

That evening a storm proved beyond doubt that a canoe is seaworthy, and never was a spot large enough for two tents and a fire so welcome. Two days were spent fishing, gathering blueberries and exploring the lake and the Indian village. An attempt to barter with the untutored savage for some trifles of moose-hide foot-wear proved that "Boul Mich" is an economical place to trade; and the proverbial hunger of the Indian dog in summer was demonstrated when we rescued our provisions just in time to save all but one of our two pieces of bacon.

We had no guide, our maps were imperfect, and we still marvel that, with no other aid than our compass, we were able to thread the maze of islands which make la Croix so picturesque, and find the right side of the island whose cliff bore the Indian paintings we were searching for.

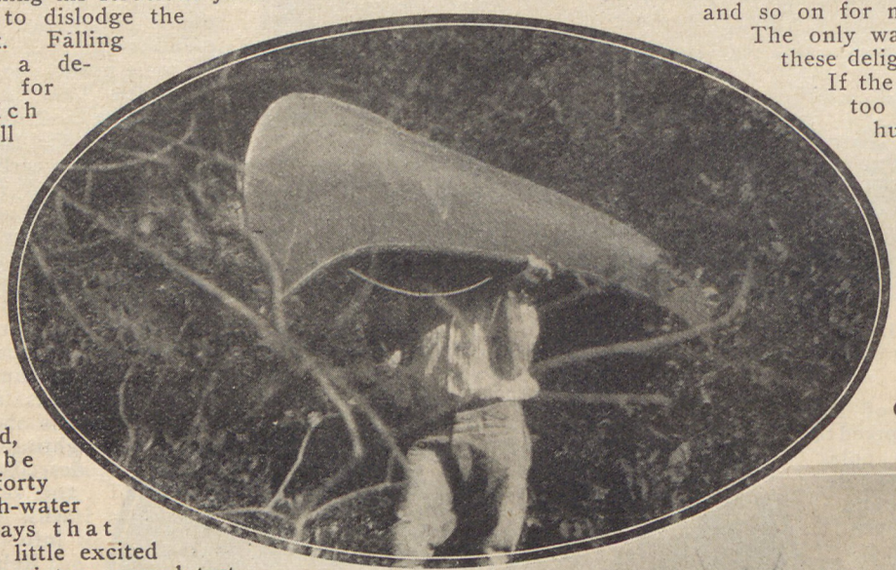
Battle portage leads from la Croix to Bottle Lake, a thoroughfare to Iron Lake and thence to Rebecca Falls where the BIG fish live. Doc is one of those early birds who quote Thanatopsis and rave by the hour about the "early rosy fingered dawn," and who will argue to the last breath that the morning mists as they rise from the water, and are swirled hither and thither by vagrant breezes, have any dance of the seven veils tied to the post; and that, as a spotlight, the sun is the berries as it sends its many-colored beams above the tree-tops, lighting the scene with indescribable brilliance, and sending the dancer with her veils scurrying into the empyrean.

Rebecca falls two ways around a densely wooded island of stone some five acres in area, and neither channel is a true fall, but rather a cataract, dropping about 25 feet in a block. The channels are V-shaped and without obstructions; the portage trail is good but (there is always a "but" about most portages) hugs the upper edge of the smooth, steeply sloping stone incline that leads to the leaping, roaring tide of destruction below, so that one's heart is in his mouth until the end is reached.

Sioux Falls.

Beaver Dam—Little Indian Sioux River.

Doc was true to form when we camped at the foot of the falls, and, when morning came, climbed out of bed before anyone else was awake, and went over to the foot of one of the channels to fish. There were a net and a gaff included in the tackle, but as there had been no large fish caught as yet, he did not take them with him. About the second cast into the fast water the whole lake seemed to erupt, and there came a tug on the line that almost unseated his reason as well as the reel, and a great, glistening Northern pike leaped clear of the water, shaking his ferocious jaws in a vain effort to dislodge the tormenting hook. Falling back, he made a determined rush for freedom which stripped nearly all of the 75 yards of No. 4 Kingfisher line from the reel. For about thirty minutes it was touch and go between the fish and fisher, but Doc won, and there lay the beauty on his side, exhausted, waiting to be landed; about forty inches of fresh-water warrior. Doc says that maybe he was a little excited as he grasped the sixteen pound test line above the wire leader and drew the fish up the smooth, sloping stone on which he was standing. At any rate, when the fish was about half out of the water, the line parted and the fish slid slowly back! The water was deep and fast, the angling was all bundled up, for the morning was chill, even though it was August, the others were asleep across the bay, so there was nothing to do but to watch the prize float away. No! that was not all; no one knows where Doc acquired his vocabulary and his oratorical powers, but his remarks were sufficiently emphatic to rise above the tumult of the falls, waken the sleepers more than a quarter of a mile away, and bring them pell mell to the shore. They jumped into the other canoe, went across the bay, and all fished without thought of breakfast until they were tired.



A Portage.

Never was such fishing as that! About twenty of the finney monsters were conquered and returned to their element in about two hours. The last one caught was kept for breakfast, and then the call of the itching foot drew the party on. It is well known that "Far fields are fairest," but this is one of the places where the next lake, or over the next hill, or around the next bend is as much nicer as one thought it would be.

Bold cliffs of vari-colored stone rise sheer from the crystal-clear water, and with their crowns of noble pines, are mirrored on the burnished surface of the lake until one is at loss, at times, to determine where the real merges into the reflection. Giant ferns, partridge berries, ground pine and wintergreen carpet the forest glades, and brilliant-hued mushrooms, sometimes a foot across, growing in the denser shade afford domicile to the fairies of the North Woods. The wintergreen has a practical value, for, when the portage trail is long and rough, the sun hot, and water scarce, a leaf or two held in the mouth will control the intense thirst which always increases in direct proportion to the difficulty in securing a drink.

The Canada squirrel and the Arctic jay are the gossips of the Northern wilderness. One or both of them are always about the camp, hanging over the back fence, chattering incessantly about the affairs of other people in whom one has no interest. One hesitates to offend them as he never knows what they will say to the next party. The loon, wailing like a lost soul, is always present, and its occasional fits of maniacal laughter are wierd, to say the least. But the most hair-raising stunt of all is to be awakened from a troubled slumber on a rainy, stormy night, in a trapper's lonely, abandoned, leaky log cabin, by the lonesome howl of a wolf.

Three weeks and 250 miles of water and portage were traveled with never a regret except that the end was so near. The part described is only a small portion of the distance covered, but one's feeble powers fail before so many excellencies: Curtain Falls, Crooked Lake, Basswood River and Lake, Newton Lake, and so on for many happy miles. The only way to know about these delights is to go there. If the route described is too long, there are a hundred others just as attractive and of any length from two days to all summer. Whatever route one takes it would be well to take in the Indian paintings near the East end of Crooked Lake, as they are really wonderful. They are painted in some kind of red pigment which has withstood the ravages of sun, wind, rain, and rise and fall of the waters for centuries, and the lines are still clear. The designs are somewhat "Cubeistic," but at that would serve as good models to their modern successors; at least when an Indian drew a fish ascending a stair one does not mistake it for an apple pie at a ball. Near this spot is a stone which so attracted the attention of Mackenzie some 150 years ago that he described it in his "Travels" so clearly that it can be located now.

Birch Bark Tepee, Indian Village, Lac la Croix.

These trips are not for the lounge-lizard, for there are some real hardships, but to those who belong to the Clan of which Paul Fountain was one of the High Priests, and who subscribe to his creed: "—the wildernesses of this splendid continent harbour a siren whose enchantments I never could resist. Where others have grumbled at their hardships, I have been in paradise," will find here a healing solitude which cleanses the soul of all city-bred cares and strife.

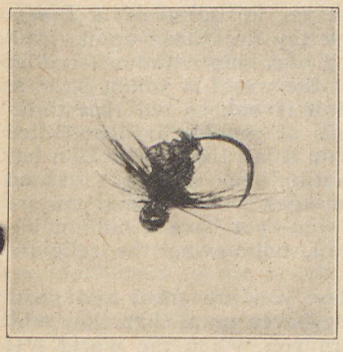
Exact Size of Flies

1 2 3 4 5 6

For Foxy Fish and Otherwise

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER
Vice-President the Outlook Company.

1 This fly is an admirable imitation of the ordinary house fly. It has horizontal wings of dark grey, a red sealing wax head and peacock hurl. Perhaps this is the fly to which Mr. Williams referred in his letter.



2 This fly has a gold head, peacock hurl, and black hackle.

3 A black spot of sealing-wax fore and aft, and a fine black hackle make this fly into a fairly good imitation of an ant.

A FEW years ago an article of mine on the barbless hook in The Outlook brought a letter of protest from a gentleman in Peru. The Peruvian gentleman's arguments against the barbless hook were answered by a distinguished American engineer, Mr. D. S. Williams, who had a short while before returned from Japan and China. This incident may be taken as evidence that interest in the barbless hook is not confined to any one country.

In Mr. Williams' letter to me at that time he told of the Japanese method of using the barbless hook for catching small trout and Chinese "shiners." Certainly our American anglers ought to be interested in the record of this form of angling, and I think it is worth while to publish again an extract from Mr. Williams' letter.

THE BARBLESS HOOK IN JAPAN AND CHINA

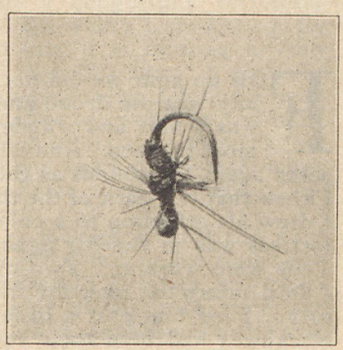
The Japanese have used the barbless hook for many years, and my conversion began with a gift of trout flies from a Japanese friend years ago. These flies are about the size of an ordinary house-fly and are tied on a needle-pointed steel hook. They look like miniature "buck-tails" and have amber heads. Usually there are three or four flies tied on short snells and strung on a long leader.

Used with the slenderest of bamboo rods (which you make for yourself from a branch of the dwarf bamboo), they may be cast to a distance of twenty feet, or even twenty-five feet, if you are an expert. But twenty feet will do nicely in most streams. The line is practically invisible, and the fish see only three or four house-flies playing over the water—tempting morsels that no fish can resist.

In fishing for the little trout in Japanese streams, or for the **Pak Tai** or "shiners" in South China, the only true method is to go in "all over." You sneak up behind a boulder or tree and drop your flies into a pool, keeping them moving rapidly. There comes a flash, an astonishingly strong tug, a short struggle, and then one, two, even three, shining little fish leap out of the water and swing into your landing-net. A shake or two of the rod leaves them free and leaping in the net. You select the big fellows and drop them into your basket, and the others are gently put back in the water, and go on their way unhurt and rejoicing. Then you straighten out your tackle and seek another pool.

Barbless hooks make catching the little Chinese "silver fish" a real sport. If you strike a run of three-inchers, you want several dozens of them for yourself alone, and there are your friends and

(Continued on page 372)



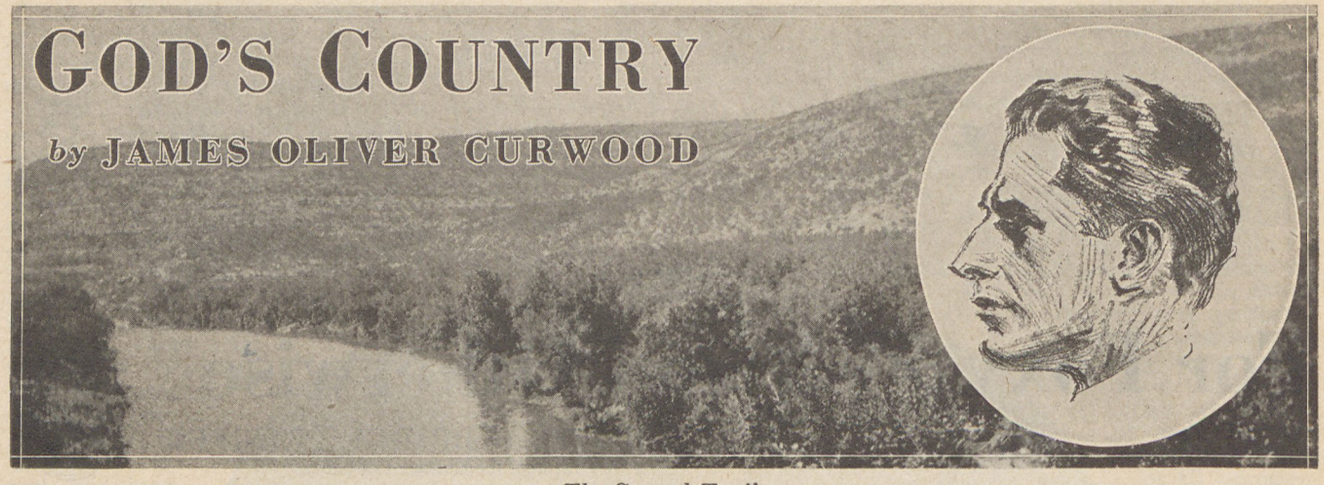
4 Two lumps of gold sealing-wax fore and aft, sparse brown hackle and a body of peacock hurl are the distinguishing marks of this fly.

5 Two gold knobs and a body of yellow wool and hackle of the same color constitute the color scheme of this diminutive lure

6 This fly has a body of red worsted, and a tag of black at the tail end. It also has two lumps of gold and hackle of canary yellow.

GOD'S COUNTRY

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



The Second Trail

I BECOME A KILLER

FOR an hour we did not move, and through all that city was the drone and voice of life, and that life was a soft and wonderful song, soothing one almost to sleep. And when, at last, my friend whispered again, "It sounds as though everything is talking," I knew that the spirit of the thing had got into him. Then I drew his attention to a colony of big black ants whose fortress was in the log against which we were resting. They were working. Two of them were trying to drag a dead caterpillar over my friend's knee. When we rose to go, I led him past a little swale in which a score of blackbirds had bred their young. On a slender willow, a bobolink was singing. A land-turtle lumbered back into the water, and the bright eyes of green-headed frogs stared at us from patches of scum. Under a bush, a score of toads were teaching their tiny youngsters to swim. When my friend saw the little fellows clinging to their mothers' backs, he laughed—the first time in many months.

When we went back to the car, I said:

"You have seen just one ten-thousandth of what nature holds for you and every other man and woman. You haven't believed in God very strongly. But you've got to now. That's God back there in the wood."

That was four years ago. Today, that man not only lives in the heart of nature but, from a special assignment man, he has risen to the managing editorship of a big metropolitan daily. He has only his summer vacation in which to get out into the big woods, but he has made room for nature all about him. From early spring until late autumn, his front and back yard fairly burst with life. And it is not, like most yards, merely for show and passing pleasure to the eyes. He has brought himself down out of the clouds of man's egoism, and is learning and taking strength from nature—which he now worships as the great "I am." He has developed a hobby for "interbreeding plants," as he calls it, and especially gladioli. Each morning in spring and summer and autumn, he goes out into his garden, and, from the thousand living things there, he receives strength for his nerve-racking duties of the day; and at night, after his task is done, he returns to his garden to seek that peace which is the great and vibrant force of the life that is there. During the months of winter, he has his little conservatory. And this man—for more than thirty years—hardly knew whether an oak grew from an acorn or a seed!

Yet has he one great regret. And more than once he has said to me, with that grief in his voice which will never quite die out: "If we had only found these things before, she would be with me now. I am convinced of it. It was this strength she needed to keep her from fading away—to build her up into joyous life again. Sometimes I wonder why the Great Power that is above did not let her live to go into the wood with us that day."

Hours have passed since I first sat down to write these thoughts that were in my mind. The storm has passed, and, following it, there has come a marvelous silence. Both my door and window are open, and there is rare sweetness in the breath of the rain-washed air. I can hear the nearby trees dripping. The creek runs with a louder ripple. The moon is shimmering through the fleecy clouds that are racing south and east—toward my "civilized" home, fifteen hundred miles away. Over all this world of mine there is, just now, a vast and voiceless quiet. And if I were superstitious, or filled with the imagination of some of the prophets of old, I am sure I would hear a Voice speaking out of that mighty solitude, and it would say:

"O you mortal, blind—blind as the rocks which make up the mountains!

"Blind as the trees which you think have neither ears or eyes!

"Made to see, yet unseeing; making mystery out of that which was born with you; seeking—yet seeking afar for that which lies close at hand!

"You want peace. You go in quest of a Breast mightier than all life to rest thy tired head upon. And thy quest is like the drifting of a ship without a rudder at sea. For you think that the world is young because thou livest in it now—and it is old, so old that thousands and tens of thousands of peoples lived and died before Christ was born. You think that civilization has come to pass, and 'civilization' has died a thousand times under the dust of the ages. You believe you are treading the only path to God—yet have a million billion people died before you, unknowing the religions which you now know.

"O you mortals of to-day, you are small and near-sighted, and hard of hearing—even more than they who lived a million years before you, when the world was an hour or two younger than now!

"What are you? Proud of thy purse, vain of thy power, conceited in thy self-glorification—yet you seek a simple thing and cannot find it. You cannot find **rest.** You cannot find **faith.** You cannot find **understanding.** You cannot find that Breast mightier than all life upon which to rest thy head when the end comes and when you go to join those trillions who have gone before you.

"And, in your despair, you cry out that you know not which way to turn, that you seek in darkness, that the world is a wilderness of schisms and religions, and that you cannot tell which is the right and which is the wrong. For you know that worlds have lived and died through the eons of centuries before Christianity was born. And you are oppressed by doubt even as you grope!

"Yet you know deep in thy soul that the heavens were not an accident. You know that hundreds and thousands of worlds greater than thine own have traveled their paths in space for eternities. You know that the sun was set in the skies so long ago that all the people

of the earth could not count the years of its life. And you know that a Great Hand placed it there. And that Hand, you say, was God.

"Yet you seek—and you seek—and you seek—and doubt everlastingly clouds thine eyes; and when darkness comes and you stand at the edge of the Great Beyond, you look back, and—lo!—the path you have traveled seems very short, and it is cluttered with brambles and thorns and the wreckage of shattered hopes and wasted years.

"And then you see the Light!

"And, as thy spirit departs, the mystery unveils—the answer comes.

"For that which you sought, you looked too far. Close under thy feet and close over thy head might you have found it!"

The Second Trail

I BECOME A KILLER

THIS morning is a glory of sunshine and peace after last night's rain. It seems inconceivable that the blue sky above the forest was filled a few hours ago with the crash of thunder and the blaze of lightning. I was up at dawn, wakened by a pair of red squirrels playing upon the roof of my cabin. Together we watched the sun rise, and after that they chattered about my open door while I prepared my breakfast. We are becoming great friends. One of them I have given the name of Nuts, and for no reason in the world unless it is because there are no nuts up here; and the other, the sleek, beautiful little female, I call Spoony because she looks at me so slyly, with her pretty head perked on one side, as if flirting with me.

It is only eight o'clock, yet we have been up nearly four hours. At the edge of the creek, less than a stone's throw from the cabin, I have built me a narrow table of smooth-hewn saplings between two old spruce trees, and this is my open-air studio when the weather is fine. Word of it has gone abroad, though I am many hundreds of miles from civilization. Many kinds of wild things have come to get acquainted with me, fascinated chiefly, I think, by the marvelous new language of my clicking typewriter. The welcome and friendship of these little wilderness-hearts are growing nearer and more apparent to me every day; and with each day the Great Truth speaks to me even more clearly than the day before—that each of these beating hearts, like my own, is a part of that nature which I worship and is as vitally a spark of its life as the heart which is beating inside my own flannel shirt.

These friends of mine, gathering about me more intimately and in greater number with each passing day, are individuals to me because I have come to understand them and know their language. There is the Artful Dodger, for instance—I sometimes call him Bill Sykes or Captain Kidd—screaming close over my head this very moment. In very intimate moments I call him Arty, or Kid, or Bill. He is a big blue jay. In spite of all that has been said and written against him, I have a very brotherly affection for Bill. He is a man's man, among birds, notwithstanding that he occasionally breakfasts on the eggs of other birds, and kills more than is good for his reputation. Also, he is the greatest liar and the biggest fraud and the most brazen-faced cheat in the bird kingdom. But I know Bill intimately now, where I used to kill him as a pest, and I love him for all his sins.

He is a pirate who never loses his sense of humor. He is always raising a disturbance just for the excitement of it, and when he has drawn a crowd, so to speak, he will slip slyly away to some nearby vantage-point and laugh and chuckle over the rumpus he has raised. Right now, he is screaming himself hoarse forty feet above my head. Two others have joined him, and they are making such a bedlam of sound that Nuts and Spoony have ceased their chattering. There!—I have fired a stick at them, and they are gone. They have had their joke, and are quite satisfied—for the present.

I can hear the musical rippling of the creek again, now that Bill and his blustering pals are gone, and my typewriter is like a tiny machine gun sending its clicking notes out into the still forest. A pair of moose-birds, almost as big as the jays, are hopping about, so near that, at times, they are perched on the end of my sapling table. They are the tamest birds in the wilderness, and within another day or so will be eating out of my hand. Unlike the jays, they make no disturbance. They are soft and quiet, never making a sound, and their big, beautiful eyes fairly pop with their intense interest in me. I like their company, because there is a philosophy about them. They never tire of looking at me, and studying me, and at times I have the very pleasant fancy that they are bursting with a desire to speak. They are very gentle, and never fight or scold or commit any sins that I know of; and just now, as the two look at me with their big soft eyes, I find myself wondering which of us is of most account in the final analysis of things.

Ten or fifteen rods above me, the creek widens and forms a wide pool overhung with trees, so that, in the hottest weather, it must be a delightfully refreshing place. I can see it plainly from where I am sitting, for the creek twists a little, so that it is running directly toward me when I look in that direction. Many wild things come to that pool. This morning, I found a bear-track there, and the fresh hoof-prints of a doe and fawn. Yesterday, a pair of traveling otters discovered it, but when I tried them out with the voice of my typewriter, they turned back. I am confident they will return, and that we shall get acquainted.

At the present moment, in looking toward the pool, I am struck by what at first thought I might consider a discordant note in this wonderland of quiet and peace that is about me. At the edge of the pool, rigid and watchful, a hawk is poised on a dead limb projecting from a lightning-struck stub. He is hungry and eager to kill. I have seen him launch himself twice after a victim, but each time without success. Finally, he will succeed. He will kill a living thing that he himself may continue to live. Yet I have no inclination to shoot him. For to live, and to cherish that spark of life that is in him, is as much his right as it is mine. He is not, like man, a killer for the love of killing. He wants his breakfast.

And in fairness to him I think of two tender young spruce-partridges which I shot late last evening, and which I shall roast for my dinner, along with a potato and a flavor of bacon. My religion does not demand vegetarianism any more than it does flesh; for that, too, is life. For the trees whispering above me now are as alive to me as the moose-birds perched at the end of my table, yet when necessity comes I cut them down with an ax, and make a cabin or cook my food with them. All nature cries out that life must exist upon life, that one tree must grow upon the mold of another, that for each green blade of grass another blade must die. It is not against a wise and necessary destruction that the God of all nature cries out. The crime—the crime greater than all other crimes—is destruction without cause.

That is what I must come to now, even in this glory of peace that is whispering about me—I must face the task of confessing my own sins as a killer, as a destroyer of life for the love and thrill of killing. I was born, like all the children of men, a monumental egoist. My parents were egoists. My forefathers for ten thousand generations were egoists before me, and I was the last product of their egoism—one of the billion and a half people who are living to-day in the blindness of a self-conceit that has filled their worlds with schisms and religions as false and as unstable as the treacherous sands of human "almightiness" upon which they have been built.

From the beginning, I did not need argument or education to tell me that I was the greatest of all created things—that my particular brand of life, of all life on the earth, was the only life that God had intended to be inviolate. That fact was pounded home to me in the public schools; it was preached to me in the

(Continued on page 374)

One Bass

By OZARK RIPLEY
Author of "Jist Huntin' "

The Story of a Big Bass That's Still There

Illustration by R. Feyerwether Babcock

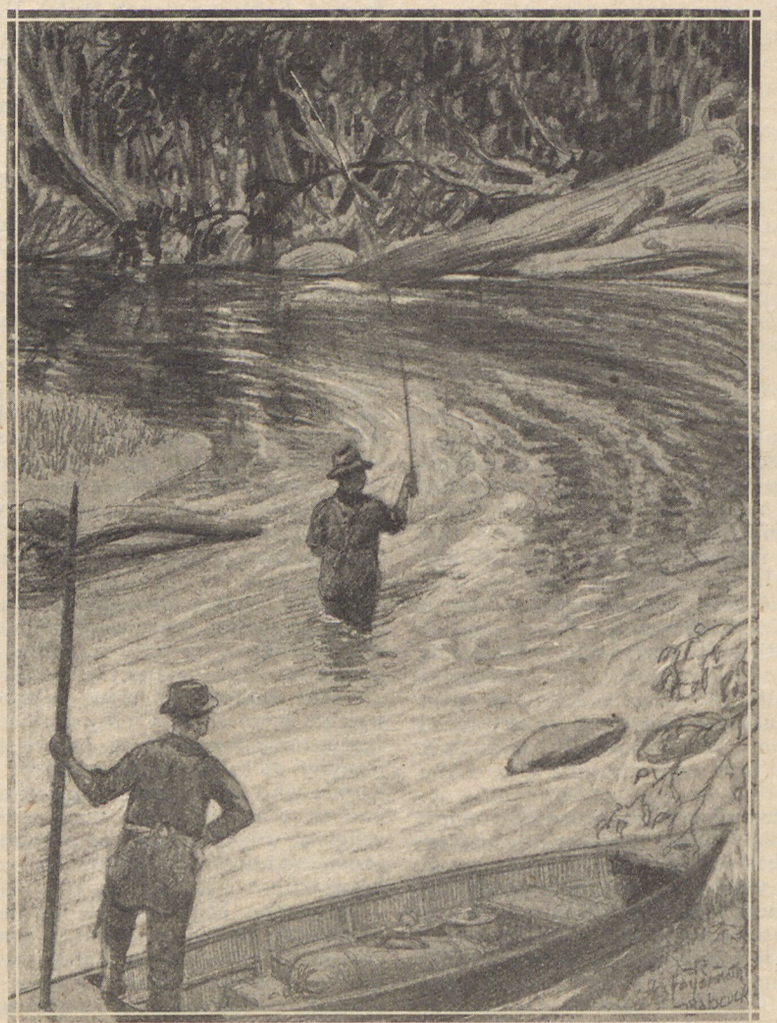
OFTEN I saw him at the head of the big bend, lying close to the fast clear water, always on the alert and at times utterly defying me to tempt him with any of my assortment of gaudy offerings. I had seen small mouths before, but none comparing in size with this one. Again and again I had tried for him, and each time I had to record failure. Years had taught him stream wisdom and many other things old, experienced fish have stored away to insure longer lives of freedom.

There are times when a large fish becomes an obsession. The more we see them the more we want them, and all our plans are directed toward some day having an engagement with them. I came to know this fellow pretty well. In fact he belonged to me, I thought, because he had resisted everything I tried, and I had studied him day after day, more thoroughly than vital worldly matters. To tell other than an angler how a man will dream of one fish constantly is trying to tax credence. But there are others of the same ilk who have had their big fish, and, therefore, can sympathize with the youngster who every day peeped over the big bar of sand and gravel, waded upstream in water that threatened to tear off his legs, or stealthily maneuvered in many ways to get one glimpse of the small mouth that seemed to change colorations at different times of day as lazily he guarded his lair.

Sometimes my big fish ventured thirty or forty feet from his lair. If he went elsewhere I never discovered him. The bottom was spotted —here dark sand and debris from floods — there a white of unbelievable purity. He assumed the dark of the background, and, when on the white sand and gravel he was of sheeny bronze as though he had spent hours and hours grooming himself to a state of cleanliness unapproachable by any other denizen of the fast mountain stream. If the day happened to be flecked with dark clouds, I remember well, he was a mass of large, bright black spots, irrespective of his position. I can vouch for all this, because with time I became an authority on that particular giant small mouth.

Two years of timely observation showed me that the big fish still haunted the same lair, something strange, too, as mountain streams are erratic chaps and change so much in a season that the habits of most big bass follow in the same routine. But my fish defied freshet or flood and remained in the same habitat, just as wary as ever, but each year having put on a little more poundage, which made me only more eager for his capture.

Observation is a great teacher. Somehow on bright clear days, unlike most of his tribe in the same stream, my bass seemed most agile. If a dragon fly hovered near, he took it, sometimes going a foot out of water to accomplish the act. If the minnows shimmered in crystal-gold showers a few feet to the east of the fast water, I knew my beloved one was about. But when I cast a fly there he seemed utterly unconscious of it; and I would have deemed it a sacrilege to take him in any other manner. If I did not see him, I was confident that he was resting safely in the deep, fast water close by, where the river tore frantically over a jam of logs and tree tops that had found lodgment and determined to stay against the current, each year accumulating more. I was positive of this: for one day when I could not see him, I sent a Babcock close to this hissing water and he boiled forth angrily, but failed to accord my fly the acknowledgment I most desired.



"I tried once more to tempt him from his lair."

Once my native boatman offered politely to spear him for me. I made no answer, but the look I gave reflected how he had wounded my feelings and never again did he broach the subject in any manner or form. Further, to prove his meekness and native courtesy, against all habits of an Ozarker, he never carried a spear in the long johnboat. That was a tribute to his friendship for me. An Ozarker considers one of his heavy-tined spears an indispensable adjunct to navigation, as it is used constantly when poling up fast water. I feel pretty sure could one of the natives get bottom with one of their long handled spears they would confidently attempt to pole across the Atlantic ocean, so sure are they of their ability to climb any water obstacle in this manner.

Never had I given up hope of connect-

ing with my big small mouth. Daily I visualized the act. Some day he would bolt forth, seize my fly and then would ensue a terrific battle that could last no less than an hour. I had planned how I would fight him, and when the end drew near, coax him gently into the backwater where the termination would be easy. Everything had been studied out to the most minute detail, and hope became greater as each day I studied out another conception in fly tying.

And then October at last came—a glory of timbered coloration which no man can conceive without seeing the Southern mountains after the first severe frost has touched the foliage of its numerous hardwoods. Fish were not striking, they declared. But the day grew warm and about ten they began hitting in the deep clear fast water, if one was not too greedy in making recovery. I had traveled a long way to see my bass and try once more to tempt him from his lair. Never did the river seem swifter, nor the water clearer; and when I shot against the jam of timber debris a new Silver Doctor, tied salmon pattern, I was not surprised to see him rush out, and then again to my discomforture, turn quickly and dive for his crypt. I got out of the boat and cast wading, but the old gentleman was just as wary as ever. There was no use wasting further time on him, so resignedly I fished downstream with good success and began to forget all about the lord of the fast clear water.

When fish are hitting, nothing else is considered by an angler—least of all time. Only the boatman's advice that it was long past time to turn home, and even then we would have to pole up several of the worst rapids in the dark, caused me to realize the obvious fact. Fighting up fast, shallow water with a long johnboat is nothing easy in daytime when you can see wherever you are going and not guess around for depths or dangerous obstacles with your pole. At night only a river native seems able to accomplish it—and that mostly by instinct.

We fought our way upstream close to the swift water along the bluff long after the setting sun had left sycamores and wateroaks in the opposite bottom all tinted with crimson. And that same stain lingered only on the river as we worked and worked for the eddy water above Merrell Bluff, and finally accomplished it. Though it added a bit to the length of the journey, we were looking for easy detours, for the rapids had levied their toll on our strength.

Then slowly the eddy carried us toward our destination, and before I was aware of it, to the abiding place of my fish.

"Just one cast," I called to my boatman, and automatically he responded and held the boat still about fifty feet from the lair of my big fish. Dusk had set in. Little of the crystal, reflecting river was visible. I shot the big black bug to the heap of debris. Just for a second it rested on a birch log, then a twitch of the rod dropped it on the water. Recovering, I drew it away from the fast water and, as I started to work it skippingly across a spot of white sand bottom that monster came and tore for the rapid with my big black bug.

Never had I need to sink the steel. Such a strike, as registered by the jerk of my rod, was self-struck. I could see nothing, only sense the angry strength of the great small mouth. Then I lost my head as fear gained precedence. There was no chance of landing him, if he reached the hissing rapid and that pile of logs only a few feet away. And foolishly I tried the impossible. The effort to turn him simply parted the leader. It would have broken one of steel, so great was the big fellow's strength.

Speechless with disappointment, I stared. Then I listened. I had lost my fish: the fish I had striven through these long years to bring from its lair. My heart rushed into my throat. It seemed to choke me and then I heard the fish leap, trying to cast the tantalizing black bug. No more did I grieve at my loss, but actually I thrilled, as leap after leap I heard, each one less audible as he progressed down the rapid, until finally he passed the first long bend.

Quickly I reeled in my line, and without a word resumed my work at the pole. Up the long, half-mile rapid we worked our utmost, and my guide laughed as I started to sing. The hills seemed a wonderful place in which to live. The rapids we always dreaded appeared to give me a pleasure heretofore I had never experienced. The mist was refreshing. It intoxicated. Blindly we forged up the dangerous water. I laughed gleefully and sang again. I was very happy because I recalled that down at its farthest end I would have another chance at my big fish.

DR. HENRY van DYKE

Has Promised Us

A DRY FLY STORY

For Our Special Trout Number in May

Grizzly Bear Photography

By Dr. H. H. ROGERS

Illustration by John H. Tau ke

I NEVER had very much respect for bears, until the fall of 1920. Several times during my hunting trips, I have met specimens of the brown variety and after the thrill of my first encounter, concluded that such experiences, while interesting, entailed little, if any, hazard to life or limb of the hunter.

In the summer of 1920, my old ranger friend, Hank, of Glacier Park, related an experience he had had with a silver tip several years before. Mr. Bear, caught by a hind foot, had the toggle securely entangled in the brush and was lying down, after a frantic struggle to gain his freedom. Old Hank approached, camera in one hand, gun in the other, with the intention of forcing bruin to pose for a picture before putting him hors de combat. In Hank's vernacular,—"When the varmint saw me, he riz up on his hind legs and let out a beller that sounded like a dozen lions and bulls, all boiled into one. I could 'a swore that he was seventeen feet tall and within reachin' distance. I slung that derned camera into the bush and began to burn into him so fast with the old Remington automatic that the bullets must 'a been steppin' on one another's heels. Which all goes to prove that when you meet up with them critters, you've got to think quick and act quicker."

"Which all goes to prove," I remarked, "that even you old timers are subject to attacks of hysteria, and if, as you say, he was securely entangled, I would have taken his picture."

"Well, young feller," drawled Hank, "if you ever butt into an able bodied grizzly under them circumstances, I want you to come back and tell me what YOU did."

A month later found me in Ovando, Montana, outfitting for an Elk hunt in the Flat Head forest. With pack train and supplies, we headed northward, and after traveling for seventy-five miles through the most magnificent country imaginable, made permanent camp on the south fork of White River. Part of our equipment consisted of three bear traps, formidable affairs with huge, tooth-studded jaws that looked as though they might have been paraphernalia from the Spanish Inquisition.

The first day in camp, Joe, the guide, and I, with one of the traps and some odoriferous trout, started for a cruise in the woods to locate a likely spot for the set. Early in the afternoon, I had the good fortune to run onto a spike buck. Our five days on the trail without relief from the monotony of ham and bacon, made the little black-tail fall easy victim to the Männlicher. After skinning him out, Joe suggested that we discard the fish and use the entrails for bear bait. Having negotiated seven or eight miles up a forty-five percent grade, in close association with those trout, I was only too glad to acquiesce. Several hundred yards from the kill, we located a gully down the side of the mountain and at the bottom of this, against the west slope, we constructed the usual pen, placed the entrails in the apex, set our trap, and after camouflaging it carefully with leaves and grass, departed for camp with one of the hind quarters and visions of broiled steak.

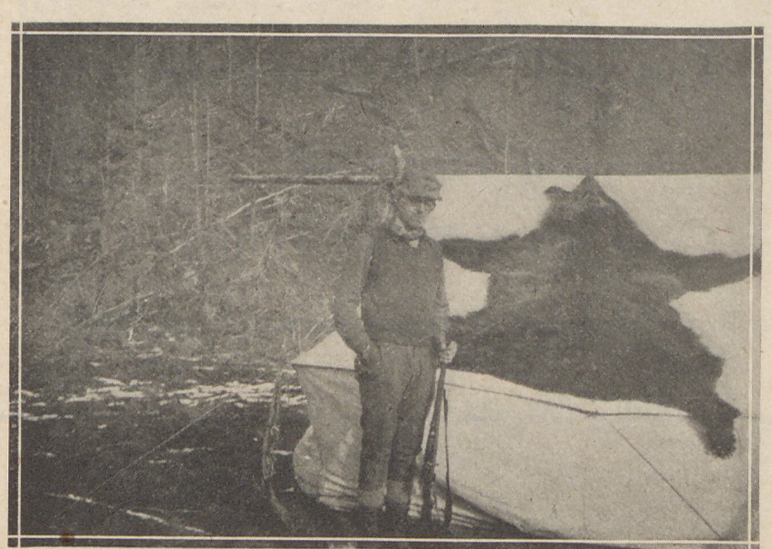
The next day was devoted to arranging camp and digging up the various articles of every day need that had settled, as they always do, to the very bottom of our duffle bags. The following morning found the ground covered with snow and we started soon after breakfast for the trap. An hour's stiff climb brought us close to the set, and we circled around up wind, coming out on a ledge across from, and above the pen. Where we had left the trap, nearly level with the ground, there was now a mound of earth and debris several feet high. We scrambled to the bottom of the gulch and examined the spoor. "Cracky, he's a big one!" ejaculated Joe. "And what in Sam Hill has he done with our trap?" With sticks for shovels, we began an autopsy of the unusual mound, and in a few minutes the mystery was solved. Before us lay the mutilated remains of a small, brown bear, caught in our trap by the front foot. Sometime during the previous afternoon or evening, he had happened along and permitted his appetite to overcome his discretion. Then Mr. Grizzly arrived and found his dinner waiting. He reached in, slapped the poor little captive on the head, crushing it like an egg shell. Then, after slashing the hide of the un-

NO little pride is taken in presenting, under the auspices of "Game Rifles," Doctor Rogers' treatise on Grizzly Bear Photography. The editor has shared joys and hardships off beaten paths with the versatile doctor, upon two real "he-man" trips. The "Great Medicine Man" (a title conferred upon him by the "Jibways" after they had used his prescription of Sloan's Liniment for the itch) has two hobbies—outdoor photography and camp cooking. He excels only at the latter.

Lest his great bear story be read with the conventional saline antidote, we hasten to lend assurance that "Doc" is a modest cuss, and his modesty is surpassed only by his veracity—unless perchance it be his luck. His pockets are always bulging with rabbit feet.

Our approval of the doctor's story does not extend to his guide's relic from the "Spanish Inquisition." The grizzly can hardly be classed as a game animal along with his black cousin; but his numbers are so few that the use of bear traps as arms of pursuit should be discouraged in the creed of good sportsmanship, and by drastic legislation, rigidly enforced.

M. L. G.



Dr. Rogers and the skin of his huge bear.

fortunate brown into ribbons, Ursus the Great had turned his brown cousin on his back, ripped him open, and devoured the entrails and most of the hind quarters. After this dainty repast the big fellow had carefully covered the remains for future reference and gone his way. We took his trail without delay, and after a brief stop at a spot several hundred yards from the trap, where, like most gourmands, after a heavy meal, he had taken a siesta, we followed it for three hours up and up into the higher levels, until the wind suddenly swung around to our backs, and we realized the futility of further efforts to overtake him. An inspection, through the binoculars, of a distant black speck moving against the snowy expanse, failed to disclose the object's identity and we returned to the trap. After removing the scalp and remnants of hide from the brown bear, we added his carcass to the bait, re-set our trap, and called it a day.

Joe prophesied that old silver tip would return that evening or during the night for another meal, so bright and early the next morning, we returned. Our disappointment was acute when we found the trap had not been troubled.

The following morning Joe and I and Sandy, an airedale pal of unusual intelligence, were again on the trail. A first glance into the pen from the ledge above, disclosed nothing unusual. Then I noticed that the toggle, a fifteen foot spruce, securely spiked into the ring and chain attached to the trap, had disappeared. In a few seconds less than nothing, we were down and discovered that our trap had departed with the toggle. In the patches of snow that remained, we found the big bear's tracks which disclosed the fact that he had moved along the line of least resistance down the gully, taking our hardware with him. We followed, and a hundred yards further down, found the remains of the toggle, chewed and broken out of the ring. At this point, Sandy began to growl and sniff, displaying unusual agitation for a dog of such dignified demeanor.

Joe began to sniff, too, declared he could smell bear, and that we must be getting warm—furthermore, if we ran onto the grizzly and he happened to be up on one bank or the other, he would be down on us before I could pull a trigger. As for Joe, with only a hand axe and a skinning knife, he wouldn't even be an "also ran." After this monologue, we followed the dictates of discretion and climbed the east slope before proceeding.

This splendidly drawn but frightful picture should bring forcibly to the minds of principled sportsmen the determination to stamp out by their disapproval, opposition and the power of their votes all baiting and trapping with the barbarous steel trap.

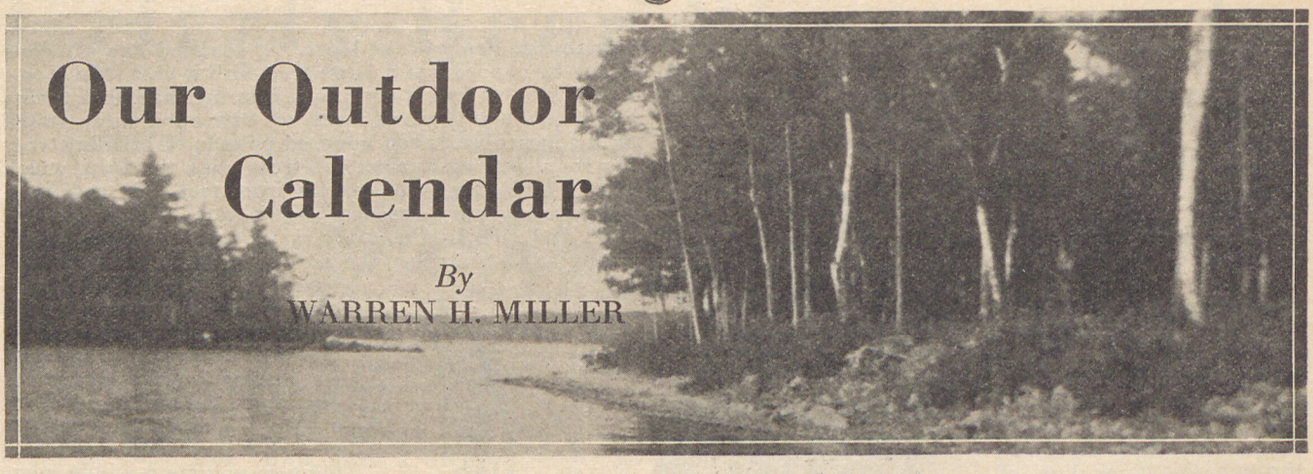
We had descended another fifty yards when pandemonium suddenly broke loose. It sounded like someone trying to chop down a large tree with a cast iron stove. A few steps brought us into a clearing, and just across the divide, eighty yards away, we saw our quarry seated on his haunches, seven hundred pounds of bristling, raging fury, beating against the trees with the trap, which was still clinging to one of his front feet. He was quite oblivious to our presence. With camera open in one hand and rifle in the other, I tip-toed forward. Then Sandy's self-control broke under the strain. Up to this time, he had obediently and quietly heeled up, despite his agitation. Now he gave utterance to a vibrant growl and we needed no further introduction to old silver tip. With a roar, a bellow, or whatever you choose to call it, resembling in volume a whole menagerie working simultaneously, he bolted out from behind the trees and headed for us. I never realized until then that such a large, and apparently clumsy mammal, could travel so fast. As he emerged from cover, I put one of the eight m/m just back of his shoulder—a little too far back. He went down, but was up again in an instant, and before I could fire a second shot, he had rolled and scrambled, under cover, down the bank. Upon reaching the bottom, he rose to his hind legs with another terrific roar—then a second shot broke his back and put him down for good. We circled warily around, Sandy, likewise, maintaining a discreet distance, until the convulsive kicking ceased and all was still. As we approached nearer, Sandy tore in and began to shake the grizzly savagely by the throat. I believe that Sandy's self-esteem was hurt and that he held that bear personally responsible for the loss of his self control.

Then followed two hours of bloody, strenuous work with frequent thawing of our cold, stiffened fingers over the fire and the trophy lay before us—a beautiful seven foot coat of unusual quality, thick and soft.

All our weariness forgotten in the thrill of the achievement, we started campward,—the head was my quota, while Joe draped the skin around his neck like an enormous boa. We had proceeded some distance before Joe asked, "Doc, did you get your camera?" I felt of the empty case at my belt—then for the first time since Sandy started the excitement, I rememberd my intention to take that bear's picture—I had probably laid the camera down before I began to shoot. Back to the firing line we went, but no camera. After much searching, I found it, lens side down, in the snow. It had described an arc over my head, no telling how high, but it landed twenty feet back of where I stood.

Old Hank was right—when a grizzly begins to talk to you, it's no time for taking pictures. Some day, in all humility, I am going back and make my confession.

I am very much interested in your work and would be glad to do my part in the noble fight to save our wild life—**DAVID STARR JORDAN**



Our Outdoor Calendar

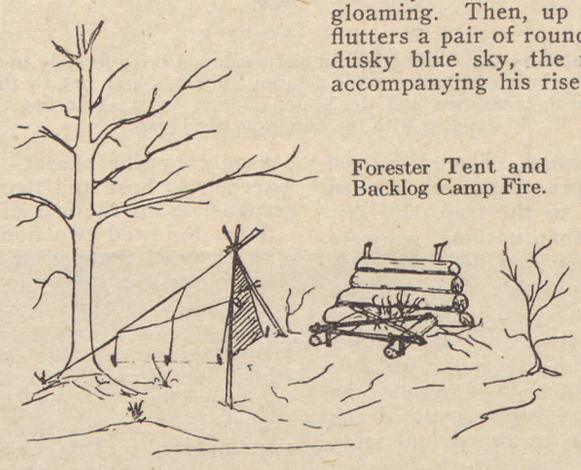
By
WARREN H. MILLER

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller.
—The Editor

March

THE Awakening Moon, the Indians called it. The long winter night is over. Thaw upon thaw melts the snow, so that every little ravine and gully is tinkling with little waterfalls, murmuring with the soft rush of waters. The ice goes out on the great rivers. Did you ever watch it break? Those portentous cracks along both banks, the majestic movement of the entire central floe, the boom and crash and grind of millions of cakes broken apart between solid center and the land ice, then the resistless rush of that massive white table, the whole frozen bosom of the river, as it takes the main current and sweeps on imposingly to the sea. Mighty Nature has stretched and yawned and is about to rise and go about her year's work.

Her heralds, the birds, are already here. Purple grackles, in flashing glories of bronze and peacock coal, yellow billed, yellow eyed, their cheerful voice fills the land. Fox sparrows, the largest of that numerous family, are scratching the leaves in every thicket. Up in the forest tree tops the insistent whistle of the tufted titmouse calls to us that spring is not far off. March flights of robins give a cheerful note of red, an added item of interest, to every spreading and budding oak.



Forester Tent and Backlog Camp Fire.

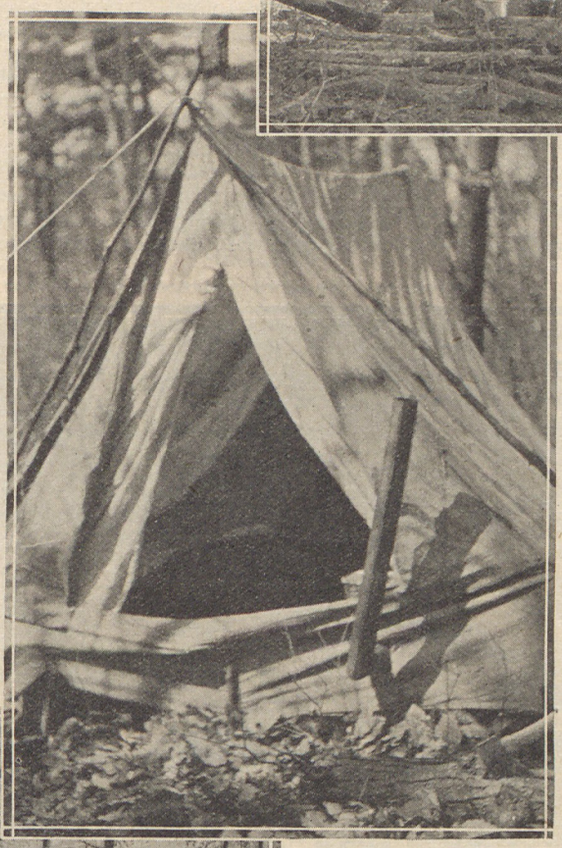
It is a perfectly gorgeous time to be in the woods. The sunny banks of ravines facing the south are warm and bare of snow. Here is hepatica, already out, its trilobed dark green leaves glossy with new sap, the buds of its lavender flowers already formed. There are tender green grasses and new moss; star of Bethlehem, dog-tooth, anemones, all projecting green-white leaf spikes up through last year's dead growth. The forest trees are having their annual cleaning of grubs and cocoons. Hundreds of creepers and nuthatches are at work up and down their trunks. The cheerful chicadee tumbles like a small feathered clown among the twigs, his rollicking bubble of song irrepressible in the prophetic gladness of Nature. There's an early spring kingfisher; somehow he knows the ice has gone in the streams and it is time for him to be here. Jays scream. The spring flights of hawks are here, the red-shouldered sitting motionless and solitary in a pin oak, the sharpshins and sparrow hawks soaring in short flights over field and wooded valley. And, if you are **very** lucky, you will hear the spring song of the woodcock. Just at dusk. Shortly before Easter. The flight of young mating birds is with us then, for a few days. You hear a sharp nasal **Nasp!** out of the gloaming. Then, up from nowhere in the underbrush flutters a pair of round brown wings, up and up into the dusky blue sky, the familiar twitter of the woodcock accompanying his rise. And then, far in the blue overhead bursts forth that liquid bubbling song, ineffably sweet, piercing, increasing momentarily in vigor, and then ceasing abruptly, while as abruptly he cascades down as if all out of breath—to alight and utter his nasal "Nasp!" once more. Hundreds of them will be doing it, over any swampy glade, at that season, and next day all will be gone. To few has it been vouchsafed to hear that rare song. I remember when it was scoffed at as a fiction of the nature fakers. But if you are out in the woods at dusk in March you will hear it—as I have done more than once.

To us outers March is the Get Ready month. It is a time to think of tents and gear. Last year's wear and tear to overhaul and repair. Patches, rivets, straps, timely stitches here and there. May I confess that in thirty years of camping, getting out under canvas for at least a few nights every month of the year, I do not yet know which is the best tent? I have two that are prime favorites, yet when it comes to the March Camp, when the awakening of dear old Nature urges me irresistibly to go out and live with her once more, I cannot say which tent is going with me. One is a delightful little wall tent, of green paraffined muslin, weighing six pounds. Its walls are fourteen inches high. Its slopes are four feet six inches on the slant. It covers five feet

of width by six feet of length. It has a mosquito bar sewed in across the front, so that the flaps can be pulled back to let in sunlight and air. It has a triangular ventilator in the back wall, two feet wide and extending down two feet from the ridge under a hood which spreads out along the ridge rope. A fine little forest house for two. High enough to stand up in while dressing. Long enough for two camp cots or two browse beds staked in between logs. But alas! No opportunity for the hot and cheerful rays of the camp fire to enter it and drive out the dampness of the forest duff and warm the floor of it, nor to keep you warm all night long. I use a small pot tent stove for it in cold weather.

The other tent is the good old Forester, invented by me back in 1908 and described in **Field & Stream** about that time. "Take along an axe and enjoy life!" is the motto of that tent. The thing is a sort of triangular canvas hutch, set up with three poles in a tripod. It covers a floor space of eight feet along each angle and eight feet across its front. The walls slope down at such an angle as to reflect every ray of heat from the camp fire down upon the outers sleeping within. I figured out those angles after much experiment and thinking over what was required for the ideal open tent. The result was the warmest open tent ever designed. This has been proved by the experience of thousands of campers who have bought and used that tent during the last fifteen years. It was demonstrated to me very early by five hound dogs who were with us during one cold weather camp in January. They had the choice of four different types of tents all facing the same camp fire. I would always find them curled up in the Forester. I would boot them all out and turn in, only to feel one dog after another come sneaking back to curl up against my sleeping bag. Those hounds had neither criticism nor flattery to offer. They were simply looking for the warmest tent.

Forester Tent in March. Hood opened.



The Author's 6 pound 5x6 Tent with Tent Stove.

The First Thaw.

These two. Which, for March? I generally take the Forester; and in front of it I build a night fire first described by old Nessmuk, that pioneer go-light woodsman who published "Woodcraft" many years ago. It is now in its twentieth edition. You select two stout hornbeam stakes four feet long, hornbeam because it will not burn through easily and is very strong. Drive them in slantwise, about four feet in front of the Forester and leaning slightly backward and about two feet apart. Against them you pile backlogs of green red maple, another unburnable wood. Five six-inch logs four feet long will do it. Out from these are staked two andirons of the same wood about two feet long. Across the front a forestick, a three-inch log. Two sticks laid diagonally across the andirons to hold up the mass of the fire and give a fine draft. Then a pile of dry, soft wood, balsam, blackjack oak, dead maple. On these three or four dry oak logs. At dark you touch her off and have a blaze four feet high which fills the tent with warmth and cheer, dries out the duff, warms up the bedding. You turn in at nine, putting on a charge of six logs. About two you wake up with the chill night air, reassemble the embers and put on a second charge of six logs. You are asleep again in ten minutes. Daylight, when you next awaken. The backlogs then make a good breakfast fire. It is a wonderful sleep! Real forest ozone, all night long. No stuffiness, as with all enclosed tents. My wall tent is free of that because of its ventilator, but still you have the dampness and lack of cheer of a big open fire during the night. The axe, for it is a two-pound keen Damascus steel axe with twenty-six-inch handle. It takes an hour's work to cut the twenty logs needed for Nessmuk's night fire. I believe that two pounds of axe is better than five pounds of extra bedding. The tent weighs four and a half pounds. I found that a hood added up in its front apex was worth the extra half pound of canvas. It kept in the heat currents which would run out along the peak, and it made the tent less vulnerable to driving rains slanting in at the front of the tent.

What incentive is there for a camp in the woods in March? Oh, all the incentive in the world! To watch the grand awakening of Dame Nature, to be right in it, to greet the returning spring birds—did you ever keep a

(Continued on page 375)

Bird Lore

by

Bob Becker

Editor "Woods and Waters"
—Chicago Tribune

Photographs by Walter Hastings

ANNOUNCING the big prize contest in this department.

Although experiences with birds are mighty fascinating, when they come as the result of taking pictures of birds in their natural habitat they are doubly interesting. With this idea in mind and moreover, to stimulate (if we can) greater interest in the use of the camera in studying wild birds **Bird Lore** is going to conduct with your help a contest to determine the best amateur bird photographer among our readers.

Here are the

Conditions and Rules of the Contest

Open to any member of the Izaak Walton League who is not a PROFESSIONAL photographer.

Contest will close December 1st, 1923.

Subjects for photographs may be any wild American birds.

Photographs submitted may be taken with any size or kind of camera the contestant wishes to use.

All photographs submitted should be not less than 5 in. x 7 in., preferably 6½ in. x 8½ in., and printed on black and white paper.

A contestant may submit from one to three photographs in the contest.

Photographs entered in the contest must be accompanied with account of how the pictures were taken and with what kind of a camera.

The Prize

One $125 camera, size and style to be selected by the winner.

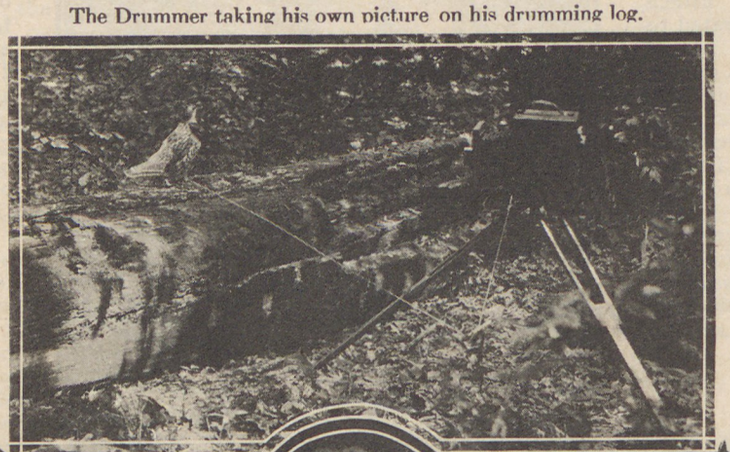
The Judges

Orpheus M. Schantz, president of the Illinois Audubon Society, well known ornithologist and nature photographer.

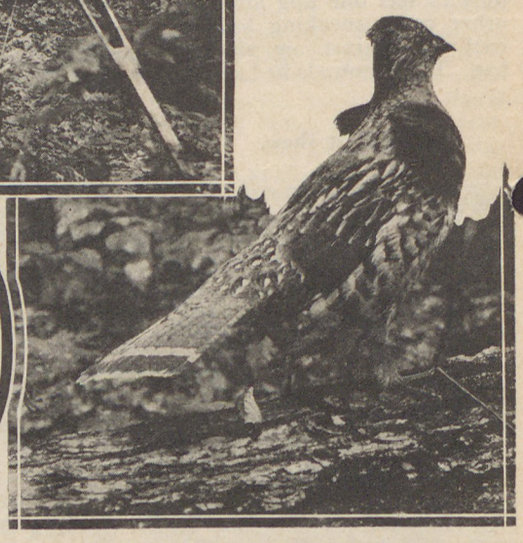
Lyman Atwell, in charge of the photographic department of the Chicago Tribune.

So polish up your lenses, boys, and go to it. Come to think of it this shooting with a camera is about the only kind of shooting a fellow can do and in doing it eat his cake and still have it. Get the idea? Hunting with a camera involves all the stealth, cunning, caution, resourcefulness and energy that shooting with powder and shot does and still, after you have shot, your bird is alive and you have something that will live forever—a photograph. We are going to have a lot of fun in this contest. I know it. And just to give you an idea what the combination fisherman-bird fan can do to take a look at the photographs on this page. Aren't they regular whoop-er-do's. Ever see anything like 'em?

The Drummer taking his own picture on his drumming log.



Walter E. Hastings, who has a remarkable collection of bird photographs.



Hats off to Walter Hastings of South Lyon, Michigan, who is responsible for these ruffed grouse pictures. Walt has been hunting birds with the camera for many years and not only knows birds but photographs 'em when they aren't looking and he wields a mean camera. When he wrote me the other day, he said:

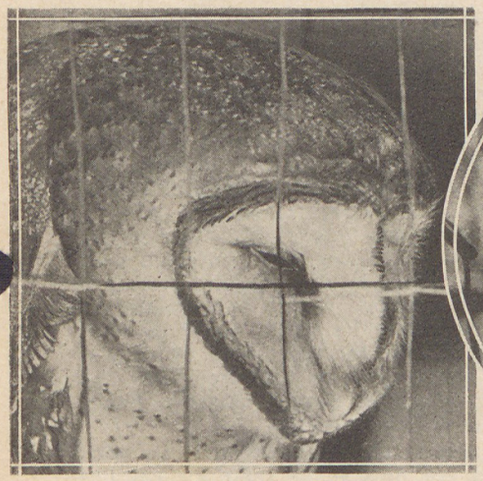
"I am a fisherman and also a hunter but my hunting is done with a camera entirely. I have laid aside my gun and have found much more pleasure in doing so. I used to kid myself into believing it was sport to get a partridge on the wing but I will say that it is real sport

to get him with a camera, which I have succeeded in doing several times. I have many excellent bird photographs, some of which I am wondering if you would like to use in your department. (I'll say we would, Walt.)

"I also have some very interesting experiences to relate in getting some of these pictures that I believe would set well with some of the bird fans of the League. One of my ambitions is to stimulate greater interest in the use of the camera as a means of sport."

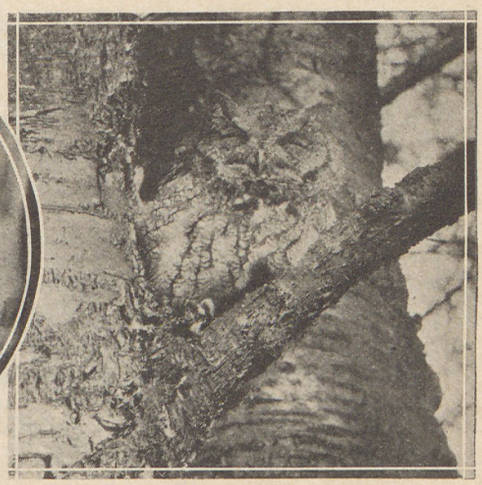
"Walt" sure can shoot with that camera of his, proven by the two photographs reproduced this month.

In telling about how he ran into the drumming grouse in the woods and how he photographed him, Walt writes:



The Monkey Faced Owl.

Who's Afraid?



Taking a Little Nap Between Hunts.

One day while in the woods I came unexpectedly upon what I had long been looking for—a partridge on his drumming log. Ever since taking up bird and nature photography I had wished to match my wits and camera against the grouse, but as I stood there listening it dawned upon me that I had not yet figured how I was going to be able to get his picture. It was no easy matter even to get sight of him let alone photographing him.

Without stopping to get sight of the drummer I hurried home and procured a box about the size of one of my cameras, painted it black, made a rough tripod on which to mount it and hastened back to the woods. Watching my chance when the drummer was not near his log, I set up the contraption within fifteen feet of it and hustled away. The next day when I came back I was thrilled to hear again the partridge's defiant roll. That day I shoved the camera five feet closer to the log. Three days later I went into the woods again and heard the old boy drumming. Again I moved the dummy camera—this time to within five feet of the drumming log. After waiting a couple of days I returned once more to the woods and was tickled to death to hear Mr. Grouse drumming on the same old log in spite of that fake camera almost on top of him.

That night I fixed up a rig to actually begin taking pictures. As it rained the following morning I did not get into the woods until two days later. Making my way to the log which the grouse was using I replaced the dummy camera with a real one possessing a fast lense, focused it carefully on a piece of bark, placed on the log for that purpose, judged the light and set the shutter accordingly. Taking a stake from my kit, I drove it in the ground under the camera and directly beneath the shutter lever. Then wiring a sure-catch mouse trap firmly to the stake, with the jaw facing the ground, I took a spool of heavy, green carpet thread, attached one end to the pan of the trap and ran it up and across the log, about an inch above it and directly in the path of the bird. I next ran the thread from the jaw of the trap to the release on the side of the camera. It was now ready so I tried it out and found it worked all right, although the machinery was a bit noisy. After slipping a plate in the camera I withdrew.

Back I came in two hours and found to my joy that the trap was sprung. Had I bagged the old grouse? I rushed back to the house, and hurriedly developed the plate. But, alas! I had nothing on that plate but a streak—probably a fleeting shot of a chipmunk. Another plate was inserted and again I was doomed to disappointment—another chipmunk had been on the job. At dinner that day I did a good deal of thinking about my plan of action and decided for one thing that the whole business was too noisy so I cut some strips of rubber from an old rubber tire and going back to the woods placed one of these on the trap finding that it deadened the noise of it a great deal. Again setting the contraption I hurried to another part of the woods to wait. Soon I heard the grouse drumming and I could hardly wait until I had a look at my trap. But—nothing doing. The bird had kept to one end of the log and hence had not sprung the trap at all.

Three days later, through some school children, I learned of a grouse nest and clutch of eggs which I photographed along with Mrs. Grouse. But that is another story. I was still intent on getting a photo of the drummer so again I set the camera for him. But it was not until three days later that things began to happen. Coming back to the woods after dinner I found the trap sprung. I developed the plate and found that although there was too much action and the light poor I did have a picture, something to show for my work. So back I went to make another set. This time I set up another camera twelve feet from the log, running a string back seventy feet to a blind where I secreted myself. For two hours I waited.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the flight of a swift flying bird, skimming through the woods. As he alighted on a log I held my breath lest I should frighten him. He stood there like a monarch for a second, took two or three steps and then began to drum. He would fan his tail, puff out, and strut up and down the log much like a male peacock on parade. The picture was so interesting that I almost forgot my cameras.

After a time he worked down close to the thread and as he approached it, I drew a whistle from my pocket and blew it fairly loud. He stopped and I pulled the thread. Waiting a few minutes until the bird had passed on and down from the log. I arose and quickly gathering up my outfit hiked home in a hurry. I stuck the plates in the developer, then into the fixing bath. I confess that my hands were trembling as I worked on these plates. The first one out—well, there before me stood my handsome drummer. And the picture was almost perfect. The next plate was the same bird I had taken myself—another fine picture.

(Continued on page 375)

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

By TRAVERS D. CARMAN

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman who is one of America's most expert authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greater understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.

THE 47th Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club was held in Madison Square Garden on February 12th, 13th and 14th.

Prior to this year, it has been customary on the last day of the Show to award the prize of Champion of all of the Champions so awarded, regardless of class. It has always added an additional thrill and proved of general interest. No little criticism was therefore heard over the absence this year of this popular event. This opinion was also voiced by Mr. J. Willoughby Mitchell of London, who judged more than a dozen different breeds at the Show and is recognized as one of the greatest authorities on the dog both here and abroad. Mr. Mitchell went on to say: "The dog in England is a matter of tradition. Every upper and middle class family has one or more dogs. The knowledge of dogs is inherent. It is this life long association with dogs, together with the small show, that lays the foundation for such knowledge. And this leads me to remark that you should have more small shows in the United States."

Perhaps popular interest centered particularly around the shepherd dogs, airedales, chows and great Danes.

It was good to see a distinct revival of the interest in the Irish Setter—a dog admirably suited through endurance and physique to the rougher hunting covers of this country. English setters were quite up to the standard and well judged. The pointers, though limited in the number shown, were of the best stock produced in this country.

An interesting story is told of Frederick Cauchois' champion pointer, Fancy Frank, which won over Varner's Dragon at the Philadelphia Show and was in turn beaten by the latter at the New York Show. It seems that several years ago, Mr. Cauchois was on a shooting trip in South America and saw a wonderful pointer that so impressed him that he asked where he could buy one of the same strain. He was informed that the dog was American bred from the famous Flights Fancy. Upon his return to this country, he made inquiry concerning the strain and learned where he might purchase one. Greatly to his delight, he located a dog which was almost an exact counterpart of the one which had interested him so much in South America, Fancy Frank, the dog he is now showing.

Great credit is due to the conscientious care with which the judges not only made their awards but in a number of instances declined to award first or second places among the number of classes brought before them.

Mr. J. Willoughby Mitchell is right, and interest in dogs can only be maintained through the holding of small dog shows throughout the country. May the readers of the Izaak Walton League Monthly bear this in mind and use their influence in behalf of the local dog show.

Echoes From the Dog Show

AS I entered the Madison Square Garden, I was greeted with an ear splitting uproar of dogs old and young, big and small, barking in recognition of old acquaintances, or in defiance of strange neighbors.

I looked eagerly for the pointers and setters, and passed down between two long rows of shepherd dogs; another two rows of Terriers—and still another two rows of Boston, French and Toy Bulls.

Then the Russian Wolf-Hounds, Chows, Beagles, etc.

At last I found him—off in one corner—a blue ribbon winner of many dog shows. Without invitation, but sure of my welcome, I sat down on the edge of his narrow straw stall, my back to him.

It was but a few seconds before a cold muzzle edged in between my body and my right arm, and two members of the old guard were established on a basis of the most confidential of friendships.

I am not sure but that I dozed off, and dreamed the rest, but it doesn't matter, it's what the pointer would have said could he have talked.

After a moment's pause I seemed to hear him say: "What a rotten show—where are the old time lovers of pointers and setters?" And I answered: "I have been looking for them too. My father was a judge of the first dog show ever held in this country and he said that in his day it was just about all pointers and setters. He showed several dogs that year and I imagine that his sense of honor prevented his own dogs from winning anything."

Said the pointer, "You know, I tell friends from enemies by their smell. I can't tell you how I recognize friends by their smell, but there is something different, and then if I am in doubt I look at their eyes—yessir, the eye tells a lot—too much as a rule. Didn't a man once call the eye the window of the Soul? Well, we pointers believe that. You know dogs judge people differently than you humans do."

I leaned to one side as a rough dressed, horny-handed, seamy-face man, edged in and unhesitatingly caressed the pointer with his hands.

"Well, old timer," he said, "when are you going to give the pups a chance to win the blue ribbon?" and passed on.

"Now there's what I call a man," the pointer said. "He runs a kennel over in Pennsylvania somewhere, and he loves dogs. He owns a half-brother of mine and loves him like a son. I ran against him down at the Southern Field Trials a few years ago and here is the story if you'd like to hear it?" and the pointer looked up into my face in an inquiring way. I patted his head and told him to tell it by all means. He looked pleased

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

and resumed: "I'll start with what my half-brother told me, after it was all over.

"'My master is as fine as the man-god make. I stood a good chance of winning the "Pointers Free for All" and I knew how much it meant to my master for me to win. But somehow or other I had caught a bad cold in the express car going down to Atlanta and I couldn't seem to shake it off. I got down there a week before the trials were to be held and my master had me out each day.

"'But I wasn't in form—I knew it, so did my master. My nose was hot, my head stuffed like a bail of hay; my legs were terribly wobbly.

"'Yes, I could find birds, but an hour's working out left me weak and in a sweat. My master gave me aspirin in pieces of meat, and made me take castor oil, but the cold stuck and I lost strength. I knew that I only had you to fear, but I also knew that you would let me win if I got into the finals with you and you found out the condition I was in. So that was why I always braced up when you came smelling around.'

"Well, there was a dog," said my friend the pointer, referring to his half-brother. "He was paired with a western pointed on the first day, and sick, though he was, he won with a score of two more coveys of quail found."

Said the pointer: "I had won against a handsome little bitch pointer who fell down on following single birds. On the second day my half-brother won from a Massachusetts pointer and he staggered when he followed his master back to his quarters. It was a hard day for me, for I had been up against the winner of the western circuit, and won by one point. That put my half-brother and me against each other on the last day—the winner, the winner of the National Field Trial Championship for Pointers.

"My master took me out to the starting point in his car and my half-brother's master, because he couldn't afford it, walked out. It was a good three miles and hard on my half-brother, sick as he was.

"We started with a rush, I quartered to the right, my half-brother to the left, and met at the end of the ten-acre lot in the marrowing neck of a swale. All the way down the field we both knew that birds were ahead of us. I was on them first and my half-brother backed me. Two birds were shot over us as the covey raised, each of us retrieving one. Again we raced off and when birds were found, it was my half-brother who found them and I backed him.

"The sun was growing hot and I saw that my half-brother was showing signs of distress. The honors were even and the situation tense. Again we started out and I noticed out of the corner of my eye that my half-brother staggered and fell. He was on his feet in a moment and ranged on—but I had the advantage and was on the birds first. My half-brother came up in a slow hesitating manner and finally backed me. My master was behind me, then my half-brother, backing me, his master behind him, and then the judges. The birds flushed, two shots, two birds fell. I retrieved mine, my half-brother started to retrieve his and fell with the bird in his mouth at the feet of his master, his mouth held upward that his master might take it the more easily. The Judges came up, gave us equal points and ordered us on. But my half-brother's master held up his hand and said:

"'I put a second mortgage on my farm to enter this dog and God knows I need the prize money! He's a better dog than his half-brother, but all the prize money in the Field Trial Circuit aint worth my dog's life. He's a sick dog and he's run a brave trial. He'd win if he was well, but I withdraw him from the contest, 'cause his life is worth more to me than the lives of most of the people I know. Come boy, let's go home to the Missis, she'll understand.'

"My friend," the pointer added, "I never felt so cheap winning a field trial in my life.

"My half-brother is a real dog and his master is a God-made man."

The lights were low and a Madison Square Garden attendant was looking at me in a queer kind of way and said, "We're closing up."

"Good Night, Pointer, and God bless you," I said as I walked out.

Charles H. Bennett, New Executive Secretary of the Izaak Walton League

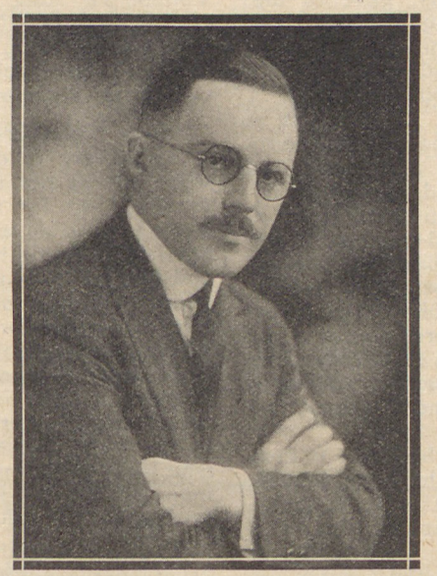
IT is a great pleasure to announce that the Izaak Walton League of America has secured the valuable services of Mr. Charles H. Bennett, who has been selected by the Executive Committee for the office of Executive Secretary of the League.

The committee investigated and examined the records and references of many and then made the statement that they had never seen more glowing recommendations than those relative to the ability and accomplishments of Charles H. Bennett.

For seven years Mr. Bennett was associated with the Supreme Lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose in practically every capacity relating to fraternal and organization work.

For a number of years he was a promotional expert for the Young Men's Christian Association, and he comes to us from the Kiwanis Club International, for which organization he was the Office Manager of the headquarters of more than nine hundred Kiwanis Clubs.

Added to this necessary practical knowledge and experience, "Charlie" Bennett is famous for his ever ready smile and his host of friends; he is also an ardent fisherman and a devoted lover of angling, and of all outdoors.



"Charlie" Bennett at Headquarters.

Both the League and our Chapters are to be congratulated on this selection, and I bespeak the hearty co-operation of all the Officers of the League. I hope that every member will help him in the progressive program he has in mind for our beloved cause.

Outdoor America has found in Bennett a valuable friend, and this national organization an Executive officer of expert and proven ability.

WILL H. DILG,
Pres. Izaak Walton League

"Charlie" Bennett at his camp in Wisconsin.

Three Thrills

By DR. FRANK MACKIE JOHNSON
Author of "Reminiscent Tales of a Humble Angler" with introduction by Dr. James A. Henshall

A Plea for the Single Hook

HOW much it would gratify me to meet every member of the Izaak Walton League and to chat with you splendid lovers of the wild! But knowing that this fairy dream can not become true, will each one accept my hearty greeting? Let me say KO-LE-LE-MOOK! This means good sport, good luck in all you do. May happy years be your lot! May the Red Gods call you, year after year! Listen! Give heed! Flee quickly to the lands of the singing pines, cedars and birches! Where the song worship of feathered warblers and the laughter of joyous brooklets bring perfect peace and contentment. Some of you will be tempted, perchance, by the sterner glories of old ocean and scudding breezes will whisper their secrets as they welcome in a soft caress that imparts new life. It matters not! Share your love, if this be your wish, between the mighty forests and the world of liquid space.

May I become a poacher, stealing some of your time and I trust a bit of your interest? Call it the whim of an old pioneer, for it is well over half a century since my first trout was taken, yet today I would have you know of things that happened and mark the evolution of ideas among true sportsmen.

Dr. Johnson engaged in his profession of a humble angler.

Just be kind to an old angler and let me tell you of three real thrills that Fate or Destiny, gave to me. Thrill number one came while fishing in Newfoundland waters, some fifteen years ago. Equipment, an Osgood rod 9½ ft. long, weight 5½ oz. Ordinary reel and trout line. Single leader. Fly, Red Spinner No. 12. I hoped to capture a good sized salter. Made a cast in the rapid water. No earmarks of a pool where the fly landed. A sudden rise and strike of a twelve-pound salmon, full of fight. Saved tackle and reputation because the fish was good enough to leap seven times in a strong upstream current. This tired him so I was able to turn him but just in time for there was a scant six inches of line left on the reel. Then came a long, keen battle. I thrilled and feared this noble fellow would be the victor. At last I conquered, brought my beauty near the shore amid the grasses and landed him by the gills. The applause of brother anglers who were watching me, still rings in my ears and I almost feel the thrill again.

When I read the twelve principles of the Izaak Walton League of America thrill number two held me captive.

"To advocate the use of appropriately light tackle and to teach that no credit is due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy rods and lines. To award buttons, medals and prizes to members of the League for notable exploits with rod and line so that fair tackle may become more generally used."

Patiently I have waited twenty-three years hoping before life ended to have my personal deductions accepted by all true anglers. Have any of you waited and waited for something to happen? Hopes almost vanished and presto! A miracle! Your prayers have been answered! Wouldn't you thrill with pleasure? Then another thrill followed! The resolutions of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, published in the December issue of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, brought to me a thrill that still tingles and delights. These resolutions advised and strongly advocated the use of barbless hooks by all members of the club, closing with the following lines:

"Our President and Board of Directors have pledged themselves to listen without interruption to the fishing story of any member who will preface his remarks with 'I had on a Barbless No. 10 and—'

"Can more than this be done in the way of personal sacrifice to encourage a cause which may mean the saving of our fishing and of our club?"

Now you will want some sort of a reason for my feelings and my joy. I hope I shall not bore you but I do want you to understand. Back in 1902 I published "Forest, Lake and River." Ask my dear friend Henshall about the work if you wish. There is one thing I can do and that is I can quote my own stuff and break no law. "A plea for the single hook," appeared in Volume II. Bear with me, please, for a few extracts of this chapter will suffice to convince you why I rejoice and am glad; glad to realize that the barbless hook and the single hook, light tackle and true sportsmanship constitute the incomparable slogan of the League.

"Thus it appears to me—and I hope and believe to many of my fellow-anglers—that pleasure is keenest when we try not for numbers captured in any manner possible, but for the delicacy of skillful capture that alone is possible when the chances are taken with light gear. The single hook, the small fly, the light rod, reel, and line certainly accord with the ethics of angling, and allow an opportunity for fair fighting. Honest sportsmen care alone for the excitement and exercise of skill. They never kill more fish than they can make use of, and large numbers taken by them are returned to the waters. In our woodland life let us be true fishers, giving manful regard and a better chance of escape to the brave quarry of the woods or water, battling for liberty. Let each true lover of nature and of sport strive to make capture more difficult for the angler and the chance for liberty greater for the fish with each recurring season."

Do any of you blame me now for being thrilled? Have I not been vindicated by a tribunal of peers? May I extend hearty thanks to you, Mr. Editor, and members of the league for taking up in the right way this grand work? My blessings and sincere wishes rest with you!

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

What the Izaak Walton League of America Will Do

By THE EDITOR

THE Izaak Walton League of America is a National Organization of militant fishermen and hunters, dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in these United States and the saving of the fragments of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it as its real basis; neither has it political or religious interests.

Herbert Hoover says: "The Izaak Walton League is champion not only of the sport of kings but of something vastly more important—that is the sport of those who are still young in heart. The spirit of the boy who spits on the bait and that of the man who selects a fly suited to the day and the water is the same and this spirit is among the good things of the earth. I trust the League will thrive and that all good and conscientious men will join it."

Gifford Pinchot says of the Izaak Walton League of America that unless sportsmen take nation-wide action to preserve game and fish they will not be preserved.

Emerson Hough says of the I. W. L. A. that it has caused the lovers of Outdoor America for the first time to seriously realize that outdoor sport in this country soon will be a thing of the past.

Zane Grey, in a powerful plea to the American father to come into this National Organization, says: "Do you want to preserve something of America for your son? Do you want him to inherit something of the love of outdoors that made our pioneers such great men? Do you want him to be manly, strong, truthful, and brave? Do you want him to be healthy? Do you want him, when he grows to manhood, to scorn his father and his nation for permitting the wanton destruction of our forests and the depletion of our waters?"

Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "Fishing in these United States is worse than it is in England, France, Germany and Norway. The only chance to restore sports in our country is for one million principled American sportsmen to come into the Izaak Walton League of America so that they may be a commanding power before our State and Federal Governments."

Gene Stratton-Porter says: "If we desire any sort of heritage to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a helping hand to the Izaak Walton League of America. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do, we are now facing a square presentment of what we must do, and those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need, must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. Work must be done. It is the time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength."

Irvin S. Cobb says: "With law and public sentiment for our Izaak Walton Chapters, we must make everlasting war upon those who for commercial designs are exploiting our National forests and our National preserves—the dammers of our water courses, the strippers of our forests, the industrial despoilers of our mountains and our remaining open spaces. We must protect our wild game and game fishes from extermination, our streams from further pollution (which can be done by the passing of a law for Federal control of our inland waters and coastal estuaries) our woods from desecration, our State and Federal preserves from the constant, nibbling, infiltrating assaults of Big Business. Those who would alter the Cross of our faith into the Dollar Mark of their greed—we've got to fight them now and forevermore, world without end, amen and amen and amen!"

James Oliver Curwood says: "Only THE PEOPLE can save us from utter devastation. Only THE PEOPLE, with their power of the ballot, can put **their** lakes, **their** streams, and what wild life and forests they have left into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them, and increasing them."

The Izaak Walton League of America agrees with **Robert W. Chambers,** who says of this National Organization: "There are two ways of facing a rotten situation. Get under the bed-clothes and try to forget it, or get up, put on your pants, and go out and face it." This is exactly what the Izaak Walton League of America intends to do and is now doing.

The Izaak Walton League of America is a National Organization of white men and women, and everyone who loves the feel of a fish on a line, the whirr of a game bird on the wing, the smell of a camp in the great outdoors, will want to help, and here you are offered the last remaining chance to save the Outdoor America of your ancestors. Sign up, brother, sign up!

We need twenty fish hatcheries where now we have one. We need ten wild game farms where now we have one, and the Izaak Walton League of America will get them for us if we will all join in and help it to enlist one million fighting American sportsmen. **Sign up, brother, sign up!**

Membership-at-large coupon

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
326 W. Madison St.
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY
COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

At $1.00 a year a sportsman cannot afford to be without this magazine—Subscribe Now.

Who Owns Our National Forests?

By DONALD HOUGH

A Question of Stupendous Importance to the Entire Nation

IN the downtown districts of many of our cities, you will find parks. Generally about the size of a square, they lie there, green, refreshing; while all around them tower the great brick boxes we call office buildings.

In most cases these parks are worth great sums of money as sites for other office buildings. They are often worth millions of dollars.

"Ah!" you exclaim, "this is an example of the idealism of America! There are some things greater than money, after all."

But if you will examine the records in the city hall, you will undoubtedly find that the only reason these downtown parks—these lungs of the cities—have not been turned over to a soap factory years ago is that they were deeded to the city with the iron-clad provision that they always remain parks.

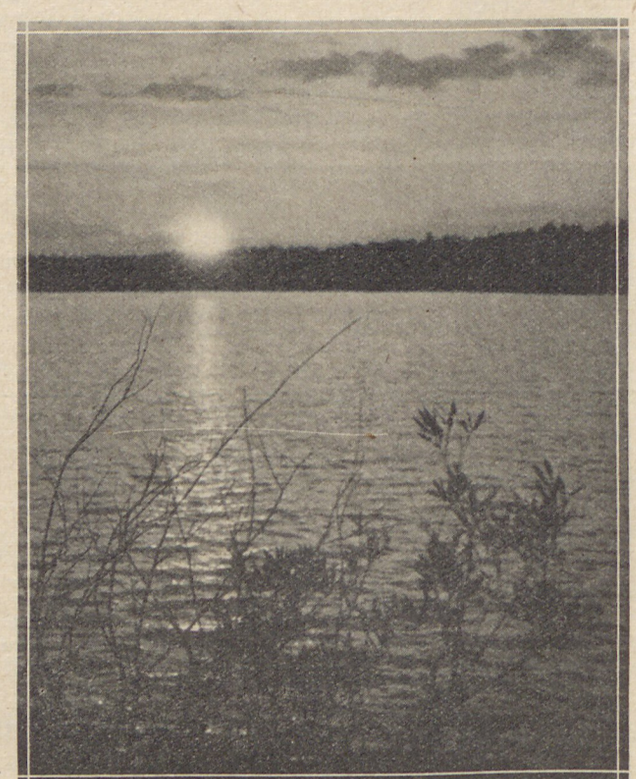
The people who donated these parks were wise people. Their wisdom in donating the ground was second only to their wonderful foresight in inserting the "for use as parks only" clause. Nature has been wise in setting aside parks. Unfortunately, Nature was unable to put anything in writing, and it has occurred to me from time to time that the one and only great mistake Nature has ever made was in not learning how to write.

The land in this world is apportioned with an accuracy which science has never been able to attain. Some is excellent for growing grain; some is adapted to the growth of timber; other lands provide mineral, coal, metals, and what not. There are natural recreation grounds, too. But they are not deeded in writing, and this apparently, is seen as a great loophole by the commercial interests. Attempts have been made to violate the natural parks, and a great many of the attempts have been successful. Some, notably the case of the proposed water power projects in our national parks a short time ago, have failed because of the earnest protest of a great many people.

An attempt is being made right now, I am thoroughly convinced, to make the first move toward destruction of the Superior National Forest, in northern Minnesota. The forest contains the last of the virgin forests of Minnesota, and the lumber interests have been hovering over it for some time, trying out their strength here and there, feeling their way until a loophole should present itself.

The counties in which the forest lies have finally persuaded the forest service to aid in building roads into the forest. The building of these roads will have a tremendous significance, as I shall endeavor to show. First, consider the Superior Forest itself. If there ever was a natural playground, the Superior is one. It comprises 1,250,000 acres of land and water in the extreme northeastern part of the state. In nature, it is distinctive in itself. There is nothing like it any place else. It has nothing in common with the rest of Minnesota, even. It is a land of solid rock, of virgin pine forests, of clear, cold water. The shores of the lakes, in many instances, are just one great sheet of smooth rock. The lakes are full of islands, and each island, though covered with pine trees, is just a great big rock. In the depths of the woods moss covers the rock, but it is there just the same.

THE Izaak Walton League thru every one of its chapters has been using its utmost influence against the building of roads through the Superior National Forest in Minnesota. That region is a virginal wilderness, a paradise for the outdoor lover, one of the last frontiers of primordial America. Our national forests are part of our national heritage. It is our duty to keep this heritage intact for our children and our children's children, that they too may follow the trails their fathers knew and gain the ever renewing strength and peace of the wild and silent places. Read Crooked Trails to Paradise in this issue. It is a story of this same beautiful and threatened wilderness.



There is no part of the forest that cannot be reached by water.

The pine forests are real ones. They are not the miserable cut-over, second growth scrub that the summer resort people are educating the people into believing are "virgin pine forests." The woods are full of big game. The region is the last stronghold of the moose in the United States, and the home of thousands of deer and of many bear. Beaver have multiplied until they are almost a nuisance.

But it is the waterways that differentiate this country from all others. The lakes, the rivers, the long narrow connecting channels, that spread like a net over the forest form a vast aquatic labyrinth. These lakes and irregular channels and rivers are natural highways—the natural highways of this north country. There is no part of the forest that cannot be reached by water. You could cruise all summer and not see one tenth of the forest. For the past several years the people of Minnesota, and in large part the canoeists and campers of the United States, have considered the Superior Forest as a sort of Venice of the North, where the waterways provided the only means of transportation, just as they did for the Indian and the fur trader.

Thousands of persons, annually, enjoy it as such. Last summer 7,507 persons visited it, coming from 31 states and from China, Philippine Islands, Alaska, Scotland and Canada. A large proportion of these were canoeists. Only during the past three or four years have any attempts been made to provide accommodations for the influx of visitors during the summer. There is every reason to believe, however, that within a few years the forest will be well developed along waterway lines. There will probably be summer resorts, connected by motor boat lines and serving as centers for canoe traffic, and other development of a similar nature.

Such development can never ruin the forest. If kept away from the lumbermen and their ever attendant forest fires, the forest will be the only place in the middle west where a bit of wilderness, the home of big game, a veritable paradise for the man who loves virgin pine forests, can be found.

Minnesota is beautiful in its central parts, but its "pine woods" of the northern counties are burned and burned again. Wisconsin is a badly sheared sheep. The Superior Forest, the bit of green in Minnesota's blackened north country, stands today as the only wilderness in the great middle west. As a wilderness it is of paramount value to the people of the middle west, and as the only distinctive canoe country in America, it is of great value to every lover of the outdoors.

They want to build roads

into the heart of the Superior Forest.

It is the counties of Minnesota in which the forest is situated that want to build the roads. The United States Forest Service has virtually admitted that it could not oppose the project if it wanted to. The roads will serve no purpose under the sun except to provide access to privately owned timber within the forest, for the great reserve is only partly owned by the government. The roads do not connect towns that are not better connected now. As tourist highways, they would detract tourists from the very towns that want the roads built.

I can see no other use for these roads except as tap lines into the great timber wealth of the forest. They are the beginning. Northern Minnesota has been laid waste.

For the past few years the lumber interests have been prowling around the forest like a pack of hungry wolves, their jaws dripping at the sight of the "easy pickings." In the summer of 1920 a great lumber interest had a crew of about 40 surveyors run a railroad survey into the heart of the forest from the west side. The completion and use of that railroad would mean the logging off—and the probable burning up, if the example of the rest of Minnesota means anything—of the heart of the big game region, and the mecca for thousands of canoe tourists—the justly famous Lac La Croix district. According to gossip of the Forest, engineers have made plans which aim at the harnessing of the water power at Curtain Falls, also in the middle of the forest.

These two projects, I understand, were surveyed over only privately owned land.

Under the present vague policy of the Forest Service, they could easily be accomplished. For the foresters virtually admit that they are powerless to oppose violation of the forest.

The exploiters of Minnesota's natural resources have but recently become aware that the Superior National Forest is a sort of pen and ink arrangement—a line on the map. Therefore we are faced with the question as to just what a national forest is.

Extracts from a letter from E. A. Sherman, Acting U. S. Forester, to Paul B. Riis, chairman of the committee on wild life preservation of the American Institute of Park Executives, throw some light on this question. In setting forth the reasons for which the forest service looks with favor on the roads project, he says:

"Upon the government lands in the forest the mature timber has a value of almost three million dollars. THE DESIRABILITY OF ITS UTILIZATION THROUGH LUMBERING MAY BE OPEN TO QUESTION, but the obligation of the forest service to protect it against destruction by fire and other agencies is clearly defined."

Only one of the proposed roads would be of any value as an administrative unit for the forest service. The largest project by far, and the one which is the greatest bone of contention, seems to be destined to play no part in the protection of the forest. There are no means of reaching the heart of the forest now save by canoe, and it is worthy of note that no fires have ever occurred in the heart of this region. The only way that fires could become a problem there would be by the introduction of further fire hazards and fire setting industries, and it seems to me that the roads would be the best means of insuring this.

The position of the Forest Service, however, can better be grasped by reading more of Mr. Sherman's letter and particularly by reading between the lines. He points out the fact that only a little over two-thirds of the Superior Forest is owned by the government, and that, furthermore, there are privately owned lands adjacent to the forest which can only be reached by roads through the forest.

Congress, he points out, has authorized states and counties to build highways over public lands, and there is doubt, he says, about the ability of the Forest Service to prevent states and counties from using this right.

There seems no doubt but that the Forest Service is endeavoring to do its best to maintain the inviolability—of which there is none—of the forest. That it is trying to find out what the people want, and trying to find means to carry out their wishes.

This is evidenced by the fact that the United States forester has halted consideration of further government participation in these road building projects until a conference between all parties interested can be arranged.

"The immediate problem of the forest," says Mr. Sherman, "is the proposal to construct the three road projects . . . . BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT FROM TIME TO TIME OTHER FORMS OF USE WILL BE PROPOSED OR APPLIED FOR OVER WHICH SIMILAR DIFFERENCES OF OPINION MAY ARISE.

"The problem is a much greater one than has as yet been outlined in our correspondence. As you have been told, some 12,000 acres of the land in the forest is privately owned. WOULD IT NOT BE TO THE PUBLIC INTEREST TO BRING MUCH OR ALL OF THIS LAND INTO PUBLIC OWNERSHIP? . . . . IT IS OUR UNDERSTANDING THAT SOME OF THE WOOD USING INDUSTRIES OF THE REGION HAVE PREDICATED THEIR PLANS IN PART AT LEAST UPON THE EVENTUAL UTILIZATION OF THE TIMBER USES OF THE SUPERIOR FOREST, and applications for the purchase of timber may confidently be expected at any time. Here, again, economic utilization would come into conflict with the values of the forest as a habitat for wild life and as a recreation area."

A paradise for outdoor lovers and an asylum for our wild things.

The contention of many of those who oppose the road construction—considering it first of all as the initial step in complete exploitation of the forest, as well as an undesirable tourist development in view of the exclusive canoe angle—is that the counties of northern Minnesota hold the Superior Forest virtually powerless—as, indeed Mr. Sherman has virtually admitted—and that the Forest Service is not a very willing partner to these road developments.

Listen to Mr. Sherman again:

"Considering the Forest alone, the government has a two-thirds interest only. . . . . It would not be possible to rigidly suppress road construction and economic development upon the privately owned lands and it would therefore be futile to attempt to carry through a program (waterway development of the forest) which WOULD ENGENDER BITTER OPPOSITION DESTRUCTIVE OF THE PRESENT SPIRIT OF COOPERATION WHEN EVERY CONSIDERATION POINTS TO THE EVENTUAL AND INEVITABLE FAILURE OF THE PROGRAM."

And now we come to two questions:

TO WHOM DO THE NATIONAL FORESTS BELONG?

ARE THE NATIONAL FORESTS TO BE CONSIDERED RECREATION GROUNDS OR TIMBER RESERVES?

Are they timber reserves, held in escrow by the people of the United States for the people of the counties in which they are located—inevitably the local lumber companies—and protected and cared for until the local interests are ready to use them?

Furthermore, while we must admit that the original establishment of the national reserves was to protect timber, we must now face the question as to whether or not the forests have not come to be recognized as the playgrounds of the people, and a value set up by this use which far overshadows the original intent. The question of whether the national forests are national playgrounds, national timber reserves, or local melons, has got to be decided.

It is time now to thrash these things

(Continued on page 367)

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

THERE are times in the lives of nearly all of us when either a change or hysterics are inevitable. I have leaned against a great rough tree or lain prone on the ground lost in a misery too deep for words, and gradually, a strange sure comfort and strength has seemed to come from the earth or the heart of the tree. I mean this literally. I believe that the greatest of all earthly comforters — with the exception of a particular human or two, are trees. If one sobs beneath them, they will stoop and brood over one with soft sorrowful murmurings. And if one lies gazing dreamily up through their branches, and one is listening, they will tell a hundred tales of as many lands. And if one laughs and is gay, their every littlest leaf will dance and sing with one.

In thinking of the last half century's fearful and barbarous destruction of our forests, the ironic words of old Omar, though, to be sure, in regard to a very different subject, always come to me: "I often wonder what the vintner buys one-half as precious as the stuff he sells." What possible substitute for the joy and beauty of our trees could the ruthless lumber sellers buy? What tales a tree, centuries old, might tell. With what undaunted courage it has stood for countless winters, bearing the fierce buffetings of winds and storms. And each spring, regardless of the harshness of the winter, putting forth a beauty nothing short of God-bestowed. With what benign graciousness it gives us of its beauty and the comfort of its shade, even its glowing fruit, in most cases without regard to care, or lack of it, with a forgiveness of neglect, found only in trees, wild flowers, children, dogs, and God Himself.

If "bearing all things—enduring all things—rewarding good for evil"—be, as we are taught, the highest ideal of Christianity, then the trees are surely Nature's perfect Christians.

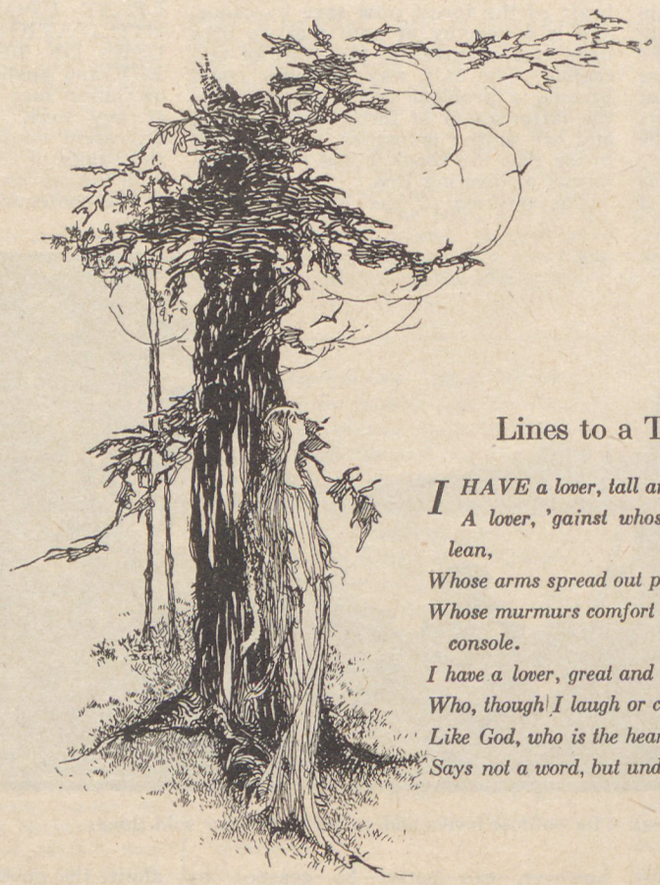
Aside from the scientific fact that life could not endure on our planet were there no trees, can you imagine a treeless world? Think of France without her poplar lined roads, Italy without her olive treed slopes; Great Britain without those incomparable oak and elm guarded drives, the Orient without its picturesque palmettos. And America! From our staunch proud Northern pines to the Southland's fringed live oaks; from the mighty Redland monarchs of our west to that beloved, twisted, hammock-hung old apple tree in our own back yard—not one of these can be left out of our memories of pleasant places.

Even at the last, when perhaps some once high monarch of the forest has fallen to the estate of "logs" for the fireplace, even then, as one gazes into the throbbing heart of the wood one sees visions as though the tree were rehearsing all its memories of the ages.

Until the last bright flame has faded, the tree has been ever a source of pleasure and comfort to man and a thing of beauty. My love of outdoors might well be summed up in the word—trees, in the imagery and charm and perfect companionability of the woods. Of the world's thousand hobbies, from Chinese prints and collections of jade to rose gardens and first editions there are none so essential to the well-being and the strength and sanity of mankind as our outdoor ones.

I am indeed eager to hear from you, Outdoor Women of America, as to your particular hobby and what particular phase of outdoors most appeals to you.

MARGUERITE IVES



Drawing by Bessie Bethel Crank

Lines to a Tree

I HAVE a lover, tall and straight;
A lover, 'gainst whose heart I lean,
Whose arms spread out protectingly,
Whose murmurs comfort and console.
I have a lover, great and strong,
Who, though I laugh or cry aloud;
Like God, who is the heart of him,
Says not a word, but understands.

Why One Woman Loves Outdoors

By EVA M. CANTWELL

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

On reading one of your articles in the "Izaak Walton League Monthly," it has occurred to me to say why I, an average, healthy and sane woman, hanker after the outdoor life.

Having been reared in a small country town, the smells, noise and grab of a huge city sicken me. To get away on a hike with a congenial companion who either talks well or not at all, to breathe the clean pure air that gives tired lungs a chance for life is happiness itself. To try and reach the hem of the ideals I have set for myself, not forever to be living in the midst of shams, outward show, snobbery—so very prevalent in my adopted country (America). The joy of a swift horse is unexcelled, the rhythmic hoof-beats is music to ears attuned to clacking typewriters all day. Give me the tang of a sea or baby breeze in my nostrils, a small home near the everlasting hills, my books, dog, a friend, and strength to earn a small income and the world can romp on its giddy way forever, unless my country calls as it did in 1914.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

"Li'l Cabin O' Logs,"
Valley O' God,
January.

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

The moon, the glorious, filled—tonight moon hangs high, lighting my clearing and miles of snow hushed valley.

Two days ago we had the worst storm of the winter. Two feet of snow, followed by the Wind-God. He drifted wherever he should not and never once where he should.

Yesterday Son and I shoveled and shoveled and then some more. I believe I lifted tons of the stuff and it was back-breaking work as I had to throw it nearly as high as my head. The cabin windows were sightless. We tunneled in and through, broke away the top of the tunnels so now they are blind no longer.

In the fury of the storm I shoed a half mile to see how it fared with Dearest Ladye. I simply could not stay indoors. The wind-tossed flakes awakened an answering chord within me and I had to do battle with the elements.

To see it all so golden and peaceful tonight, one would scarcely believe that but two nights ago it was death to be out after dark. Two dead rabbits in the field were mute testimony of the anger of the Wind-God. Poor things, they were cold, cold when we found them, in the lee of a drift, Nature's monument to her dead.

Yesterday navigation was hopeless. We went in six inches on shoes and simply got nowhere with or without them.

Today has been really wondrous, as though to make us forget the past. A wealth of sunlight and excellent shoeing. Vel, Son and I went far and brought home two bunnies for stew. One Vel captured and one I shot.

His, Portia will share stewed, as raw, 'tis verra bad, Outdoor Woman, for dog as for us. Portia greets us these days like some staid Frau, though methinks she longs for "the fairies to visit her box" as Son says, that she may a-hunting go with the rest of us. As for that, she caught a red squirrel right here in the door yard last week. He was eating a chicken wing atop our meat cupboard on the porch. He jumped for a tree limb when Portia Derf chanced to spy him and met him half way. I had a tussle getting him away from her as she wished to play cat and mouse. Vel, not to be outdone by a mere female of the species, trotted off to the Spring with us and actually got a partridge in his mouth. Son shouted in excitement and of course he let go, thinking he had caught something he shouldn't. Mistress Partridge flapped twice, then regaining her control of nerves and wings sailed into a tree out of reach of Vel's frantic leaps.

You know the fable, no doubt, of "wolf, wolf," wager you did it in French too. Somewhere in another cycle when Portia was other than dog, she evidently knew it. For when we are all so at peace here in our cabin by lamplight she will start up barking wildly. My nerves jangle and Vel dashes from one window to another, but only the curling smoke shadows the snow in the moonlight, not even the pines whisper. All is hushed. She will bark some day I feel when Vel will refuse to aid and it may be a real wolf. That reminds me:

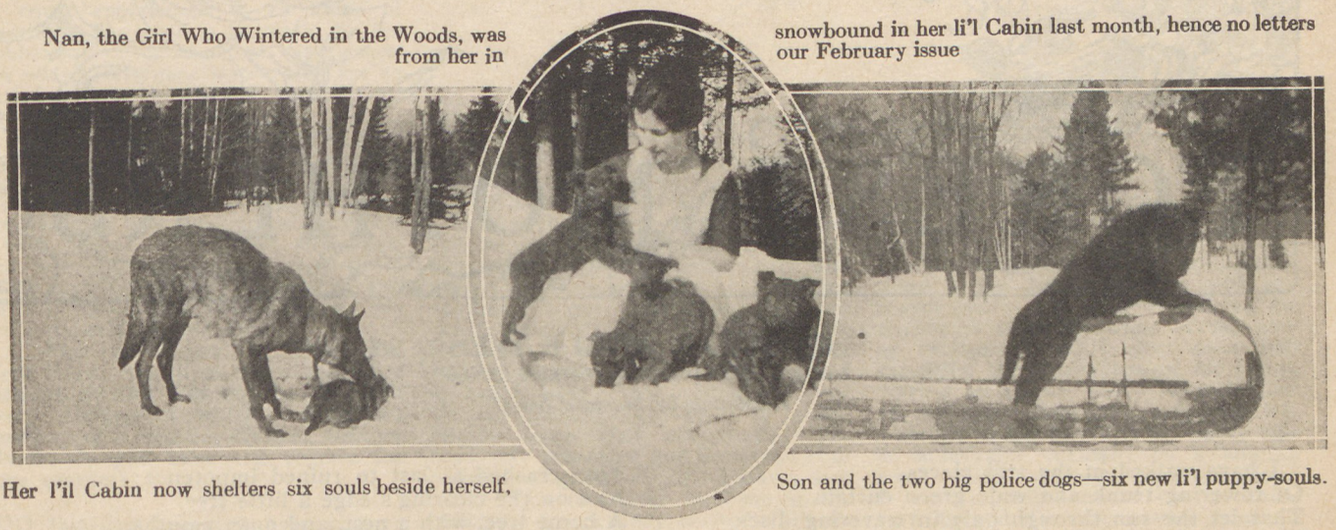
Dearest Ladye has heard barkings much like a wolf and I have. Much too deep for a fox. Some lone stray that has drifted into our valley, no doubt. In days gone by there were many here. Heavens, whatever would I do if I met one on my way for milk? To run would be the end, whether he were hungry or no. If I said "Dear Sir, do you seek food?" he would just never stop to answer. Does one lie down and feign death for wolves? Reckon it means tote the twenty-two, though that would only infuriate the beast if I did hit it, I presume. A milk pail in one hand and gun in the other, on snow-shoes. 'Spose I fell!

Revolver? Just the thing but that was one of the few iron bound rules with which I came in for the winter. We have had desperate accidents in our family and I had to swear by my Indian ancestors and Pilgrim fathers to not bring in a revolver.

The music of my Victor is fast carrying me to the borders of Poppyland. Yes, Santa brought it and 'tis a bit of heaven to us here.

Adios,
Nan.

Nan, the Girl Who Wintered in the Woods, was snowbound in her li'l Cabin last month, hence no letters from her in our February issue



Her l'il Cabin now shelters six souls beside herself, Son and the two big police dogs—six new li'l puppy-souls.

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

Much has transpired here miles from nowhere. We are TEN. The fairies have left six squealy puppies in Portia's box. It may be they were wee Life fairies—the son insists they were the kind I read to him about. However they kept Portia's mistress up until three a. m. fearful one of the million dollar morsels might get sat upon or something. How little we know of the intricacies or marvels of nature. We, mere mortals.

If I ever thought, I presumed puppies just walked into the world, wagging their tails, and eyes ashine for the new owner. I assure you I realize otherwise. The li'l things are blind as bats.

The first puppy was lifeless and for an hour I sat away up here helplessly watching a poor li'l mother-heart sorrowing. No veterinary, no nothing. I saw my air castles fall in dust and cobwebs about me.

Dead, poor li'l dog mother, they all would be, I just knew it. Would she go too, over Beyond to mother them or could I save her? I truly lived ten years

until a squealing puppy arrived at midnight. Shout, my heart did not sing, it yelled for joy. You should have heard it way out there.

'Tis strictly against dog raising ethics to do so with proud pater about. But we are getting along splendidly. Vel realizes something has happened but he has not as yet seen. Mistress Portia eats with him and sleeps by him on the couch afternoons, filches his tidbits, but lets him see his fat young family, no sir, not a peek.

He is a prince about it, even turns his head when he passes the box where they live. I notice, however, when the dinner wails get fast and furious he paces the floor quite like a human father. It is indeed fascinating to watch the drama of dog life unfold. Although I have always owned one or two dogs whenever such events occurred they have been bundled off to the veterinary's and come back trotting on all fours.

The subway rush hour or college football crowd is tame in comparison to the clawings and wriggling over heads and bodies that my wee six perform when their fond mother approaches their nest. Gets worse each day they live. And Portia. No human mother ever had greater joy or pride in her heart and eyes than she. A murmur of contentment comes to me now and then from out of their corner. Vel snores close by at my feet. 'Tis twilight, that lonesome time of winter days.

Till later,

We are TEN on the Knoll top,

Nan.

Lil Cabin O'Logs,
Valley O'God,
Late Feb.

DEAR Out-Door Woman:

Will Spring ever, ever come, it surely seems that this is the longest winter that was ever known to man.

I have such a mountain of snow piled up, twixt the cabin and woodshed that when the thaw comes I feel quite sure we will float down the knoll path, cabin and all.

Yesterday it rained, a soft almost spring rain and although it kept me on the knoll top, it seemed heavenly, it was so filled with promise. So much so, that I mounted the ladder to the attic and looked over some fishing tackle. I reckon you-all would have laughed to see me, buried to the eaves in snow yet testing fish line and cat gut. I sort of snickered, myself, when son came up and found me.

I came down to earth with a jump, when he announced that the hen house was two inches deep in water.

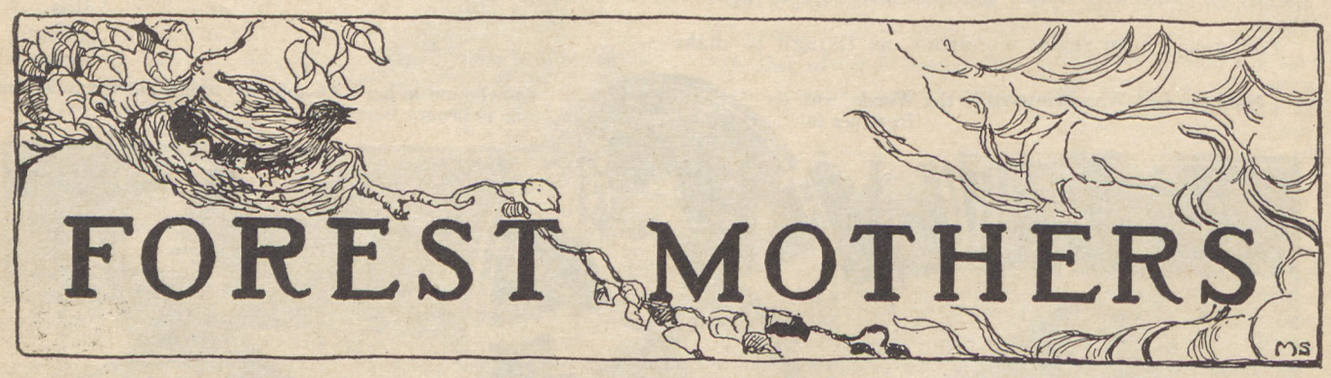
Leaving the tackle to dust and cobwebs, I grabbed the spade and ran.

The poor biddies had taken to the highest roosts, clucking in consternation.

It was mighty lucky for him, that the architect of the hen-house was a minus quantity. The idea of putting it on the down hill side of the wood shed, of course, the first—rain on snow—would raise the dickens.

Eventually son and I trenched the place sufficiently to carry the water on by the house and into a sort of pond below, there, to trickle away into the woods.

(Continued on page 361)



By **SARAH NOBLE IVES**

Author of "DOG HEROES OF MANY LANDS"

Illustration by Margaret Schoff

I have walked in the still places
Of towering trunk and wide green curtain
That let the sun through only in wavering discs.
There in the silence I have heard a cry,
A whir of wings, and looking up, beheld
A partridge circling 'round my head. Eager she seemed
To lift my glances skyward, to herself,
'Though it must seem to her, not knowing me,
Like dire madness courting thus my eye.

But oh, I knew her cunning! Looking down
I saw the treasure she would have me miss:
Six downy nestlings, warm still from her wing,
Color of leaf and mould to make me search,
Hiding with all their little might their heads
Leaf under, fuzzy bodies all exposed,
But feeling safe, with mother's cry so near
To lure me off. Oh, well I knew her love
That dared a human menace for their sakes.

I have beheld
From far a forest fire; cruel flame
Crackling in underbrush, and lofty pines
Pillars of coal, one red from ground to tip,
That crashed at last to ruined impotence;
And on the clearing's edge a little tree,
A home tree, with a nest, and open mouths
Stretching above the brim, that only knew
The fear of hunger, naught those babies dreamed
Of awful scarlet danger creeping close.
But she, the mother, knew, and with her wings
Tried to beat back the scorching flames.

But still the flames roared nearer, and no help.
Oh, fly, poor mother bird, and save thyself!
Not she; instead, with small despairing moan,
She spread her wings and settled on her nest,
Brooding her babies, while the leaping fire
Licked at her tree-top, branch and leaf and all—
Enveloped bird and nest!—

Ah, God, from thy high place compassion show!
Put in men's hearts the love of bird and tree
And all live things; that careless hands no more
May strike the lives thou madest to enjoy
Their little span,
Or sow the flame that turns to blackened waste
The green and noble temples thou hast wrought.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

When Gun or Ammunition Failed

By HUNTERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

THE joy that attends editing these pointed hunting tales is left incomplete, only by the lack of variety. When this contest was announced, open bid was made for stories of gun or ammunition failures from the actual experiences of our great fraternity of League hunters, in every kind of hunting and gun activities. The contributions have left little to be desired in big game hunting; but quail, duck, squirrel and other small game hunters have not supplied their full quota. EVERY NIMROD HAS A STORY AND WE WANT IT!

Some radical criticism has been directed at the editors of this magazine by camera hunters, for publishing pictures of dead game and trophies. Now, to you who hunt with camera and binoculars, we deliver this ultimatum: Send us your photographs of live game and of the great outdoors, your stories of camera hunting and game observation, or forever hold your peace! Be assured that live game pictures and camera hmunting stories will have decided preference. Yet no lens, camera, binocular or telescopic, ever looked upon finer hunting pictures than the four passed to you this month.

An earnest effort is made in the selection of the tales printed in this contest, to cover experiences in all kinds of hunting. The hope is to reach, by the publication of these actual experiences, the widely divergent tastes, that are as varied as the kinds and methods of hunting.

Do not be disappointed if you have sent in a good story, should it not appear for several months. Be comforted with the assurance that your contribution is being held for publication where it will appear at the best advantage, and when it will do the most good. Keep your experiences pouring in, and do not fail to give your complete address, as well as your name!

A. Osborne Mayer, of Waterville, New York, has given us a movie of Adirondack deer hunting that features every emotion of which a principled deer hunter is capable. Withal, Brother Mayer, do you have any regrets for your caution?

TO this day I haven't been able to dope out what happened or why some things didn't happen that I was wildly anxious should happen.

As nearly as I can remember it was something like this.

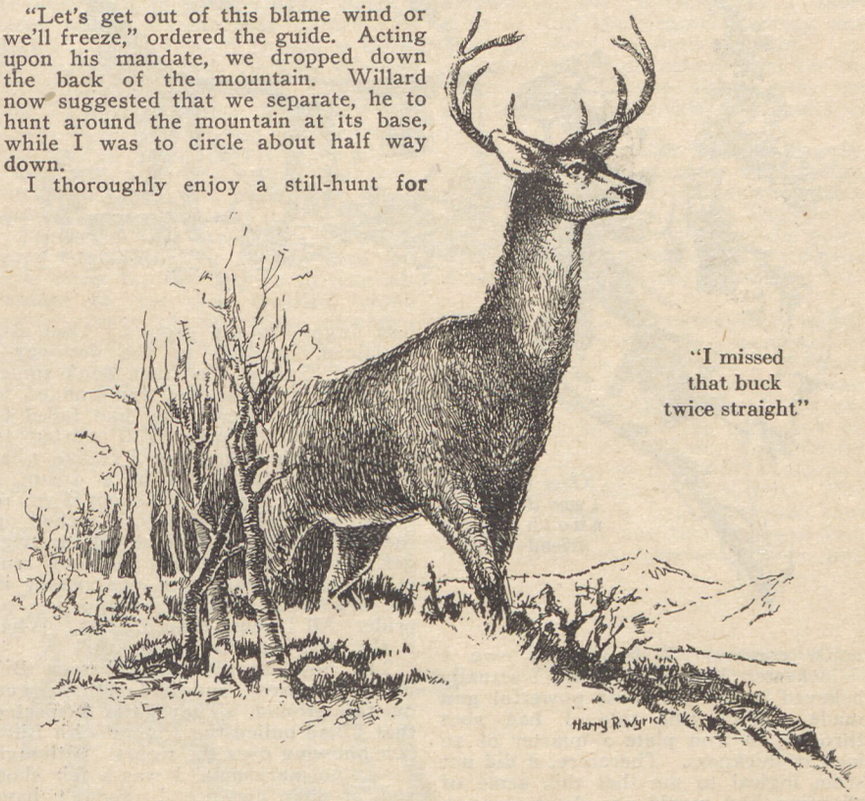
Daybreak of a late fall day found us, Willard the guide, and I, trying to cross the lake in a canoe. Sounds easy, but we tried twice before we made it. I have rarely seen a fog more dense.

As we struck into the woods of the further shore, the fog began to lift and it wasn't long before another beautiful, golden autumn day had fairly begun.

We had no plans other than that we expected to spend the day still-hunting Adirondack deer. Leaving the lake behind, we climbed the nearest mountain, seeing a few tracks but none that tempted us to follow. As we came out on a bare ledge of rock near the summit we were struck by a strong wind that quickly chilled us as we gazed at the beautiful view below.

"Let's get out of this blame wind or we'll freeze," ordered the guide. Acting upon his mandate, we dropped down the back of the mountain. Willard now suggested that we separate, he to hunt around the mountain at its base, while I was to circle about half way down.

I thoroughly enjoy a still-hunt for deer and this one was no exception. I "snuk" along, picking my way among the boulders that were strewn all along the slope, stopping, peering and enjoying. After about half an hour of this, I took a comfortable seat on a fallen log, leaning against a nice warm rock. The wind did not penetrate here and it was very pleasant but I had seen no deer. I gave the ground in front the "once over" and that was enough, for down in a little glade, just made for the purpose, I saw—, you guessed it, but I wasn't sure. It was a deer alright, but buck or doe? It looked mighty large, they always do. It's head was concealed and it stayed concealed for ages and ages. I was a sick man. The old fever had me in its clutches. I was crazy excited. (Finally, when eternity had begun, that magnificent animal took a step forward, then another and another and up came HIS head, and it carried horns! Horns! HORNS!!)



"I missed that buck twice straight"

I raised my brand new rifle, hoping hard for the best, pulled the trigger and missed! Did that buck go wild? He did not. No running for him 'til he should know the proper direction. He was confused but cool. We differed. I was ill a moment or two before, now I was delirious! Why? Oh, nothing, excepting that I couldn't pump that spent cartridge out of the chamber so of course couldn't get another into the chamber. They would have been crowded. Hunters, you can imagine my thoughts! I can't remember them. I'm afraid they were very profane.

That perfectly whaling big animal took a dainty step in this direction and then in that, and then in the other, while I tugged and cussed, according to the best of my ability at truthful narration. At last, when patience and I had become total strangers, she worked, meaning my new rifle, and I missed that buck twice straight. He was most considerate, tho', and moved about just enough so I could tell my friends that "he was running like the ——." Really, it was an ungentlemanly thing to do, but I hit him with my fourth shot. He fell! Now was my chance to work off some of the pent up excitement, and I went down that mountain like a true son of the forest, waving an empty gun. When almost at the spot where the old chap fell, I awoke to the fact that an empty rifle is undesirable company on a hunting trip. Well! Anyway, sometime later I went on with one or two or three cartridges in the rifle, leaving some on the ground.

Now where was THE place? I didn't know but the old buck did and he left it right under my nose. This time he really did run. He was in fine shape excepting that the back of his coat had a little crease in it. Did I shoot? No. Why? Oh, nothing, only the safety was in the way and I couldn't remember the way to the safety. Nothing like this happened when I fired the eight or ten practise shots before leaving on "the trip."

Willard now came along, all tact. We followed the old boy's tracks but it wasn't long before the wind had swept away all trails, and "my" big buck went out of my life forever. We turned into the setting sun, sorrowfully, etc., etc.

Many of the finest reminiscences that qualify in this collection of hunting stories with a point, of necessity must be the experiences of others—often of our progenitors. R. H. Lanferman, of Chicago, Illinois, sends us a memory of his grand-

"Over the sights I saw the face of another boy friend—Bill!"

upper corners. I chanced to own a Winchester .32 Special, which I actually believed to be the most powerful gun made. With this rifle, I had shot through an iron plate a quarter of an inch in thickness. Therefore, it did not seem logical to me that this acme of shooting iron would not shoot through a handkerchief.

The argument waxed hot, and we determined to decide the question by actual test. Accordingly, I got my rifle and some cartridges, while Henry contributed the handkerchief. Still arguing, we started for the wood, a distance of a mile or two from town.

At the edge of the timber stood an old, abandoned house. The doors were all gone, the windows out, and the roof caved in. The floors had long since been torn up by coon-hunters. The sole occupants were rats, mice and bats. Occasionally small boys would prowl around the place, which was reputed to be haunted.

By the time we reached this house, we had quit arguing and were intent only upon settling the question. I stopped about fifty feet from the shack, and Henry proceeded to hang the handkerchief by a string in the open doorway. As he turned and walked away, I cocked the gun, threw it to my shoulder, drew a bead on the center of the handkerchief and pulled the trigger. The instant that I pulled, the handkerchief in the doorway was brushed aside, and over the sights I saw the face of another boy friend—Bill!

In the fraction of a second required for the hammer to descend on the firing pin, I could see Bill lying dead!—a nasty hole between his eyes where the bullet entered, and that awful place in the back of his head where it came out! I fancied curious people crowding around asking questions, and my parents breaking my gun, while delivering the mandate that I could never hunt again!

(Click! The hammer struck the firing pin! The rifle slid from my nerveless fingers to the ground.) But Bill remained standing in the doorway—smiling. Surely, dead men don't smile! I thought. I was too dumfounded to realize that the cartridge had failed to explode. Only when Bill started to walk towards Henry did I realize what had happened. As if in a dream I heard Henry say, "Well, shoot if you're going to!" Mechanically, I picked up the rifle, cocked it and pulled the trigger. Henry showed me the long rent in the handkerchief, but my victory in the argument brought me no joy or pride. All I could think of was, "What if the cartridge had gone off!"

The boys thought I had seen Bill in the doorway and had set the gun on the ground. They little suspected that I had pulled the trigger with Bill's face showing over the sights. Although I was no marksman, I was a fair shot, and at that distance I couldn't have missed, for through the hole in the Lymans tang rear sight, I could see the gold bead of the front sight squarely between Bill's eyes.

On the way home, Bill explained his sudden appearance in the doorway. He had been walking around in the woods and seeing us stop at the old shack, he made up his mind to scare us. He had crept up, keeping the house between himself and us, sneaked through the back door and through the house to the front room. When he saw Henry walking away, he made up his mind to act quickly. Leaping to the doorway, he brushed aside the handkerchief and yelled, "Get outta there!" He would have died before he could have finished those words had that cartridge exploded.

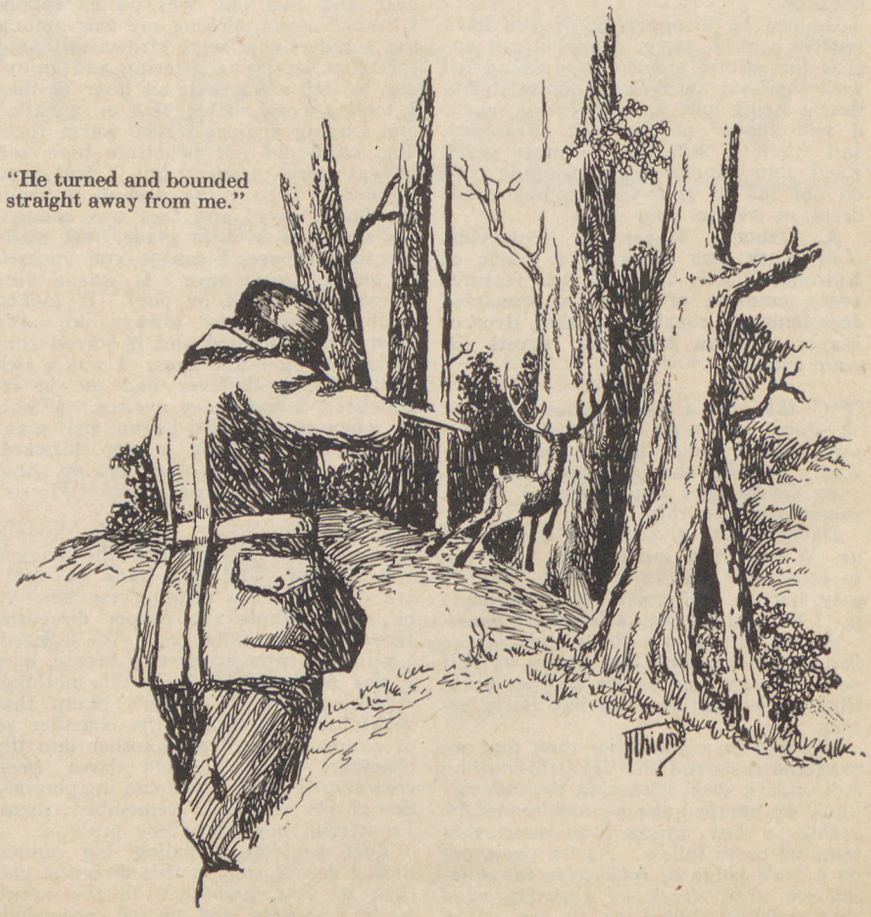
Strange to note, I have fired many hundred shots with the same rifle, before and after that time, but no other cartridges ever failed.

Andie G. Peterson, Post Commander of the Irvin Blix Post of the American Legion, Bagley, Minn., contributes a Minnesota deer story that will give you the buck fever.

CERTAINLY there is no sportsman who has done much hunting and not had at least one experience where gun or ammunition failed.

Such failures have often been my lot, but one experience that stands out in my mind above all the rest, involved the failure, not only of gun and ammunition, but also of myself.

Each season I have several unsatisfactory experiences with the scatter gun, the ammunition usually being at fault, but the results were never so disappointing as when my rifle, ammunition and I all got the "buck" at the same time. (Continued on page 371)



"He turned and bounded straight away from me."

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

father that takes us to German East Africa. Those who have regarded elephant hunting as a sport without thrills should give attention.

WHILE still in his teens, my grandfather, Anton Lanferman, left his native land, Germany, or what, before the war, was German East Africa, in search of sport and promised riches. His meager savings were partially expended in the purchase of a double-barrel, muzzle loading, percussion cap rifle, of eight bore. A smooth bore gun of twelve gauge, and a thirty-two bore, deer rifle, with which Anton had become quite familiar on the few hunting adventures of his young life, completed his armament.

After a tiresome voyage he arrived at the port of debarkation, which, before leaving home, he had been assured was a village. The small boat was pulled away from the dock towards the ship, leaving Anton in the presence of half a score of negroes and a very drunk consul. This dignitary, with many flourishes of an arm which held a sjambock, or hidewhip, attached to the wrist, profusely greeted the first white man, as he declared, that it had been his fortune to see for six months. Anton hid his disgust and refused to join the consul in a drink, but stated that he would be indebted to whoever would be kind enough to show him to a room or hut, where he might reside for a short time. The natives seemed not to understand his wishes, and he was forced to accept the consul's proffered hospitality.

Anton's baggage was carried through the native village to a four room, reed house where the consul apparently spent two-thirds of his time in getting drunk, and the other third trying to sober up. A negress, who spoke broken German, showed him to a small, dirty room. Here he waited, without eating, until morning, seized by a reaction of retrospect.

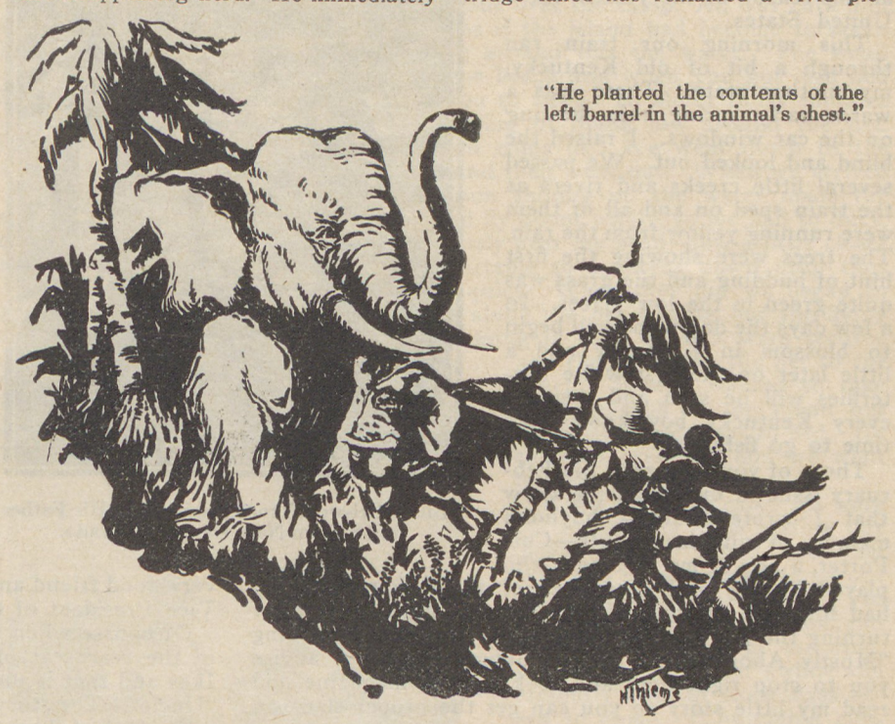
The darkest spells are bound to pass. In the morning the consul was substantially sober, and very much surprised to find a visitor at his breakfast table, as he had but a hazy recollection of the day before. At breakfast Anton learned that elephant hunting was a most profitable business, as was ivory trading with the natives. He decided to take a few negroes and start for the foot hills where he hoped to obtain enough ivory, by hunting elephants, to give him a start at trading. The consul assured him that trading was less dangerous and more profitable than hunting.

Accordingly, grandfather obtained a wagon that belonged to the consul, and had been used by him in the days before he took to drink, sixteen seasoned oxen, two ponies, a Kaffir, who spoke broken German, two Hottentot afterriders and gun-bearers, two Zulus and three muskets for the Kaffir and Hottentots for defense only, if bothered by unfriendly natives.

Thus equipped, Anton started across the almost level veld towards a scattered range of mountains—the habitat of his great quarry. This part of the trip was made without mishap, as the natives were all friendly, and Anton's thirty-two bore rifle kept the cooking pot boiling. About two weeks after leaving the native village, the party entered a forest between two mighty mountains. The Kaffir prophesied that on the morrow they would dine upon elephant heart.

The forest was literally alive with fresh signs of elephant. The party camped in this valley, and after a breakfast at dawn, next morning, made an early start. Shortly after breaking camp they came upon, what the Hottentots claimed, were very fresh signs. They said the elephants could scarcely be five hundred paces away. After a quiet argument, the gun-bearers also decided that there were twenty to thirty beasts in the herd. Anton rammed enormous charges into the eight bore and a heavy one into the thirty-two. Then they started along the trail at a fast trot. Very quickly the sounds of trumpeting, branches being torn from the large trees, and small trees being uprooted, filled the air!

The wind was favorably quartering from the right. The feeding herd left little cover for the hunters to take advantage of, yet they crawled within twenty paces of the great creatures without being discovered. Anton slowly stood erect, raised the double eight, aimed at the left shoulder of the herd bull, a gigantic fellow, and pressed the trigger to the right barrel. Grandfather was knocked off his feet. The elephant went down but came up slowly, swaying from side to side. Anton decided that it was more important to finish the wounded bull than shoot at the now fast disappearing herd. He immediately



"He planted the contents of the left barrel in the animal's chest."

planted the contents of the left barrel in the animal's chest. (The beast was not even taken off his feet by the second bullet, but instead, wheeled and charged in the direction of the noise.) Powerless to run, Anton looked away from the gruesome sight of the mad, charging tusker, blood spraying from the wounds, clotted pieces of lung flying from the beast's mouth, as every standing obstacle on the ground was thrust aside like straw before the vicious charge of the bull! The negroes bolted. Instinctively, with a resolution born of despair, Anton grabbed up the little thirty-two that had been dropped by a Hottentot. Before he could turn around, much less aim and shoot, Anton felt himself grabbed around the waist and lifted slowly into the air. Grimly he had held on to the thirty-two. He was then twisted about where he could look down the elephant's trunk and into a pair of small, blood-shot eyes. In a flash the tiny deer rifle was pointed between those little red orbs and fired. The bull stiffened, lifted his intended victim high into the air, staggered and fell dead. My grandfather lost consciousness, but recovered in a short time to find the negroes dancing and chanting about the dead elephant.

Grandfather's deduction from the incident was, "Choose a gun you can shoot, and then consider the faults of it."

We all remember some tragedy, or near tragedy, caused by careless, thoughtless handling of dangerous arms. "The Cartridge that Didn't Explode" is the caption to a story, well in point, that comes from the pen of Ferdinand Homme, of Stoughton, Wisconsin.

"WHEN gun or ammunition failed" brings to my mind memories of many instances when either, or both, failed me. It is disheartening to wait all day in the rain for ducks, for example, only to have the gun balk or the shells fail to explode, when finally the chance does come. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?" Oh, yes! Nit!

That feeling is soon forgotten, but the memory of one time when a cartridge failed has remained a vivid picture in my mind's eye for many years. "When Gun or Ammunition Failed" brought it back as though it had happened yesterday. I have never told anyone what really happened that day, and the other parties concerned never knew. My parents were always opposed to my using firearms, and I knew that if an accident ever happened, I would never be allowed to hunt any more. If this story is printed, I will show it to Henry and Bill. I feel that I should tell it with the hope that it will teach a lesson on the careless handling of firearms.

One day when I was a lad of about fourteen years, Henry, a neighbor boy, and I were discussing guns. He made the assertion that a rifle could not shoot through a silk handkerchief, hanging free in the air, suspended by the two

Mostly About Boys

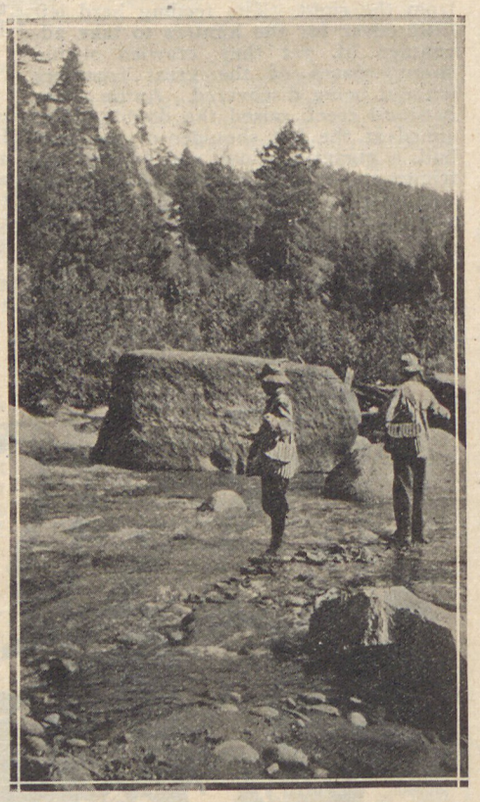
By OLD BILL

Recommended to the oldsters as well as the youngsters

"OLD BILL," boys, is all in and is writing his part of "Mostly About Boys" on a train bound for Long Key, Florida. The old man is worn to a frazzle and has got to rest up and needs the sunshine and the warm ocean breezes to make him fit again.

If you kids will look up your maps and find Florida and then run a finger down the east coast of that state, you will finally arrive at Long Key way down at the end of Florida. My old fishing pal, Zane Grey, the great novelist and world famed fisherman is there now, and I couldn't withstand a wire from him which read—"Come down, Bill, and fish a few weeks with me!" You know how it is with us fishin' kids and how hard it is to refuse an invitation to go fishing at any time; anyway, I was feeling on the blink and had a bad cold and was generally feeling rotten; so here I am on a train rushing through Dixie on my way to the best sea fishing at this season of the year in these United States.

This morning our train ran through a bit of old Kentucky, my mother state. There was a warm early spring rain beating on the car windows. I raised the blind and looked out. We passed several little creeks and rivers as the train sped on and all of them were running yellow from the rain. The trees were showing the first hint of budding and the grass was quite green in the low places. In a few days the dog wood will begin to blossom in Kentucky and a little later on the first white butterflies will be seen and then, as every Kentucky boy knows, it's time to go fishing.



"Billy" Griswold Trout Fishing with His Father in a Stream Near Denver Colorado.

Those of you who read the February issue of our magazine know that I wrote about a boyhood memory of mine last month—Cole Porter, a boy of my own age, who played hookey and caught all of those goggle eyes I had found in the morning on my way back home after turning the cows out to pasture. If you missed reading "Mostly About Boys" in our February issue I advise you to stop right here and look up the magazine and read my little story so you can get the proper slant on the following.

Many years have elapsed since Cole Porter and I had that fight at the edge of the bridge which ran over little old Bear Creek. For more than forty years I had not seen Cole or even heard of him. I knew that Cole's parents had moved to Tennessee soon after our historic fight, but even though I had never failed to ask about him when I met "home folks" no one seemed to know what had become of Cole. Now, our train stops twenty-five minutes at Nashville, Tenn., and I was out on the platform taking the air with all the rest of the passengers. Just before the conductor said "all aboard" I saw a little fat man and his wife and a boy of about fifteen hurrying to our train and saw them get aboard.

Later in the dining car I sat opposite the little fat man and his wife and boy. The mother, just as all mothers do, was especially interested in her boy getting the kind of food he wanted. She addressed the boy as Cole and called him by that name several times. At last the frequent repetition of the name Cole caused me to sit up and pay attention, and then I looked closely at Dad. Now forty years is a long time and forty years works havoc in a boy's face. Still, the more I looked at "Dad" the more I became convinced that I was looking at Cole Porter. I was right. At last I had "met up" with my boyhood friend. To make a long story short, we had a bully good time after that talking over old times and I was mighty sorry to bid my old friend and his wife and boy good-by at Atlanta.

"Honest Injun," boys, I haven't much pep and writing on a train is no picnic. I do want you boys to write me and help out. I expect to get some great photographs of sea birds and big fish at Long Key and I hope to write a story for our Mostly About Boys department which will make good reading. In the meantime I'm going to expect to find a lot of letters from you boys waiting for answers when I get back home.

Here is a bully little story from Madison Lampson, who is a junior member of the Streator, Ill., Izaak Walton Chapter. I can tell from Madison's story that he's my kind of a boy and there isn't a one of you who can't write just as good a story if you'll try. Come on now, all you REAL BOYS, let's all help to make our own two pages in our magazine worth while.

DEAR Old Bill:

I am writing in response to your request for something from the boys, and as my brother, aged 12, and myself, 14, are both junior Ikes of Streator Chapter No. 12 and proud of it, I thought if a little story will help you in any way to keep our Boys' Department going, you sure are going to get one from me. The story I am going to tell is about my Dad who is a very enthusiastic Ike and his very good friend and fishing partner, George Garbet, now Vice President of the Streater Chapter.

Of course when they go fishing we are always parked in the rear seat of "Liz." They treat us like regular Ikes and that is one reason why we always call George "Uncle." The story follows:

There had been continuous reports that the daddy of all Vermilion River bass was continually breaking the surface at the same place day after day, so we held a little convention at our house to devise some means of getting acquainted with this Big League Bass.

The result of this interview was a trip arranged for the following Sunday to the home of "Big Boy."

It always has to be Sunday, as Unk is a barber and Dad a "Rail." Sunday morning was a dandy and we rowed up the river about four miles to where Big Boy was supposed to live. Continued efforts with fly and spinner failed to arouse his curiosity, so we at last rowed into shore to eat our lunch and figure some way of becoming acquainted with "His Majesty."

A large soft crawfish was captured on the edge of the river and as a Sporting Goods Man had asked Unk and Dad to try a new hook, here was the chance. It was an imported hook that he wished to place on the market. Dad placed the crawfish on this new hook and carefully

waded out. No sooner had he tossed brother crawfish in when Big Boy grabbed him. Dad had him completely played out and in leading him over to the shore, imagine his surprise to have his line suddenly come loose and Big Boy going up the river jumping out of the water about every 10 feet!

Examination showed that his hook had broken at the eye as the knots were still tied. Dad was not in a very good humor and it made him no better when Unk said, "Tobe, you should be more careful, you surely did not have your hook tied on good, and now our trip is like all others, 'the big ones get away.'" I dassn't say a word and kept very quiet. We rowed down to the dam where Unk hooked a brother of Big Boy, and after almost having the battle won he had exactly the same experience as Dad had had with Big Boy. After Dad told Unk that he should be more careful in tying his hook on, and I again kept very still, we hiked for the flivver with a very poor opinion of Sporting Goods Men in general, but we were not sorry, as after all, Big Boy and his brother will live to make more sport. We turned eight other bass loose on this day.

P. S.—Big Boy, a small mouth bass 5½ pounds, was afterwards caught by Judge Louderback, the very able speaker at the anniversary banquet of our chapter on January 14th.

You boys are going to like every word of this story of Romer Zane Grey's which will run serially in our department for a few months. Romer Zane seems to be taking after his famous father both in his love of fishing and his ability to write a good story.

On Clemente Shores

By ROMER ZANE GREY

SAN CLEMENTE! A lonely island of volcanic origin out in the Pacific. Its slopes, golden with wild oats, extend up out of the blue Pacific for a thousand feet or more, with numerous black caves and canyons where the goats roam and the eagles fly. Lava reefs are everywhere. The breakers wash in and leave shells along the sandy spots. It is desolate, desert and wild, yet beautiful. The ocean around is inhabited with lots of fish. They are mostly a game species and many anglers come to the island to fish and rest.

It was on the shores of this island that I was with my father and some of his friends. Johnny Shields, my pal, was also along. We had brought with us plenty of tackle and other things of necessity. After going to our tent and putting our things away we went right down to the beach to take in our surroundings. The place had not changed much since we were there last, except there were a lot more oats. This made more food for the goats, so we would probaby see more of them. We decided to hang around camp that afternoon and that night go out with George Michalis after flying fish. He owned the camp, so had to get the bait for the fishermen. The afternoon passed quickly and the ocean began to get rougher. Presently a white cap appeared here and there and then all over they began to appear. Captain Sid, our boatman, went out to the GLADIATOR, Dad's boat, to see that things were alright. Then Johnny and I got ready for supper. We had a very good meal of grouper and I want to say now that the Michalis surely can cook fish. It melts in your mouth like ice cream. After supper Johnny and I went way up on the slope. We followed the little goat trails until we reached a high point from which we could get a fine view of camp. Here I sat down. The ocean had quieted now and only the lapping of the waves could be heard and that very faintly from where we were.

The ocean was a dark blue gray. I heard a familiar bleat and walking up saw four goats standing sihouetted against the sky. They stood there a minute, then went over. Then I saw a big, bald eagle fly up into a cañon to go to his nest. The sky was now gray so we went back to camp.

Presently it got dark and the moon rose. It was a pale orange through the mist but pretty soon it brightened into a vivid yellow. It wavered along the water like a snake and shone over the camp. All was dark and quiet. It seemed as if the island had become forsaken and the only thing around was the water. The small waves lapped on the beach and when you got into bed they would sing you to sleep. In about thirty minutes we heard the swishing of flying fish around the net. They had begun to come in. We went down to the skiff with George and then went out. When we arrived at the net the moon shining on the water made the flying fish jump and fly about wildly, so we had to duck. One came dangerously near my head—just a little closer than to feel comfortable so I stayed down until they had become more quiet. When they did we began to go back and forth along the net picking out the flying fish. They kept coming in until enough were secured and then we took the net to the beach. Johnny wanted to take a photograph of the moon but I was tired and went to bed. He came in presently and we went to sleep.

Romer Zane Grey and his pal Johnny Shields.

When morning came we were out bright and early getting our tackle ready. After breakfast Dad said he was going to go out after Marlin Swordfish. I got some bait and we went out and tied up, at the boat mooring. Johnny chummed for awhile and presently a lot of Rock Bass began to come. (Chumming consists of cutting pieces of bait and throwing them out to attract the fish.) The fish began to come more and presently we had a regular navy of them under the skiff. After feeding the fishes for a while we cast our baits in and let them down. There was a mad rush for Johnny's bait and presently a big bass got it. He let him run a long ways. His knees were shaking as he knew what would happen when he struck the fish. It would prove disastrous on that light tackle. But at last he struck. Once . . . . twice . . . . three times. Then the reel be-

(Continued on page 367)

Pipe-Chats

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor, The People's Church, Chicago

I NEVER realized that these rambling comments would inspire the many reactions on the part of Waltonians that they apparently have. Almost daily has there come to my study a letter vibrant with fellowship or a poem tingling with the camaraderie of pipe-fraternity. I have received a poem from a Professor in a Theological Seminary in Maine and another from a guide in Minnesota. From another friend of the pipe in Toledo comes a philosophical treatise dealing with the similarity of human nature and his old pipes—some twenty-three of them. The human things he finds in pipes is worthy of the character delineation of a true novelist. I am going to devote the space soon in "Pipe-Chats" to his letter. Tonight I wish all these friends were with me. I am lonely for company. Here I am propped up in bed, head throbbing and nose unruly. I am not as sick, as I am humiliated. I went through the "Flu" epidemic during the war—visited hundreds of cases—conducted many funerals—worked night and day and boasted of my immunity. But in an unguarded moment that little "bug" found a happy home and here I am a victim of his wily tactics. For the first time in ten years I have been compelled to cancel engagements. I tell you it is humiliating. But just a moment ago it dawned on me that it is March. The thrill from this realization almost made me instantaneously well. March! Spring-touched month! But what I started out to say was that there lives up in Redwood Falls, Minnesota, a man that I would like to have drop in and have a pipe with me tonight. I have never yet been sick enough not to enjoy my pipe. Whenever I am, kindly begin sending condolences to Lady Gracious for I will not live long.

I first met Mr. O. H. Johnson, sixty-two years young, when on a lecture trip to the city in which he is the proprietor of the leading hotel. The first thing I found out about him was that he liked dogs and that dogs liked him. Never will I forget the glisten in his eyes, the buoyancy of his spirit, as he took me to the sacred precincts of his den. Here I saw his self-built-duck-boat, the finest I ever saw and not much heavier than a violin. Here his rods were hanging on the wall and his tackle gracefully decorating the intervening spaces. The visit is a delight to me now. It makes that "Flu" bug begin to think about another home. Since the visit to Redwood Falls, I have traveled over 28 of these United States and seldom have I ever returned home on a Saturday night—travel exhausted—facing the task of speaking to my Chicago audience on Sunday—that there hasn't been waiting for me some expression of the goodness and bigness of this man's heart. He was an intimate friend of Schwartzwelder, the Dutch landscape painter and engineer. Once I admired one of the artist's beautiful pictures which was hanging in Mr. Johnson's home; last Christmas he sent it to me. Soon after he sent me a paper-knife made by a U. S. Veteran in France from a shell, then a pipe with my monogram carved by himself on the bowl. I sent him an autographed copy of James Oliver Curwood's "God's Country" while I was a guest in the Curwood home, and Mr. Curwood is now the proud owner of a pipe similar to my own with the fine workmanship of my friend, distinguishing it from every other pipe in the world. This day my illness was easier to tolerate because I received as fine a duffle-bag as I ever saw from the same great heart.

I could go on and describe the autographed letter of John Hay, which I now own and which came from him, the rod which he sent Lady Gracious, the new engraved collar for my Airedale "Tim," but I would only make you all envious, for such friends are rare. He sincerely and ardently loves all out-of-doors. Fisherman, hunter, naturalist and friend—across the miles I send my gratitude, my appreciation and my esteem. I thank God devoutly that our trails crossed. He is daily demonstrating an age-old truth that "he that loseth his life, shall find it!" If you are ever in Redwood Falls, Minnesota, ask anyone to show you where O. H. Johnson lives—meet him, let me show you Ramsay Park—one of the most picturesque spots in all Minnesota. You will thank me the rest of your life! I know where O. H. J. is going when he comes to the end of the sunset trail. God had him in mind when he made heaven!

Preston Bradley

TO "PIPE CHATS"

What do you think of this, Rowdy*?
Here's a Parson who actually smokes!
I wonder how he explains that
To some of his sanctified folks!
And he really likes to go fishing!
This Parson's a fisher of fish,
As well as a fisher of men!
An' Rowdy, some of us wish
There were more of his kind to preach.
We wonder if a little of the music
Of the wind at campfire-time,
And a little of the murmur
Of a trout stream's kindly rime,
Sort of blended with the goodwill
Of some good tobacco ripe
Burning s l o w l y , calmly, sweetly,
In a caked and friendly pipe,
Might not be a splendid mixture
As a route of truth to reach
Men like me an' you, Rowdy?
We'd like to hear the "Bishop" preach.

*Rowdy is a yellow dog of uncertain breed, who couldn't be bought for love or money.

Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.
Bangor, Maine.

Tampering With Crowns

(Continued from page 319)

"Old scout, what about that lime? Have you been taking it regularly?"

This business I do not assert as gospel truth. I honestly just wouldn't swear to it. But I'd risk about a thousand berries off next week's salary-bush that there's something in it. Nor, even if it's true, do I think this tampering can very easily be practiced on wild stags of an unlimited range. Yet perhaps it wouldn't be harder to put lime on one's tongue than salt on one's tail; easier, by a mile. A buck has to get a certain amount of lime to grow any horns at all; and if he has access to a good supply, he'll not be bashful. He seldom is except when he is dodging bullets.

BOOKS ABOUT THE REAL SOUTH

"Plantation Game Trails"

"The best book on the deer, the alligator and the wild turkey."—N. Y. Evening Post.

"One of the best books of the day."—Richmond (Va.) Times Dispatch.

"Simply invaluable as giving the real, the romantic South."—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

"A pure delight to every lover of nature."—Detroit Journal

"This book by a native of the South is a genuine contribution to our literature of the great out-doors."—Boston Transcript.

300 pages; Illustrated; $3.50 postpaid.

"Old Plantation Days"

"Thrilling camp-fire tales by a veteran hunter and story-teller."

"A book for all who love the spirit of the South in its truest and most picturesque setting."

"Full of the flavor of outdoor adventure in the far South."

"One of the few books in which the reader can find the genuine South."

"While making no pretense to be 'literature,' it is literature of the highest quality."

350 pages; Illustrated; $2.50 postpaid.

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN CO.
Publishers
Boston, Mass.

ORDER FROM THE AUTHOR
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE
MERCERSBURG, PA.

FREDERICK STOKES CO.
Publishers
New York, N. Y.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

TRAGIC FISHING MOMENTS by Will H. Dilg, 266 pages, illustrated. Published by Reilly & Lee, Chicago, price $2.00.

Mr. Dilg has here assembled fifty stories of the most tragic fishing moments of as many well-known anglers, originally appearing in "Outers," and illustrated in the happy manner of E. E. Lowry. It is a book for "slippered ease" and worthy of such good company upon your shelves as Holder & Jordan's Fish Stories and Mather's Men I Have Fished With. The foreword is in Dilg's best style, and that is sufficient praise.

There is an erratum in the List of Stories crediting to Dr. Van Dyke, a good story by Mr. Venable. But why, Mr. Venable, the "wet hand" in connection with the barbless hook? If I understand the arguments of the fans of the barbless hook — which by the way is no new thing—the merit lies in avoiding the necessity of handling undersized fish by giving them slack line.

The most tragic story of all is told in the jacket cover. He is no true angler who doesn't sympathize with the unlucky brother, who after a hard day upon the stream or lake, returns fishless to She-Who-Lets-Him-Go-Fishing. If his reluctant footsteps lead home by way of the fish market, you know that it is not to save his own face, but because She loves fish that he has recourse to the silver hook.

We cannot join in the merriment of the dago dealer tempting our brother with a contraband bass, for we know that our brother's heart is heavy with the thought that when he meets Her he must act a lie, although his lips may not frame it. It is his Most Tragic Moment.

The makeup of the book is attractive; good print, large paper style, and tastefully bound in dark green linen weave, with gold lettering; a good piece of book making.

MOSTLY ABOUT TROUT, by Sir George Aston, published by Houghton Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York, 223 pages, price $2.50.

This is another interesting book of angling reminiscences from across the water, where most of them come from, and is a collection of delightful outdoor essays by one of England's best known anglers and soldiers.

These essays cover an experience extending over half a century and over half the globe, for they lead you from the chalk streams of England to the rivers and lochs of Scotland, the sea girt Shetlands, to Albania and far away Natal. He tells of fishing for brown and for sea trout, grayling, salmon, pike, "elf" and "snook," whatever they may be.

There is not a dull page in the book. Sir George is an optimist, one of the class of English sportsmen—would it were larger—whom it is a delight to meet in person or in print.

As we cannot all meet him personally, we may come to know this clean sportsman, genial gentleman and nature lover by accompanying him through the pages of one of the most charming books upon the subject of angling. The mechanical work is a credit to the publisher, the clear large type being a benediction to tired eyes.

The excerpts given are an index to the quality of the book as a whole.

(Continued on page 363)

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by Will H. Dilg

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

THE grandest word in the English language is "fishing" someone has said. Well isn't it? And next to doing always what you like best to do, isn't the memory of having done it, the next best thing—which brings us to "fishing" again. Fishermen they say are "bugs." Maybe so, and we even glory in the fact —we are incurable and are glad of it.

About this time of year watch the added joy of life in the trout fisherman's outlook—anticipation is almost taking the place of reminiscence. And even if we bass fishermen have to wait a little longer for our day of days—Opening Day—we know it's coming, and every red blooded, decent one of us is glad that we can't go after the bass till they've spawned and when with pressing family matters out of the way they can tackle our lures with the smashing enthusiasm of the "gamest fish that swims."

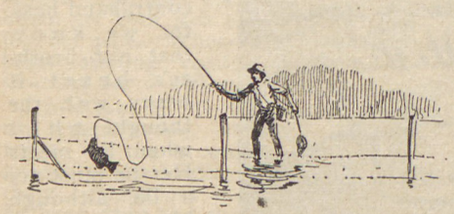
I believe that the fishing fever is at its very height about this time of the year. In the fisherman's breast begins a yearning for little flashing streams and sunshine and long days with rod and reel. Days when alternately one is as happy as a boy and as contented as a philosophical follower of the greatest of all outdoor philosophers, Izaak Walton, which rather brings me to a point I have been thinking of for quite a while. It's the difference between being a happy angler and a contented angler. Heaven forbid! that I should have anything to say against either, but do you not agree with me that the latter is by far more worthy of praise? If Fisherman's Luck is good, one is perhaps sure to be happy. If Fisherman's Luck is poor, one should still be contented. It is somewhat as though one had a part in an excellent play. That part might not perhaps be the hit of the piece, but one has the satisfaction of feeling that one is taking one's small part in a perfect production, so perhaps we have caught no fish, but man alive! Haven't we been fishin', hasn't the sun shown on us or even the rain fallen on us; haven't birds and waters sung to us and haven't trees and flowers and mosses and summer skies cheered and blessed us on every side!

Shut out all the sights and sounds of your office, my brother, close your ears to the clang of the street cars and motors and the hurry of the city and think. Let your mind drift back over many fishing trips—in the homesickness for a certain little stream I know, I can almost say hallowed fishing trips, and in the memory of the joys of those trips and appreciation of the blessings they undoubtedly bestowed upon us let us write the story of some of them for our brother, perhaps not so fortunate in the possession of memories of such trips, that he may read with pleasure our stories and determine to go and do likewise. I guess, brother fishermen, that by this time you have discovered that I'm just a-bustin' to go fishin'. In fact I want to go so badly that if I wasn't ashamed to do it at my time of life, I'd burst out cryin'. I think that the best remedy for this, outside of taking the next train south is to sit down and write an Angling Memory for this rip roarin' outdoor magazine of ours. You will relieve your own feelings, you will undoubtedly give pleasure to brother anglers, and last but not least you will be boosting and rooting for OUR magazine. What more can any good fisherman want to do, anyway now when he can't go fishing? Come along boys, you know yourself because I think your own case proves it to be a fact, that every true fisherman has at least one good fishing story in his system and I believe that it is selfish to keep so good a thing as a good fishing story to yourself.

The old adage says that "all the world loves a lover." Well, I don't know about that in these days of "sheiks" and "shebas," but I do believe that every fisherman loves a good fishing story, so be a sport, my brother, and even as you have told that pal of yours the exact place where that big fish rose, so tell the fishing world your fishing story.

The Fence Jumper

By Farish F. Talley



REEDY LAKE had never appeared so beautiful to me before in all my life. For now, at last, I was ready to try my luck after two years' absence. Many and many a dream I had had of that wonderful fishing hole at its upper end where the water was deep and green around the piled up log jams and the big bass broke water with a noise that made a true fisherman's heart turn a flip. Most of those dreams had been of the fight I had once fought to victory over a magnificent twenty-seven inch large mouth which tipped the scales at nine and a fraction. The rest of them were of the struggles to come with his brothers—and perhaps his Gran-dad. For in Reedy Lake the feed was abundant, the waters cool, best of all they were seldom fished as the owner was very strict—and the bass thrived and grew large.

I had run from Atlanta, Ga., down to Milledgeville the day before. Now, after a seven-mile trip through the early dawn, I was at the place of my dreams. After negotiating a mile of swamp road I entered a meadow over which my little roadster bumped right up to the edge of a thick growth of forest. Leaving the car and carrying my tackle, minnows, etc., I walked through scarcely a hundred feet of heavy growth—and there it was. At the bottom of a steep slope of perhaps fifteen feet lay the edge of my lake—crystal clear, calm as a mirror—it lay like a jewel set in green gold. At this point it was less than a hundred feet wide and only about ten feet deep in the middle. But it was here that the big bass came to feed on the minnows which came in with the creek and played in the shallows.

I quickly rigged a regular line for perch and set it out baited with worms. Then I rigged my 5½-foot casting rod and put on a dark green minnow with a white belly. Need I tell a fisherman of the thrill as I made my first cast—far out over the pool nearly to the other shore! But it was not until my fifteenth or twentieth cast—on further down the lake that I got a rise and landed a nice gamey two pounder. Hour after hour I fished that lake, but the strikes grew fewer and fewer. As the full force of the sun hit the water at noon I had several bass around three pounds, but no big bass seemed anxious to offer himself a martyr to my efforts.

Late that afternoon I had almost quit casting in disgust, when I pulled in a nice roach. Now in that lake roaches were a very choice bait and the best to be had. This one was the size of a small perch—white and shiny as a new dollar. Hastily I attached a hook with a gut leader and hooked on the wildly-flopping roach. Just above the place where I was fishing was a low hog wire fence which ran right down to the lake and then ran along the lake a few inches from the shore. This was to keep the animals in the pasture from getting in the shallow end of the lake and so crossing it. I walked carefully along by this fence until I had reached a spot within thirty feet of the end of the lake—or rather the apparent end, as it went some hundred feet back up into the bushes which had encroached on the water.

It was towards these bushes that I directed my cast—with my reel running perfectly free in order to keep from snapping the live bait off. I made a perfect cast and dropped the roach a few inches from the outmost bush. There was no time to begin reeling in. With a sudden mad dash a huge bronze-green body rushed from among the brush and made one snap with a flaring red mouth—so sudden that I barely had the sense to give the quick twist that was needed to set the hook. Fortunately he headed out into the lake—with a rush so fast and steady that a hundred feet of line was out before I headed him. Circling in towards the shore he made for another pile of brush and missed it hardly a foot as I fought for the line. Now he was in within thirty feet and there I had to hold him as he twisted and turned rushing from one curving arc into another. Twice he broke water and shook madly at the biting hook. But it was set too deep and fight as he might he could not get loose. For twenty minutes that bass had the fight at a standstill and it was an even break as to whether he would get to some brush, or break away outright.

But at last he began to rush slower and to sulk more—and finally I pulled him in closer—closer until I could reach out and run my hand through his gills. With beating heart I lifted him clear—over thirty inches or I missed my guess, and that meant well over ten or twelve pounds. Carefully I

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

stepped out of the shallow water and stepped over the low hog wire fence. The bank was steep, so I went no further but carefully worked the hook out and then—

At this point I always feel again the awful catastrophe—for with one mighty flop that bass broke loose. Over the eighteen-inch fence I went to get between him and the water—but with one last titanic jump he went over it or through the large meshes and flirted the water in my face as I fell sprawling in the shallow water where one split fraction of a second ago had been the biggest bass I ever caught or hope to catch. And I do not know whether that moment was as exasperating as the guffaws that always follow the tale I tell of the bass that jumped a fence and got away.

Trout Fishing Near Denver

By W. W. Griswold

ONE summer evening, my phone rings, and a familiar voice comes over the line.

"Say Pard, I expect to hitch up the 'Cad' and leave Denver at seven o'clock tomorrow morning, for the South Platte. Are you with us?" "Sure thing, Ray, you know I never refuse such an invitation."

Promptly at seven o'clock the next morning the honk of the Cad sounds in front of my home, and in two minutes we are on our way. The we consists of Ray, Ed, Frank and Pard, all old time fly casters, and such a group of enthusiastic mountain trout seekers it would be difficult to match up, anywhere.

Within a half hour we are away from the city confines, and speeding south, parallel with the eternal Rockies and filling ourselves with the soul inspiring morning view of the snow capped peaks, and the life-giving tonic of the fresh morning air, purified and vivifying from its contact with the spruce and balsam trees of the mountains.

A three hour splendid drive, with Ray at the wheel, part of it over one of the most delightful, scenic mountain roads in the world, and incidentally one of the most crooked roads ever built, then we drop down from the heights into the South Platte Canyon, and in a few minutes reach the fishing place.

Ed says, "Water clear and low," that means 4½ ounce rods and smaller, dry flies, with hair leaders, for Ray, Frank and Ed, as they are genuine clean sports and fish for the joy of it and not for poundage of fish. Pard's eyes are not as good as they were years ago, so he strings up and puts on No. 12 wet flies.

Ray and Pard start out together, fishing up stream, suddenly Ray calls out, "Hey, Pard, I just had a rise from a dandy rainbow." Pard joins him, and watches the really scientific manner in which Ray maneuvers around in various ways to coax that beauty to come up again. After a few casts there is a quick rush, a small splash, and Ray strikes just in time to hook him. It is a merry fight, holding that rainbow from unhooking in his leaps in the air, and keeping the line, etc. away from rocks and occasional brush.

How sorry I am for the man who has never had the opportunity to feel the thrill of such sport!

Ray finally brings the beauty to his net, and we find him to be about sixteen inches long, weight about two pounds, and a coloring, etc. which is only found on rainbows taken from a cold, swift mountain stream. In spite of all our experience in Colorado fishing, still we turn him over and over and admire his beauty, and wonder at the muscular strength with which he fought.

At the get-together evening meal, we compare the day's experiences. The catch is not large in number, about a dozen fish each, but the delight and thrill of winning out with our light tackle against the wiles and cunning and the strength of a good-sized healthy mountain trout, gives plenty to talk about, and the bunch of old timers feel ten years younger because of the day's experience.

All Are Not Trout—!

By H. E. Swoyer

LUCK had been poor all morning. The day was miserably cold and raw; that it was "Opening Day" was my only excuse for being on the stream and the few trout that had risen to my flies were neither large nor energetic. There remained but one hope—a long, deep pool from which later in the season I had never failed to take one or two trout, generally of good size.

This pool was at the end of a rift where the stream broadened and deepened, swirling for most of its length along a huge half-sunken log to narrow again at the foot and split upon a huge moss-covered boulder. Working carefully around this rock from below, I failed to rise a fish and climbed up upon its slippery surface where, by a long back-hand cast, I could reach the upper end of the sunken log.

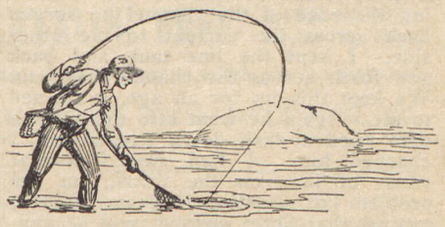
My first cast was lucky, my fly dropping lightly just in the "chute" and sweeping with the current along the old log, to meet a savage strike before the journey was well under way. The same twist of the wrist that set the hook warned me that I had hooked a heavy fish—an impression that was speedily confirmed as he bored into the current, only to turn and come sweeping down faster than I could strip in line. I changed my footing on the big rock, and with breath-taking suddenness my feet slipped from under me and I dropped, with a splash that shamed the launching of the Leviathan, into five feet of water. Holding the rod over my head and keeping a taut line as best I could, I hastily clambered up the steep sides of the boulder—only to again lose my footing when at the very top and do a "nose dive" over the other side into water as deep, as wet, and as cold, as that from which I had just emerged. Like Pietro of classic memory, I was in "Up to de ank, and wrong end up."

The fish was still on, and, resolved to fight it out with him in his own element if I had to, I stood in iced water breast deep and finished the battle. In a few moments a gleam of silver presaged my disappointment, and a two and a half pound chub turned on his side and drifted into my landing net. Yes, I threw him so far into the brush that a good bird dog would have worn his legs down to dachshund size trying to retrieve him; I suppose I should have let him live, but he might have abused his privilege and written a "Memory" on the "Gamest Fisherman I Ever Met."

P. S. This happened before Volstead, and I did not catch pneumonia.

As Far as the Net

By F. D. Owen



THE following Angling Memory occurred on a beautiful July day. Place, the North Unipqua River in Douglas Co., Oregon. It is a wide stream of cold, crystal clear water, abounding in rapids and beautiful falls, an ideal trout stream.

Feeling the need of relaxation, and that word always spells trout fishing to me, I had driven over to the river in the early morning to tempt the wily trout with the fuzzy wuzzy lures. I fished for several hours with indifferent success using a 5 ounce Thomas rod, an oil dressed tapered line, and leader, tapered to the finest undrawn gut, at the point. A No. 10 golden spinner fly seemed the one the trout took the best.

Reaching a place where the river widened, but with a broad stretch of shallow wadeable water on the side where I was, I proceeded to wade out to the main channel, which fifty to seventy-five feet wide flowed between walls of solid rock, and with a current exceedingly swift and rough. At the edge where I stood, the water was scarcely six inches deep, but immediately in front of me it was perhaps ten feet deep.

Just above me, to my right, the stream made a sheer drop of six feet over a ledge but on the opposite side a small eddy was formed, where a side current came in. At this point, in days past, I had taken many nice trout.

A fly dropped in this eddy was sucked under, and the trout would take it under the surface, and generally hooked themselves. If not taken, the current, catching the slack of the line, would carry the fly swiftly down the stream. With a few false casts to lengthen out my line, for the eddy was about fifty feet distant, I gently dropped my fly in the exact center of the eddy—a good shot, but nothing doing. I retrieved my fly from down stream, where it had been carried and repeated. This time the

fly seemed to hang in the eddy, and I struck and was fast to a heavy fish. Then came a swift rush down stream, with the reel shrieking madly as the line was stripped off.

There being another jump off in the stream about one hundred feet below me, I just simply had to stop or turn him, before he reached it. I could not follow him, as there were obstructions in the way. If he went over the ledge, —well—good night. But careful now, for when I thought of that fine gut point, it seemed as thin as a spider's thread. Swinging my rod over to my left, I exerted as strong a pressure as I thought the gut would stand, in an effort to turn the fish across the channel. To try to snub him meant a broken leader. To my inexpressible joy, he yielded to the pressure and turned almost on the brink of the offset. As he darted across the current he did a flip-flop in the air, and my heart nearly jumped out of my mouth. To my excited imagination he looked as long as my leg. When he struck the water with a great splash he was still on. Reaching the edge of the channel he surged back across the current to the other side. I kept the line taut, and back and forth across the channel he went. We kept this up for an age, it seemed to me. Again he went into the air and then tried a dash down stream, but I checked him. I had gained several yards of line, on the turns, but the problem of getting him up to me, against that fierce current, was occupying my thoughts. I knew I could never drag him up, if exhausted, so I set about to tire him only just enough to cause him to yield to the pressure of the rod and so gradually swim up to me. The constant strain of the rod and the see-sawing across that swift current soon told on his strength. He came to the surface and when he turned, how good he looked to me! Gee, but I did want that trout. It seemed to me to lose him would break my heart. Carefully, inch by inch, I began to work him nearer. He sulked and hung in the smoother water near the channel's edge, but I brought him to the surface and reeled in a little faster. He came willingly enough, for a few feet, and then with an angry swirl he tried another dash down stream, and I lost some of the line I had gained. But his struggles were getting weaker! He was on the surface most of the time and I reeled in faster, but with caution. Soon the knot, where the leader joined the reel line, showed. Now it was ten feet from the tip, eight feet, six, four and I reached for my landing net, when the space narrowed to three feet. I began to push the rod back over my head. He came right along and I submerged the net, but he saw it and dashed to one side, but his pep was gone.

I drew him closer and his head was above the surface and near enough for me to note two things. The first was that he was a magnificent cut throat, a perfect whale of a trout, and the other was that he was hooked in the side of the jaw, and the hole was very much enlarged! A little slack, and he would be off. With my heart where it ought not to be, I maneuvered him up to the waiting net. He circled once, twice, just beyond my reach, but the rod was inexorable and he came slowly over the net. I could not net him head on, so he slipped in tail first. Alas, he was too long for the net, but I lifted him out of the water quickly, and as the line slackened the hook dropped out and he gave one last convulsive flop and—the net ring snapped off at the handle! Almost stunned, I heaved a long sigh, and strange, my heart, which was about to jump out of my mouth but a second ago, suddenly was down in the bottom of my boots. The situation was almost too tense for thought, even. Sadly, I stepped back and sat down on a convenient boulder. Mechanically, I looked at the end of the net handle and saw evidence of an old fracture extending all of half way through the metal. But after an interval I bucked up. You know how it is. The sporting spirit comes to the rescue, and the world takes on a brighter hue. We think of the glorious battle, and how much better it is to have hooked such a trout and lost than not to have hooked him at all, and so we get what consolation we can out of a glorious memory.

Either Shame or Glory

By FRANK MACKIE JOHNSON

Author of "Reminiscent Tales of a Humble Angler."

DO you know that I find myself in a predicament when I try to think of a good title for this story? I really might have called it "The Tale of Six Tails" and let it go at that. But then I thought of Hamlet. Now Mr. Hamlet went about in an unhappy fashion trying to decide, "To be or not to be," and he never did find out. If I had only known him well and it had been my destiny to have been with him when first he was seized with this mental disturbance I might have offered a suggestion. "Flip a coin, old dear, and be a good sport," probably would have helped him in solving his mighty question. I shall let the solution of the chosen title rest with you, my readers, and with your decision I shall be content. I've said enough!

It was about thirty years ago when I accepted the kind offer of a good friend of mine to use his summer camp at Wilson Lake for such length of time as I desired. All Maine lakes are beautiful, but none surpass the Wilson Lakes. The camp was comfortable in every way. My dreams that first night were those of conquest and bulging creels. Alas and alack! A rural or local guide baptized Herman proved to be my woodland Nemesis. All he knew about fishing consisted in holding a very large and hot boiled potato in his mouth and keeping up a rapid mumps-like fire of meaningless words at the same time. When a fish rose and struck, this dwarfed mentality always paddled the canoe directly toward the elusive taker of a gaudy fly and scared him into speedy flight. So I informed Nemesis that there was much about the camp that demanded his attention and even told Nemesis not to work too hard.

Then I sent 'cross country for Joe St. Cher. Dear old Joe! He was a man who knew! A guide; a true sportsman; a friend. He heard my call and came. Then we had a smoke talk.

"Listen to my yarn, Joe, and help me out. For four days I've cast flies, trolled and tried all sorts of lures. So far I've only taken a few small fish. In lower Wilson I spotted a place that has real earmarks of fine fishing grounds. It's just off a big cliff; the water is deep and cold. I know that big fish are there if they can only be teased into action. I want you to go there before daybreak tomorrow and watch. If you see a decent fin, hurry up, make me hustle and we'll have a try. I'll rig my fly rod and take it with us. Not a mite of use to cast until we stir the big chaps and get 'em excited. This is my plan: I'll use two Burtis trolling rods. On each leader try two flies and on tail hooks a land-locked smelt. There are quite a lot of smelts floating about near the shores evidently killed when a school of them were chased and this is a strong reason why I think that big fish are lying in deep water, and if I am right we shall find, off the big cliff, bigger and better fellows than you and I have ever taken. By using light sinkers I ought to sink the lines deep enough. If I succeed in striking one or two and give them time I can tease others near the surface and then try my light fly rod. This is the way I have figured the thing out. If you believe I may be right, we'll go ahead. If you have something to suggest that you feel will do the trick in a surer manner, just tell me what it is and I'll accept your method for you are an older and better fisherman than I ever expect to be." Joe grunted his approval so the matter was settled.

The next morning, startled and half dazed by the touch of icy fingers my dreams fled while a blurred consciousness brought realization that Joe stood beside me.

"Mooch big fin I see! Mooch big feesh there. You up git! We kill lot sure."

A hasty bite. A nasty morn. Cold and strong winds from the East and a chilling drizzle in the air. A heavy overcoat needed. A few smelt picked up. Fly rod in readiness. Trolling rods rigged as planned. One thing favorable and only one. Fishing grounds to be tried on a lee shore. Lines out on both sides of canoe. A slow circling near the cliff. Not a strike. More line given. Same result. Grew discouraged and thoroughly chilled. A little more line and a last try.

Trolling just off the cliff where I judged large fish might be hiding, this time brought results. Sharp, vicious strikes on both sides at the same moment. Stronger tugs and rapid whirring of reels amazed me. Overcoat became a menace, hindering free arm action. Now I felt too warm. The spirit of good Izaak Walton must have hovered near and guided me in my efforts. It seemed like a miracle then and does today as I write, that in some way the lines did not cross. I am sure that it was due to the consummate skill of Joe in handling the canoe. properly rather than cleverness on my part that saved the day. The strong pulling fish seemed to tow the canoe where they willed. Away from the cliff, back towards the cliff, into the teeth of the wind and again in the lee, we were pulled, driven and tossed. Why we did not upset, why a tangling did not break rods and tackle, I do not know. But the battle continued

on safely, the fish beginning to show signs of weariness and their fierce struggling showing less power. I managed to reel in both lines, one at a time, then strong rushes swept away my gain. This sort of thing went on and on until I had tried warriors on either side of the canoe and slim chances of landing them. Perchance Aeolus watching the fray extended his aid. A lull came when the task before me appeared impossible. Joe was able to help. Carefully we worked. Three immense fish we tried to land in the canoe. Three fish well hooked. They were about the same size. The chap on the middle hook shook himself free but we lifted the other two into the canoe. It became easier to handle the other rod. On this leader were three fish just as large as their playmates. We really should have saved all of them. Evidently the fish on the tail hook had in his fighting worked the hook about so much that a trifle of slack caused when the other two were lifted from the water, gave him a chance to throw the hook out and he took advantage of this opportunity.

Four wonderful squaretails. A quartette of superb specimens of our **salvelinus fontanalis.**

Indeed it had been a long and hard fought battle. I was a bit proud that my surmise regarding locating large fish had proven to be correct. That I had not fouled the lines or lost one fish gave me satisfaction, for considering the day, wind and weather, my work had been difficult. Never before had I taken fish of this size, never again can I expect to repeat such an experience.

When once more at the camp, I laid each fish on a piece of birch bark and sketched his outlines as faithfully as I could. When I returned home, an artist kindly reproduced the four in pastel. The largest of the four was a jack and weighed six pounds. Four and a half pounds the smallest one weighed. The two lost were large fish. The hooks used No. 6. That's all and you must accept my word that I have told you the truth.

I do regret that as things turned out I had no chance at all to try my fly rod and really this was my intention when I started out that morning. I did learn that when fish will not take a fly and you have reason to think that they are deep in the waters, you can learn by a similar procedure whether you are right or wrong.

So, my dear readers, I let matters rest. You are to be the judges. Should I be a little ashamed of employing measures true sportsmen frown down upon, or was the procedure justifiable in the light of what I had in mind?

Today when I go fishing the barbless hook will be the only lure I intend to use for trout, small-mouthed black bass and salmon. I am thirty years older than I was at that time and time brings many changes.

The Tale of Six Tails has been Told.

It Helps the League and Its Magazine When You Write Advertisers to Mention the Izaak Walton League Monthly.

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

(Continued from page 350)

At night, after the rain, the wind came up. How it did blow, the clouds scurried like sheep before a pack of wolves.

Bang, slam, bang. . . . the woodshed door, hang it all. In this gale it will surely come loose from the hinges, reluctantly I left my book and went out.

After fastening it, I paused to hear the wind in the swamp trees. No symphony ever sounded more grand, you know the one that begins with the wail of the violins, the first, then the second comes in, then the full orchestra? It was immense.

With the doors all snug and li'l family fast asleep I started to whittle some spigots for our maple time. Dearest Ladye loaned me two, a quarter of a century old, for samples. So next time you hear from us, we will, no doubt, be deep in sugaring off. NAN.

Li'l Cabin o' Logs,
Valley o' God.

DEAR Out Door Woman:

Such an orgy of snow as we have had. Try as I would I simply could not get the mail out in time for you last month. Nothing but snow and wind and wind and snow. If ever we do get any mail in I shall be some grateful.

Today I noticed that one of the pups has a queer bunch on her neck, singular that I had not noticed it before, for surely it could never have reached the size of an egg over night.

It was as hard as a small onion too, yet not very sensitive to my touch.

It was very evident that every hour endangered the pup's wind-pipe. I ran over to Dearest Ladye's and looked up "bunches" in an old vet. book she had, coming to the conclusion that it was an abscess.

What to do—to let it go meant little chance of recovery, to lance it meant a fair chance.

With a basin of hot water, antiseptic, cotton, a Gillette blade and a whale of a darning needle, I prepared.

I put the pup on a sheet on the floor and held her twixt my knees. Of course it had to be my extra special pup too! I used the Gillette first, then probed with the darning needle, properly sterilized.

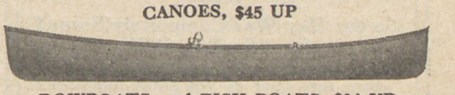
Poor li'l thing, she was a brick, seeming to understand that I meant to help her.

I kept her on the couch most of the afternoon, away from the other pups. Gradually the bunch went down, but such a horrid gash as the poor chile has, Dearest Ladye says it will all heal and the hair grow again, but right now, well it seems mighty dubious to me.

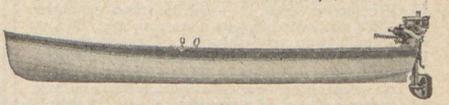
If she does come out O. K. I shall apply for a vet. license upon my return to civilization. Now if only I had a horse to shoe or something like, I should indeed be a jack of all trades yet master of none. Adios, NAN.

THOMPSON
BETTER-BUILT BOATS

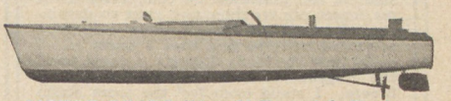
CANOES, $45 UP



ROWBOATS and FISH BOATS, $34 UP



ROWBOATS and CANOES for Outboard Motors, $34 UP



MOTOR BOATS (16 to 26 Ft., with Engine Installed), $200 UP

CATALOG FREE *SAVE MONEY Order by Mail*

State Kind of Boat in which you are interested

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
153 Ellis Avenue Peshtigo, Wis.

DON'T COMMIT CRIMES LIKE THIS

THE young man who has charge of the making of our cuts is a member of the Izaak Walton League, and a good sportsman. When he was asked if he could reproduce this picture from a Nashville, Tennessee, newspaper for our magazine, his reply was to the effect that he'd far rather reproduce the game hog, here pictured, so that his countenance would be far from recognizable. Our sentiments are the same.

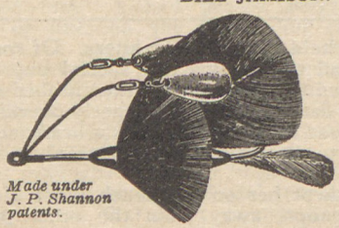
HOW MANY OF YOU EXPERT HUNTERS have equalled this record of E. A. McIlhenny, who is photographed with his record of one day's hunt of mallard ducks, which he shot at Avery Island, La. —*Kadel & Herbert, N. Y.*

So the Day Was Completely Ruined for "Smiling Bill"

Chicago, Feb. 21, 1923.

Say, Ike, what do you think happened? Well, sir, I done got a letter. Of course I get letters once in a while same as other folks do, but this was a special one. No, it wasn't from any chicken. I got over that foolishness a long time ago. It was from a guy that runs a trout fishing resort where I go as often as I can sell enough baits to buy a few gallons of gasoline for my "Lizzie" and to pay for a few days' board. Just the sight of the postmark on that letter made me forget my troubles and start to dreaming. I could see myself waist deep in a beautiful trout stream that I know of. I could hear the birds singing. I could smell the fragrant flowers and feel the balmy breeze. I could even feel the trout strike my flies. Why, it was so darned real that I could feel the cold water oozing through that leak in the left leg of my waders that I always forget to fix. But that didn't matter. Nothing mattered. I look around for a shady place to sit and smoke my pipe and cool off for it is getting warm. Still dreaming I opened the letter and here is what he says: "It's 35 degrees below zero today and the ice is about two feet thick on the Thunder River. Sure is fine weather for putting up ice."

BILL JAMISON.



Made under J. P. Shannon patents.

The Shannon Twin Spinner

THE BEST BAIT FOR BASS

Weedless, but not fishless. Made with Red, Yellow, White feather fly and same colors Bucktail. Also natural color Bucktail.

Price each, 85c

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W. 736 South California Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

The Gladiator of the Sea

(Continued from page 318)

This was a heartrending experience. Thrilling and wonderful!

July 6th

Heavy fog—cool—slight breeze—not at all pleasant on the sea.

We ran down upon a big one. He sounded and a smaller one came up. We tried to work him, but he went down. We waited. Suddenly he hit my bait a most tremendous blow. It nearly knocked me over. Then he took it and swam off. I jerked and jerked. No good! I felt the bait coming as I reeled. Then he hit it again. I stopped reeling. He swam around the barracuda and hit it. He took it fiercely and ran off with the most incredible speed imaginable. I did not think again!—I put on the drag. The line cracked.

July 7th

Fine foggy morning. Not so cool. Rather high fog. The sea was smooth with not much swell.

We saw numerous schools of tuna. Out about ten miles I sighted the first broadbill. He went down. Next the Captain saw one. We worked him. Then we saw several others, two of which were very large. One of them followed the bait, but would not strike.

We found one that came for the bait, hit it a crack, and then took it. But he let go. Pulling in the bait I saw it was smashed at the head. Evidently the hook stuck him.

I sighted four fish, R. C. two, and the Captain one.

Then we ran into schools of tuna all over the ocean, feeding on anchovies. We caught two.

July 9th

Windy this A. M., but warm. We ran out on the steamer course, hoping the wind would lull. Twice I was about ready to turn back. But I didn't give the word, and we went on. The wind gradually died down, and the great swells began to ease out. We ran about eighteen miles, then began to hunt to and fro. After four hours of running I sighted a monster broadbill fully a mile away. We ran down upon him. He had an immense dorsal fin and tail. The largest broadbill I ever saw! The first time we passed him he made a surge, and sailed low for the bait. We made sure he meant to take it. He did follow it, but he grew suspicious. No good!

We turned back, and ran for hours down the channel. No broadbills. Off the Bay about eight miles we ran into schools of big tuna, and tried for one. We had a strike but did not hold the fish.

On the way in we began to see boats. Finally about half a mile off shore I espied a broadbill close to Adams, and not far from two Jap boats. We got out all the stuff, while Sid steered between the boats and the fish. We got too close to him at that. We waved for the Japs to sheer off, which they obligingly did. Meanwhile I rigged up, put on the stiff bait that lay on the boat, and dropped it over. We did not have to circle. We passed him, close, and stopped. He went down. Pretty soon I felt a rap. I yelled. Then he took line slowly. I waved to Adams, who waved back. The broadbill went off fine. I let him have a long line. Then I began to pump and reel. I did not feel him hard. There was a bag in the line. But I thought I had come up hard enough. The line circled, and I saw he was coming near us. I yelled again. I reeled frantically. The boys got gaffs. We saw the big fins come up—splashing. He was a large fish. He came towards us. I kept reeling. I got the leader half out of the water. Sid reached over to gaff him. I pulled hard to get the fish close, and the hook came out. The broadbill swam around us and under us several times, so that I let my bait out again. But he would not take it.

July 11th.

Fine warm morning with smooth sea, gleaming under a diffused fog. Long streaks of oily water and dark streaks of faint breeze marked the surface. What wind there was blew from the east.

The sun shone through rifts upon the half obscured peaks of the island. Avalon lay bright in the sunlight.

We ran straight from the bay, and four or five miles out we began to see birds circling and dropping down over schools of tuna. We put up a kite, and had hard work to keep it up in the slight breeze. We could not run so as to cover any of the tuna, but at length I got a strike when we did not see any fish. I hooked the tuna and hauled it in—about sixty-five pounds.

Long heaving swells were running, and the pale sunlight began to lighten the water. We steered by compass marking a northwest course, and about ten A. M. Sid yelled "Swordfish!" I looked in time to see a big splash where one had gone down. But he was hard to see. The big swells hid him, and the glare of the water made it impossible to see his color. But we persevered, and at last got track of him. Then it was still harder to get the bait before him.

I was sure he saw the boat. Finally we got the barracuda fairly well in front of him. He sheered away. We lost him, found him again, and made a more successful circle. He refused to take the bait.

Then we went on in search of another. The sea was running high in very long heaving swells, and the color was like a glancing moonstone. Pretty soon I espied black fins on the surface, and I called out. This fish looked large. He was coming right and it looked as if our first effort to present the bait would be a good one. So it turned out. He did not see the boat, and he circled just right to see the bait as we dragged it by him. He went down, and I saw his purple color moving toward it. Then both fish and bait went out of sight in the bad light. After a few moments he hit it, rather slightly. But I yelled just the same. Again the line jerked up a little. Next he took the bait and started off. It was a fine strike. He went slowly, and gradually increased his speed. When he had run off about a hundred feet or more I jerked hard and put my weight on the rod. Then I reeled and jerked—reeled and jerked—until the great strength of the fish came solid upon the rod. I had him hooked.

He ran off a couple of hundred yards, not particularly fast. And we backed up on him. I regained the line. Then I shut down my hands on the reel, and he towed the boat. But every time he gave a surge he pulled the line out. He went down, and released the strain, came towards us, and all of a sudden leaped magnificently clear out of the water so that his tail was ten feet high. He was a four hundred pound fish, and the only one I had ever hooked that leaped clear like this. It was an inspiring sight—that gleaming bulk, silver and green, his fins seeming to bristle, his great broad sword waving like a spear. Down he crashed and disappeared.

After that he ran off on the surface, but did not thresh any. For half an hour we followed him, halting now and then, and again going ahead to regain line.

His next move was to sound, and he went down about four hundred feet, stayed there for a while, then let me pump him up to about two hundred feet, where he anchored for a while. In an hour he began to let me lead him and raise him. I had a thought that he might be hooked deep, and growing sick, but I ridiculed it. Next I asked Sid to run ahead very slowly to see if we could tow him. We could not. And I had just decided to ease up on him when I felt the hook rip out.

One hour and five minutes!

While we were fighting this broadbill another and larger fish came within fifty yards of us; in fact crossed my line. We hoped he would go down and ram the fish I had on. But he was not so obliging.

There was nothing to do save grin and bear it, and look for another.

Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 357)

"Fishermen are lucky folk in these days. Their standard is not a money standard. They envy not, as a master of their art once said, those who wear better clothes than they do, or those who have better food or bigger houses; they envy him, and him only, who catches more fish than they do. Really keen fishermen are seldom rich."

"Self control and endurance are the qualities of fishermen and of philosophers, who look into the depths of affairs and are not misled by the bubblings and boilings on the surface. Fishermen, like philosophers, are rich in contentment. They wear comfortable old clothes and the best boots. They love their fellowmen individually and avoid them in mobs."

"Humanity is not at its best in crowds, so fishermen know better than to mingle in them; they place too high a value upon friendship with their fellow-men; and, if friends fail, they are happy alone, trying to learn a little about Nature's laws. Izaak Walton is their prophet; he lived in times of turmoil and of strife, but throughout them he lived at peace with himself and in harmony with Nature; his philosophy and love of angling have for centuries sweetened the lives of many, long after the hatreds and bickerings of his time have worn themselves out."

"Fishermen do not sermonize. They would have no influence at all in the world if they did. As it is, they have too little."

"It takes all sorts to make a world and a good many pike to spoil a good trout-stream."

"Could not some philanthropist so arrange matters that every town boy and girl should spend at least one whole year in the country, amongst sympathetic folk inspired by some knowledge of Nature, to see all the changes of the seasons? The 'Nature study' creeping into our scheme of national education for the youth of cities is a step in the right direction, but a poor substitute for the real thing."

"The turn of the year has really come. The soft silver-grey 'pussy-cat' catkins are showing already, the 'palms' of the country folk; soon they will be yellow, powdered with golden pollen. Then the marsh-marigolds will bloom again in the water-meadows."

A gem of purest ray, rescued by Sir George from the depths of oblivion is too rare to have its light hidden under a bushel, and goes to prove that if you want interesting reading you will find it in books on angling.

It was brainstormed by a French bob-becker at a critical time when the hard-pressed allies were engaged in a propaganda campaign of reciprocal glorification and "sick 'em." Stop, look, listen!

"He is an angler of the first force, the King of Britain. Behold him there, as he sits motionless under his umbrella, patiently regarding his many-coloured floats: how obstinately he contends with the elements! It is a summer day of Britain—that is to say, a day of sleet and fog and tempest. But what would you? It is as they love it, those who would follow the sport. Presently the King's float begins to descend. My God! but how he strikes! That hook is implanted in the very bowels of the salmon. The King rises. He spurns aside his footstool. He strides strongly and swiftly towards the rear. In good time the salmon comes to approach himself to the bank. Aha! the King has cast aside his rod. He hurls himself flat on the ground on his victim. They splash and struggle in the icy water. Name of a dog! But it is a braw laddie! The gillie, a kind of outdoor domestic, administers the coup de grace with his pistol. The King cries with a very shrill voice, 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' On these red-letter days, His Majesty King George dines on a haggis and a whisky grog. Like a true Scotsman, he wears only a kilt."

"We can close these reminiscences of happy holidays by stream, river and seashore, in the strong belief that 'Only on farms or deep in the forest or out on the river while you fish, can you think a thing out clearly. For there your life goes quietly and you learn only what is worth while.'"

Books for review in the Izaak Walton League Monthly may be mailed direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

Famous Fishing Lines

An ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration."

—Izaak Walton.

The Emperor Domitian (Juvenal, 4) ordered a special sitting of the Senate to deliberate and advise on a matter of such grave State importance as the best method of cooking a turbot.

—William Radcliffe.

As a tarpon is rated the king of the large game fish that swim in the sea so should the bonefish be classed the king of the smaller tribe, for he is game to the very last moment.

—Frank Gray Griswold.

The most dangerous animal in the world is an enraged mother who thinks her young are threatened.

—Clarence Hawkes.

The opportunity for salmon-fishing is a mere question of leisure time and dollars and cents. I am well aware of that law of civilized nature which ordains that if you have the money you shall not have the time, and that if you have the time you shall not have the money.

—Henry P. Wells.

There is something indescribably fascinating about a well arranged camp at night when the fire is blazing and the members of the party have gathered about to tell the stories of the day.

—Emerson Hough.

The wilderness will welcome you, and teach you, and take you to its heart. And you will find your own soul there; the discovery will be worth while.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

Surely the great virtue of fishermen is their hopefulness. —Zane Grey.

A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature.

—Henry David Thoreau.

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Such scavengers are bald eagles that if a man leaves at dusk a duck that he cannot find, he will have to be at the spot by daylight in the morning if he hopes to get it before an eagle does.

—Archibald Rutledge.

DOG INSURANCE

We write policies covering every contingency, they cover the owners of dogs against loss caused from death, any cause, they also cover loss by theft or disappearance and poisoning.

A responsible company operating under direct supervision of Insurance Commissioner of State of Illinois. We are writing premiums at the rate of more than $120,000.00 per year.

Drop us a line, let us tell you about the GUARANTEE given each policy holder by a corporation whose paid up capital is $250,000.00.

Agents wanted.

American Mutual Live Stock Ins. Co.

126 South Sixth Street

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Companionable Books

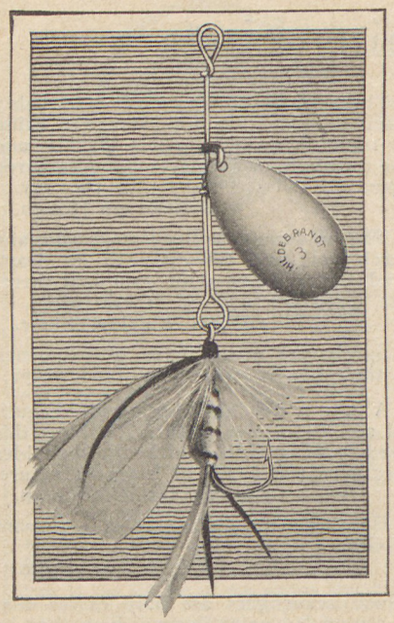
By

HENRY VAN DYKE

© Pirie Mac Donald

"Much sound, virile writing. . . . The essay on Walton is delightful, due both to the charm of the subject and the charm of the essayist. That combination, also, makes for real right criticism. The salt of humor is not lacking. . . . The essay on Dickens is wise and fine."—*The Nation.*

Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00; leather, $3.00. Issued in a style uniform with the author's other books.



Hildebrandt No. 3 Standard Spinner, nickel, brass or copper finish, with Last Chance fly

More fishermen fish with HILDEBRANDT spinners every year because---

They catch fish on fly rods, on bait casting rods, or common cane poles.

They are equally effective in swift running river currents or deep, still lake water.

No lures are more adaptable, more versatile, more alluring to every species of game fish.

Spinners add to live bait, improve the pork rind, and if the fly alone is good, the fly with the spinner is considerably better.

HILDEBRANDT SPINNERS are so attractive in appearance, so light in weight, so effective in action, so skillfully made, that they are a revelation to fishermen who have never used them. The Hildebrandt line with its three styles of blades—Standard, Slim Eli and Idaho—in nickel, brass and copper finishes, and the 108 handsome hand-tied Hildebrandt flies, is the accepted standard of spinner users. Ask your dealer. If he knows fishing, he knows Hildebrandts.

FREE Write for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS on flies and spinners. It is a handbook on spinner fishing, showing the complete Hildebrandt line and summarizing the best practices of spinner fishing. More than 10,000 fishermen have found this book full of fish-taking tips. Your copy of Hildebrandt's Hints is waiting for you. Write for it today.

THE JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT CO.
334 High Street
LOGANSPORT, INDIANA
Spinner Makers for Twenty-seven Years

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is not necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, the prize will be awarded by the judges to the angler using tackle which gave the fish the fairest fighting chance for its life.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In Addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In Addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interest in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not had sufficient time to decide upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of Fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....
When caught ..... Where.....
Rod used ..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used ..... Lure .....
Caught by (Signed) .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses)
1. .....
2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest. Read them over, pick out one that you like and begin to plan where you'll go for the big 'un.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOK TROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season, in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus saltatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Calatina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK, ARTIFICIAL LURE.

Fish Thru the Rain

A Johnson Cape makes this possible; carried in any little pocket; always with you; 21- and 32-inch lengths; two grades material; has a hundred uses; endorsed by best sportsmen of country and testing bureaus; puts the finishing touches on your equipment.
Free Booklet
JOHNSON OUTING COMPANY
135 Outing Bldg. LANSING, MICH.

For Raw Sore Throat

At the first sign of a raw, sore throat rub on a little Musterole with your fingers.

It goes right to the spot with a gentle tingle, loosens congestion, draws out soreness and pain.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the strength of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

Nothing like Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use. 35 and 65 cents in jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NEXT TRIP—
Be Sure

LEONARD'S
SKEETER SKATTER

KEEPS AWAY MOSQUITOES

This truly remarkable repellent will positively protect you from the pests.
Most practical and pleasant to use. Recommended by best outdoor experts. *No more mosquito bites or sleepless nites.*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

At Sporting Goods Stores 50c.
Direct from us, 1 bottle 60c, 2 bottles $1.00, prepaid
LEONARD CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 100 Chicago

Mention the name of Our Magazine when answering advertisements.

First Aid In Mending

Emergencies!—they come up on any hunting or fishing trip. Tirro meets most of them, instantly. It's a new type, waterproofed mending tape; extra-strong and extra-adhesive. Clings to cloth, metal, glass, rubber. Mends, binds, wraps. Don't forget a spool next trip. 15c 25c 50c

At Your Druggist

Mail This For Free Strip I. W. L. 323
BAUER & BLACK, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Kinney's "Old Hickory" Casting and Surf Rods
For *beauty*, *strength* and *service*, are
WORLD BEATERS
Only rods made, Guaranteed against "fish breakage"
Rod Dope, FREE, GET IT
"Old Hickory" Rod and Tackle Co.
Bangor, Michigan, U. S. A.

America the Wasteful

(Continued from page 315)

"wood-lots," of forests, are swiftly destroying what remains of that wild-life which once furnished our people with so important and so cheap a supply of food.

If protected, our wild game birds and game animals can, and will, keep our fields and forests clear of those animal and insect pests which ruin thousands and thousands of farmers every year.

If protected and fostered, wild game could supply our population with cheap, wholesome, nutritious, delectable food.

WE Americans by inheritance and tradition ought to enjoy these privileges today. We do not because of the ignorance, waste and selfishness of earlier generations. They robbed us. Today, every violator of game and forest laws continues to rob us. Every violator is a plain thief. It is the nation he steals from—not ignorantly as did the former generations, but wilfully, maliciously, contemptibly.

How are we to protect what remains?

How can we preserve it, foster it, increase it for the common enjoyment and profit of all Americans?

The great system of private estates in Europe establishes game refuges from which excess of increase spreads and populates the surrounding country.

There never will be very many private preserves in America; there always will be a number maintained by people of means who are interested in conservation and who desire to practice it in the privacy of their own domains. But there are not enough private preserves to do much good.

Our only other refuge for wild game is the National parks; and, in a measure, the state forests. These latter, and certain tracts owned by clubs, are in no sense sanctuaries for game. In them, however, there is some effective supervision; the areas are governed by sensible regulations; the laws are fairly well obeyed; and, in the Game Clubs, fairly successful attempts are made to propagate fish and game.

No country on earth ever was so magnificently endowed with game. No source of food supply has ever been so criminally wasted; no source of pleasure and healthy recreation so wantonly ruined.

Is there a remedy? The writer believes there are several.

Suppose every state in the Union maintained a state forest and a game refuge of land unfit for agriculture—swamp, swale, rocky and sandy regions.

How is the state forest to be maintained and protected? By revenue derived from ripe timber felled and marketed under a scientific forestry system.

How is a State Game Refuge to be paid for? By the sale of shooting- and fishing-licenses issued to those who are willing to pay for good shooting on state property.

A nucleus for the rehabilitation of our native fish and game should mean; a state forest (which includes a nursery), a state game preserve (where licensed shooting is permitted), and a State Sanctuary for fish and game, in which no fishing and no shooting is permitted, and in which propagation of fish and game is practiced for the purpose of restocking the public territory within the boundaries of the state.

These three establishments would merely form the back-bone of a system for state conservation.

But even all of these measures, properly undertaken, and the game laws scrupulously observed, would not bring back to our country the abundance of fish and game food that once was here.

The last word lies with the people. They must vote the enacting clause. For the decisive and vital consummation of any project embracing the repopulation of our territory with fish and game fit for food, the land-owners of America must be responsible. It is up to the American farmer. What can he do?

He can provide refuge and cover for game by permitting a strip of wild hedge-growth to aid his fences in separating his fields. He can prevent fires in his wood-lot. He or his sons or his hired men can shoot the vermin that molest game—and the domestic cat, run wild, is the worst offender; and the degenerate dog is the next worst.

Three hawks and one owl are destructive to game: Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned, the Goshawk; and the Great Horned Owl. The state should furnish every farmer with a life-size colored print of these out-law birds, and a good description of them.

Further, the farmer could spare a little grain in winter to help out such foreign pheasant as wander into his woods and farmyard.

He could see to it that no pollution of any sort poisoned the waters of brook or river that crossed his land.

And then, if he chose, he would be entirely right if he "posted" his territory, and if he exacted a moderate fee from anybody who applied for permission to shoot over it.

Not only would the native birds and game-beasts return to land made suitable for them; but, if she desired, the thrifty housewife could set scores of pheasant eggs and let it be known that the birds were liberated in the vicinity.

Why not? It would be a decent, worthy, respectable source of revenue. For very little money any farmer may stock, properly, the waters which are his, post them, and permit fishing for a fee.

Some corporations will fight such laws. Factories, dye-works, pulp-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, acid-works, creameries—all these will demand their right to turn the pure water of America into stinking sewers.

The writer wonders when the Public will begin to wonder who really owns all the sweet, pure water in America. Do the polluters of it really own it, after all? Do the pulp-mills really own the right

OUTDOOR BOOKS
By WARREN H. MILLER
Former Editor of Field and Stream

NEW! "The Sportsman's Workshop" **$1.25**
How to make tents, pack-sacks, cook-kits, tent stoves, decoys, reloading, rifle and rod fittings, leather working. Silk Cloth binding, $1.75.
"Airedale, Setter and Hound" **1.00**
How to raise, train and doctor the three great hunting breeds. Pedigrees, kennel construction, care in puppyhood.
"Camp Craft" The standard work on camping **1.75**
"Rifles and Shotguns" **2.50**
Practical big game and wing shooting.
"Camping Out" **2.00**
The "Sourdough book" for veteran woodsmen.
"The American Hunting Dog" **2.50**
A strictly modern work. Latest pedigrees, puppies, breeding, training, dog diseases.
"Canoeing, Sailing and Motor Boating" **2.50**
Canoe, sail boat and motor boat designs.
"The Boy's Book of Hunting and Fishing" **2.00**
Cheap yet practical outfits. Camping for boys.
"How to Build a Hunting and Fishing Skiff" ..... **.50**
"How to Build a Sailing Canvas Canoe" ..... **.50**
"The Medicine Man in the Woods" ..... **.25**

WARREN H. MILLER INTERLAKEN, N. J.

"The Rape of the River"

The beautiful and appealing poem so truly descriptive of thousands of America's little rivers, by

ROBERT H. DAVIS

is for sale in illustrated booklet form for ten cents a copy postage prepaid.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

All proceeds from sale of this booklet to be devoted to the anti-pollution crusade of the League.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

to turn this continent into a Spanish or Chinese desert?

And the writer hopes that the day is not so very far away when he shall meet a score of neighbors over a Thanksgiving table laden with a fragrant wild turkey flanked by a smoking brace of partridges, the incense of which, God willing, shall blend with the excellent aroma from a haunch of venison, while deliciously browned quail and a pair of luscious mallard ducks—

Well, well! And everything less expensive than beef and chicken!

And all washed down with frosty, sparkling new cider!

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 355)

gan to buzz. He tried to grab the handle but that was impossible. The fish could not be stopped. The line on the reel was growing smaller. There was not fifty feet left. Johnny made a last futile attempt to stop the fish but could not. There was a snap and the reel was empty.

"Whew," said Johnny wiping his forehead, "he sure was a lunker."

"He must have been," I replied. "Did you see him grab that bait?"

"Did I," he replied, "You just bet I did!"

We rowed ashore and got the tackle grip on board this time for emergency.

"Let's find a way to catch one of those buggers," I said as we rowed out.

"I'll catch one or bust, while we're here!" Johnny proclaimed emphatically.

"So will I," I echoed back.

When we got to the mooring we were prepared for the stoutest. Johnny put on a stronger hook and I changed my line and put on one like Johnny's new one. He had procured one of the strongest 3/6's we had and I had one too. We chummed again and the fish came back. This time I got the bite instead of Johnny. My fish ran off slowly. He ran towards the kelp so I had to hook him soon. I held him at first but found that my line was around the mooring. Getting it off was not hard except that I had to give him slack line and he got into the kelp. We went over to it and I started to pull him up. I thought I felt him all the time and so was very careful. Then up came my hook; empty. We were again fooled. We tried again and Johnny hooked one only to have it run in the kelp and break off. One that I hooked ran off towards the point and finally sounded. I pulled up my line and found a big piece of kelp on it.

"Ha! Ha!" said Johnny, "Now what do you say?"

It was lunch time now and George had wanted some fish for supper. We told him about our luck only to have everybody laugh. We did not say anything but I decided to fix them. We took our tackle to our tent and ate lunch. After lunch we went and put on our bathing suits and played with a big medicine ball on the beach. The GLADIATOR came in without any luck and then we went swimming. We had a great time in the water until it became too rough. Sid and Capt. Jack played with the ball throwing it at each other. We played cannibals, making tracks and trailing each other up and down the beach. Then the ocean got rough and a wind came up so we got dressed. Supper came as usual but no rock bass.

"Where's the fish?" asked Uncle Rome.

"In the ocean with all my line," said Johnny.

"How did he get it?" asked Dad.

"Oh! He just walked in the boat and I gave it to him," I replied softly.

"So that was it," he said. Then he laughed.

"Fine anglers you are," said Uncle Jack.

"You wait, you HERCULES! You'll get yours. You haven't hooked one yet," I yelled. I thought he would too, and I wanted to be on board when he hooked a hundred pound long, slim, hard-fighting tuna. It would be funny.

After supper we went way down the beach towards the east end and up into a big cave we had wanted to explore. We found a lot of bones and some ablony shells, proving that at one time the sea had been up in the cave. The sunset was again hidden by mist but possibly it might be seen the next evening. Johnny went to camp but I went up higher and sat down to watch the ocean. It was light enough to just distinguish Catalina in the distance. As it was getting darker I went back to camp and went to our tent. We practiced on a bugle I had brought along and cleaned our fishing tackle. After doing that we sat down and wrote in our note books. It was now about ten o'clock so I went out and blew taps for fun. It rang out and echoed back into dark and gloomy cañons and softly I heard it come back across the water. I heard the soft maa-ah of a lamb and then all was still again. Johnny called me and I went to bed.

Who Owns Our Forests?

(Continued from page 347)

out. For the opposition to the roads in the Superior Forest, together with the obvious search by the forest service for a definite policy, seems to be a turning point in the history of the national forests in this country.

Unless it is soon decided whether recreational development shall take precedence over timber cutting, or vice versa, and unless it is soon decided whether the forests belong to the people of the United States or to local interests, there will be constant clashes.

It happens that at the present moment, and in the case of this one forest, the subject of contention is a matter of a couple of roads. But these roads are just a beginning. With the roads in, there will be clamor by holders of other private land in the forest for more roads, and before long there will be logging railroads, and similar projects, until, in a short time, the beautiful wilderness of the Superior Forest will be in the same condition as the rest of northeastern Minnesota.

There can be no half-way measures. Either the forests must be open to private exploitation and destruction or they must be preserved for the use of the people. If the national forests mean to live as forests, they must start to strike out for shore right now. Purchase of all private lands within the forest, if necessary, must be immediately considered. For, as it has been shown, the fact that there are private holdings within the forest makes the forest virtually worthless as a national institution, particularly if it is true that the forests may be considered more highly as recreational areas than as commercial plums.

Another consideration, if we consider the forests as of more value for their standing timber than for their recreational uses, is that there is no need in Minnesota, for example, right now for the timber of the Superior Forest. The coniferous region of the state, it is true, is a vast ruin. It just lies there, most of it fit for nothing but growing more trees, an eyesore, an economic waste, a yearly loss of millions of dollars.

Timber must, and will be, grown on this wasted land. If the lumber men succeed in penetrating the Superior Forest they will merely postpone this inevitable economic move—and at the same time destroy the last wilderness in the state.

The matter of growing a forest is a matter of years; the matter of establishing a wilderness is one of centuries. The Superior Forest is a wilderness. It is the last in the middle west. Forests may grow up on the cut-over lands, but they will not be wildernesses again.

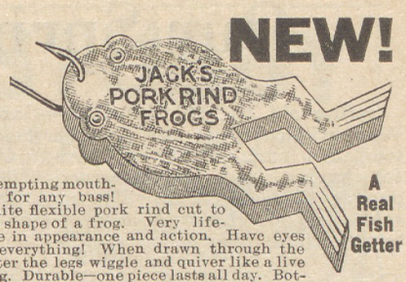
The time has come when the national forests, the city parks of the United States, the breathing places for the people, must be considered as something aside from any commercial use to which they may be put, and, particularly, ASIDE FROM THE COMMERCIAL USES TO WHICH LOCAL INTERESTS WANT TO PUT THEM.

The purpose of establishing national forests was to establish national forests. The boundary lines were meant to be significant. They must be immune from the laws which permit the states and the counties to build roads across public lands. They must be administered from a NATIONAL viewpoint.

The Superior Forest in Minnesota is a great natural waterway canoe country. The first thing to determine about the Superior forest is, whether or not the recreational uses shall take precedence over the commercial uses. Then, if it is decided that the recreational uses are greater, the Superior Forest would be developed along natural lines—waterway travel. If it is decided that commercial uses are of paramount importance, then let the country be logged whenever the United States forester sees fit, and by any means he sees fit.
this:

But the first consideration should be

TO WHOM DO THE NATIONAL FORESTS BELONG?



A tempting mouthful for any bass! White flexible pork rind cut to the shape of a frog. Very life-like in appearance and action. Have eyes 'n everything! When drawn through the water the legs wiggle and quiver like a live frog. Durable—one piece lasts all day. Bottles of one doz. 40c at your dealer's,

TURN TO PAGE 371 and get acquainted with Jack's Fish Ferrets and Jack's Wiggle Tail Pork Rind. They catch bass!

Your dealer should have all these lures in stock. If not write direct to us for catalog.

Perfection Bait Co., 747A Sharp, Kansas City, Mo.

Our Springfield, Ill., Chapter Acts

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 1st, 1923.—Game Warden Grubb, of this city, arrested two men from Bath, Ill., here today for having in their possession 2,000 pounds of black bass. The men had sold some of the bass in and around Springfield.—News Item.

SIX large mouth black bass, ranging from four pounds to two, freshly seined from a drain near Bath, Illinois, formed a mute exhibit of wholesale fish law violation to members of Springfield Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, at the meeting held in the courthouse, Wednesday evening, January 31.

The fish had been presented to one of the members of the Springfield Chapter, left at his place of business by a fish "boot-legger" whom the member had once befriended.

The exhibit caused more than a sensation, it almost brought about a riot. "Show them to the governor," "Take them before the legislature," "Let's make this the beginning of the end of the Bass Peddlers' Union," were some of the cries. When the preliminary excitement subsided some graver questions were raised and more information was sought.

It developed that two truck loads of black bass were brought into Springfield Wednesday evening with the plans all laid to dispose of as many as possible at the state capital and then run the remainder to Decatur. It was also stated at the meeting that black bass were easily and readily obtainable and that orders were solicited with marked regularity and filled speedily for wild ducks out of season. Some hotels and a prominent club were named as regular purchasers.

Then came the vital question, a question which many declared was of more immediate importance than pollution.

Why the market for the black bass, illegally caught and illegally sold?

Why make it profitable for bass bandits to take the risk of running their plunder?

Why, by education and example could not the market be destroyed?

It was pointed out that as long as a bass bandit could be secure of getting 30 cents a pound for black bass he would take risks to peddle them and worry not so much about buffalo and carp at 2 cents per pound. Consignments of 15 and 18 inch buffalo and carp, often contain nearly as many black bass as rough fish, information divulged. Just cut open the carp and insert a two-pound black bass and the bass is sufficiently hidden to escape examination, often by wardens who are not too particular as to exact performance of their duties. But the fish would not be so hidden and shipped were there no markets. Fish dealers must sell them, the commercial fishermen, some of them at least, must have standing orders.

There is in Illinois an open market for black bass and with a high price there will always be men willing to take a risk in order to supply the demand and secure the big money. Any money secured from fishing is money earned by hard, toilsome labor, a bass market makes the results of the labor more attractive.

To return to the Springfield bass, a resolution was adopted calling upon a committee to visit Governor Small and exhibit the fish. The committee forthwith met Thursday morning, secured an audience with the governor, and laid the case before him. The governor agreed that unless black bass were saved, rescued, and violators of black bass sales violation sufficiently punished, it would do little good to stock streams and prevent pollution.

The committee then called upon Chief Game and Fish Warden William J. Stratton. The chief volunteered the information that many changes were contemplated in the department, that instead of fines intermittently levied in some sections there would be revocation of licenses. With only 68 regular game wardens for 102 counties in Illinois it was pointed out that the Illinois river protection was rendered extremely difficult. Springfield Chapter, however, was promised co-operation without limit by the state department, and the members of the chapter in turn pledged themselves to get actively behind Chief Stratton in any movements he should inaugurate to more forcefully enforce the present laws.

Coincident with the Springfield visit a method of capturing and marketing wild ducks out of season came to light. River pirates take a few hundred feet of trot line, tie on hooks, bait the hooks with hominy and in the morning take off generally a duck for every hook. They chop off their heads and sell them as domesticated. "We're selling off our tame mallards, our decoys," is the explanation. There are no marks of shot, as the law says there should be, and the heads are chopped off. But there is a market for the ducks or they could not sell them and the purchasers are not regarded as pirates.

Springfield folks have never, in an organized way, given thought to a day of reckoning. But today with an Izaak Walton Chapter working industriously it rather looks like a day of good sportsmanship is just around the corner. With malice towards none the home of Lincoln has started educating its citizens and the bootlegger in bass, ducks, etc., who brings his wares to Springfield will find the going very, very tough. Either by education or prosecution the illegal sales will cease.

PUBLIC SALES

WE have purchased 122,000 pair U. S. Army Munson last shoes, sizes 5½ to 12 which was the entire surplus stock of one of the largest U. S. Government shoe contractors.

This shoe is guaranteed one hundred percent solid leather, color dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is $6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at $2.95.

Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

NATIONAL BAY STATE SHOE COMPANY
296 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Maybe It's Ol' Izaak Walton

By LAWRENCE O. FRY

When a feller's out a fishin'
He ain't thinkin' nuthin' bad
Cause his mind is on his business
That of catchin' that ol' dad
Of all the fishes in the crick.

Maybe there's a robin sittin'
In a alder tree close by
An' a singin' to a feller
Like he thinks he ought to try
To keep a feller company.

Yes an' maybe there's a rabbit watchin'
From a place he thinks is where
A feller couldn't see him.
I don't reckin he would care
If a feller looked him over.

'Cause he knows a feller fishin'
Like as not ain't got a gun.
If he had he wouldn't use it
On a little white tailed bun;
'Cause when a feller's fishin' he's just fishin'.

Sometimes when I'm fishin'
An' the wild folks lookin' on
I often sorta figure
That they ain't the only ones
Keepin' tab on what a feller's doin'.
Seems like something that ain't human
Kinda follers 'long the crick.
Maybe it's just 'magination
But it makes a feller think
He ain't fishin all alone.

Seems the One that made the fishes
An' the birds an' ever'thing
Kinda watches from the bushes
Just to keep a feller car'ful
And not too doggoned much of a hog.
(Maybe it's ol' Ike himself a watchin'.)

Concerning Plug Controversy

LETTERS in the Plug controversy are coming in fast and furiously, but owing to the extended campaign, the League is waging against the proposed building of roads through the Superior National Forest, we have reluctantly given up the two page space of the Plug letters this month to Mr. Hough's article on Page 346, entitled, "Who Owns Our Forests?" Every Angler, whether a user of plugs or flies cannot help but be concerned in this proposition of the building of roads through the glorious Superior National Forest. Such roads would virtually ruin one of the greatest unspoiled outdoor recreational spots left in America for the angler, the sportsman, the canoeist, and the outdoor lover.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Pollution

(Continued from page 321)

having been polluted. Over one hundred cases received treatment. Is not this a very strong indication that the warning signals of the League should be heeded and its activities aided in every possible manner?

The problems presented are more than serious ones. We must maintain and preserve the health of our people. We must conserve our food supply, we must prevent pollution of our beaches, and we must maintain also the purity of our inland waters for ourselves and posterity. We must look forward to a nation of sturdy men and women, to preserving our game fish, our wild fowl, and game; and to insure all these we must overcome the indifference of the public generally and arouse the people of the Nation to the dangerous condition. This must be accomplished without imposing undue loss or hardship on the industries—a task fraught with the greatest difficulty.

The New Jersey Conservation Commissioner, Mr. Burlington, reports that the streams in the State produce very few, if any, native fish; that in one investigation a man who inserted his arm into the water of a stream to reach a dead fish withdrew it, only to observe the skin on his entire arm peel off from the effects of the poisoned water.

In Ohio boys who had been bathing were found suffering from running sores all over their bodies. A young woman, the daughter of the president of a steel company, suffered similarly; yet her father, whose plant was causing the pollution, did nothing to stop it.

All the officials of the States are sorely troubled with the conditions. But they are powerless. We must have remedies, National and State, given by legislation.

The National Coast Anti-Pollution League advocates, fathers, favors, and urges immediate enactment of a law making punishable by fine and imprisonment the throwing, depositing, discharge, or pumping from any ship or floating craft, or from the shore or any wharf, factory, or mill of any oil sludge, oil refuse or any refuse or poisonous matter other than that flowing from streets and sewers, into any navigable waters of the United States, or into any tributary of any navigable water from which the same shall flow or be washed into such navigable waters.

It has been said that the people of our Nation are suffering from too many Federal laws. That may or may not be the case. True as it may be as to some in particular, yet the indisputable fact remains that in the matter of befouling our waters the Nation is suffering from the want of proper laws to safeguard it from this menace for the future. To overcome this the League is striving energetically, and welcomes the co-operation of all bodies of citizens. No efforts are too great nor too strenuous to accomplish the purpose. It sees what is in store. It realizes the fallacy and danger of delay, and therefore desires to enlist the aid of all to bring to a halt that which, if permitted to continue, grows steadily worse, aggravates, and finally destroys as it progresses, only eventually to mean disaster.

It is no exaggeration to maintain that unless the further spread of the contamination of our coast and inland waters as well as our beaches is arrested there lurks today a greater evil in the menace of their pollution than the ravages of the boll weevil.

The boll-weevil pest and scourge is confined to the cotton belt and cotton industry. Congress was asked when it appeared first, not many years ago, to appropriate $100,000 to stamp it out, and thus prevent its spread. The wiseacres who then heard the appeal laughed at such a proposition, minimized the danger and criticised the efforts as absurd.

In 1921 this pest was responsible on the acreage planted in preventing the production of 6,277,000 bales. The loss in 1921 was greater by 37 per cent than in 1920.

But these figures are small in comparison with the damage already done by pollution of some of our coast and inland waters.

This entire situation is fraught with greater danger than the average citizen realizes. In fact, I have heretofore pointed out that the great majority of our people know nothing of the matter, because it has never been brought to their notice. The few who do and realize both its importance and danger are in a haze because nothing is being accomplished toward an abatement of the aggravation, but are beginning to prod their friends. Goodness knows, we are suffering sufficiently now from the strain of taxation—over-taxation, if you will! Are we inviting more of it by our apathy toward conditions which must impose additional burdens on us?

Who suffers by or from this pollution?

1. The people generally of course. It affects their health, their recreation, their pleasures, and will shift the burden of and increase taxation.

2. The sportsmen (we have a few million of them), for it destroys fish, it kills wild birds and game.

3. The farmers, for the overflow of polluted streams kills their lands and ofttimes cattle as well.

4. Commercial fishermen, whose catches are affected.

5. River-front municipalities, communities which are endangered by fires.

6. The United States Government, because it is damaging to steel structural parts of Government dams and bridge foundations, and hinders navigation.

7. Taxpayers in the interior of certain States, for it shifts the tax burden on them, which otherwise would have to remain on the owners of lands, whereon the assessed valuation would not be reduced to a minimum.

Permit the coast waters to remain and continue polluted, and millions upon millions in appropriations will be necessary to restore conditions, if they can be restored; and for a restocking of streams of course the people will have to pay the piper.

Some concerns are already co-operating and have installed methods to eliminate further pollution. They have realized the expenditure has paid for itself, and the future means a profit to them.

There are only six million sportsmen and sportswomen, constituting one of the most important factors of our citizenship. It is asserted by one publication that over $6,000,000 was paid into the various State treasuries last fall by hunters alone.

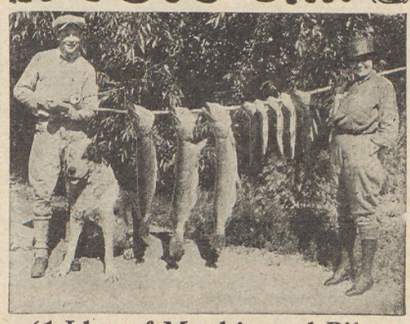
The farce of the situation presented is that both Government and the several States appropriate and spend millions in moneys annually to raise and stock streams with game and fish and to conserve wild life only to have them killed by pollution of the waters.

For example, a few weeks ago the New York "Evening Telegram" published the fact that at and around Cape May wild ducks were so plentiful that boys and hunters were rowing out only a short distance from the shore and killing them with clubs or sticks. No wonder that these poor fowl, without a chance for their lives, were glued to the surface, their wings matted with oil, unable to rise or fly. Pollution.

Once aroused to the realization of the dangers which the conditions named have created and of their climax, those who have opposed the institution of remedies and refused their co-operation to halt its progress will quickly realize their error that has been to their own disadvantage and has visited on them penalties not soon forgotten.

STUBBY

Gets 'em!



61 Lbs. of Muskie and Pike

Caught by Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smith, with a

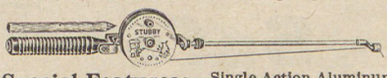
Stubby Rod and Reel

at Iron Lake, Wis. A Real Day's Catch.

$3.00

A Complete Fishing Outfit

Rod, Reel and All — for Casting, Trolling and Still Fishing. Fits the Pocket, Tackle Box and Traveling Bag.



Special Features:—Single Action Aluminum Reel, Rubberoid Finished Corrugated Handle, Imitation Agate Tip, Spring Drag with Bakelite Brake Button.

Your Fishing Outfit is not complete without a Stubby Rod and Reel. Comes packed in attractive colored carton with wood-setting pin — all ready for action.

Ask Your Dealer

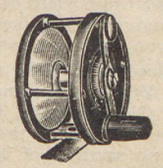
Write for Interesting Booklets on "Stubby Brand Fishing Tackle." Our New 1923 Booklet is just off the press.

The American Display Company

Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

FISHING TACKLE

Deal Direct with the Manufacturer



"Edward vom Hofe" on an article of TACKLE not only signifies that it is good TACKLE, but that there is none better. Making Tackle since 1867 is a recommendation in itself. We never sacrifice quality to make a low price, neither do we ever use quality as an excuse for a high price.

Catalog of 160 Pages Sent on Request

Edward vom Hofe & Company

96 Fulton Street **New York City**

Will County Chapter, Joliet, Plants Bass

WILL County Chapter had a bass planting party March 1.

Through a hole chopped in twelve inch ice 500 full grown big mouth black bass and 2,500 adult crappie, perch, sunfish and striped bass were placed in Lake Renwick, a hundred acre body of water a few miles west of Joliet. The fish were those on exhibition at Springfield during the state convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

To facilitate work the state fish car was switched through courtesy of P. F. McManus, general superintendent of the E. J. & E. railroad directly to the edge of the lake eliminating double handling in cans and on trucks.

The car was exhibited at Joliet from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. with thousands of people taking advantage of the opportunity to see the methods of handling state fish. It was incidentally the first time the state fish car had ever been brought to Joliet, the Izaak Walton Chapter in this city being but a few months old.

All fish were rescued from Thompson's Lake near Beardstown. Bass ranged from a pound to three pounds and not a single big fellow was lost during the journey.

Not a single big fellow was lost during the journey.

Fishing will be controlled in Lake Renwick until July, so as to protect the newly located bass during the spawning period. Representatives of Will County Chapter will reason with would-be fishermen and invoke the aid of a trespass law on ones who decline to be reasoned with during the time from now until July first.

Will County Chapter has made preliminary arrangements for establishing a "Plant a Bass" hatchery at Pilcher Park, a part of which is the famous old Higinbotham estate east of Joliet and owned by the city. Four hundred acres now are used as bird and game refuges and a half dozen constantly flowing springs and connecting lakes make establishment of a hatchery merely a question of waiting for the weather to get right. Pilcher Park contains one of the few patches of virgin timber remaining in this section of the state.

The largest organization in the city, Will County Chapter has as its principal difficulty, the finding of a hall sufficiently large to hold meetings.

A Night Hunt for Black Bear

(Continued from page 327)

his nose, recovered and kept on traveling—to the right of us. By this time my hair which, I believe, had been standing on end, began to lie down and I saw that Mr. Bear was getting to the edge of the brush. So again praise be, another bronze pointed bullet hit the bear like a ton of brick and down he went.

Wouldn't it be great if all the big game animals a fellow kills would keep the same size after they are dead that they appear to have when being stalked? Gosh, how that bear did shrink when he finally kicked in. It seemed as if he must have lost at least three feet from the time I first shot at him until the time he was stretched out on the ground. However, he was a welcome bear. After you sit up all night and nearly freeze to death you really appreciate your trophy. But never again at night—my tip is if you want to hunt brown bear—go after 'em when the sun is shining.

Safe Rudder Steering

ELTO'S rudder steering not only makes tiller rope control practical from any part of the boat but frees your arm from a jerky, vibrating steering handle. Your boat will take a straight course, only needing attention at the turns — frees your hands for rod or gun. Most important of all, it does away with dangerous pivot turning—makes the ELTO SAFE for everybody—even for women and children.

It's the light, fast, vibrationless twin—with an *extra* horse power—full 3 H. P. While light enough for easy carrying you can trust Ole Evinrude, the pioneer designer of outboard motors, to make the Elto only *as light as right,* with no sacrifice of bearing surfaces, power, service-life, or safety. To get this, his latest and finest motor, ask for it by name, "ELTO". Write for booklet.

Demonstrating Agents

In territory where there is no regular ELTO dealer we have a special proposition for demonstrating agents. Some good territory is still open—write today.

Elto Outboard Motor Co.

[Dept.] Manufacturers Home Bldg.
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN

MY experience has convinced me that hard, stubborn and uncertain starting has been overcome by a big hot spark, which is produced *only* by battery ignition, regardless of cranking speed. It has done it for automobiles, and is doing the same for the ELTO. Any one can start the ELTO with a quarter turn. It's Atwater Kent Uni-Sparker prevents "juice" wastage. It's water-proof battery gives full season's service. No parts to be returned for re-magnetizing. Every hardware store a service station.

Cordially,
Ole Evinrude

Elto
3 H.P. Light Twin
"As light as right"

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

(Continued from page 353)

It happened several years ago while deer hunting about six miles south of Bagley, Minnesota. There were four of us in the party. Two were to make a drive through a swamp of heavy brush and tamarack timber. I was one of the drivers. After the posters had stationed themselves at the west end of the thicket, we were off, making a large detour around to the east end, from where we walked abreast directly west toward the posters.

Through the center of this swamp, running north and south, there was a cut out section line of about three feet in width which gave an open view all the way across. As it developed, I reached this line before my partner and just as I stepped into it, a fine buck with a large display of furniture on its head, also stepped in. He came in at a point about four rods distant and instead of proceeding west toward the posters, he turned and bounded straight away from me, down the open section line. I took off the safe, raised the rifle to my shoulder, aimed, and pulled the trigger. There was no report—no fine trophy going down to his end. The cartridge had misfired. Instantly I worked the action out, and the next cartridge, instead of going to its place in the chamber, deliberately stuck its soft nose into the works of the breech and held tight. It was now my turn to buck. Frantically, I shoved the slide forward and pulled it backward, but the d——d thing stuck on.

During all these tragic moments, that magnificent buck bounced gracefully down that open lane. I just know that if that gun had worked that I would have filled that old buck full of holes. All that seemed necessary was to point the muzzle down the open line and pull the trigger. It did not seem possible that both the buck and bullet could go down the same path at the same time without getting into a serious argument.

The jammed rifle did not wake up to the splendid opportunity until, just as the deer jumped off the line into the brush on the other side of the swamp, the stubborn cartridge slid into its place. As the buck disappeared, I fired a parting farewell. Judging from the tracks he was making in the snow, I must have hit him somewhere on a straight line about three feet back of his flag!

REEL BARGAINS
Your Choice of Three
TOURNAMENT MULTIPLIERS
MEEK, TALBOT or MILAM,
Perfectly New, Latest Style—
Retail $28—$30.
Price $18.00 Each.
Address "REEL"—this Office.

You Will Help Our
Izaak Walton League Monthly
By mentioning its name when you write to advertisers.

He can tell the story of a lovable dog as can no other living author

James Oliver CURWOOD

THE COUNTRY BEYOND, his latest novel, is now a best-seller everywhere! Start it after supper—this heart-gripping romance of Nada, and Roger McKay, and the one-man dog named Peter—and you won't hear the clock strike till you've reached the last page! *And it makes an ideal gift!*

The Country Beyond
Handsomely Bound and Illustrated
At All Bookstores—$2.00
Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
119 West 40th Street, New York

GET BIG BASS
with
JACK'S FISH FERRETS
and
WIGGLE TAIL BAIT

Here's proof of their effectiveness! Three of 7 bass, the largest weighing over 5 pounds, caught by R. E. Six, 137 S. La Salle St., Chicago, using Jack's Fish Ferrets and Jack's Wiggle Tail Bait, at a lake less than 60 miles from that city. Other fishermen claimed the waters to be "fished out" but these dependable lures get fish where other lures fail completely! Use them, and insure yourself of a good string.

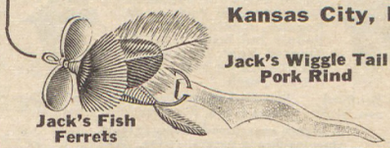
Jack's Fish Ferrrts combine the feathered fly, weight and spinner all on one long shank hook—no kinking joints. Six color combinations. Regular size weighted flies 50c ea.; bucktails 40c ea. Complete set (12) with jar Wiggle Tail, $5.00. Fly rod size, unweighted flies and bucktails, 35c ea. Complete set (12) with jar Wiggle Tail, $4.00.

Wiggle Tail Pork Rind for use on any lure, rides upright like a live minnow swims. Wiggles like everything! Game fish can't resist its natural action.

TURN TO PAGE 367 and read about Jack's Pork Rind Frogs—the newest bass lure. They look and act just like a live frog. Man alive, how bass do hit 'em!

All up-to-date dealers should have all these lures. If yours hasn't stocked them yet, write direct to us for catalog.

PERFECTION BAIT CO., 747-B Sharp, Kansas City, Mo.



A Century Old

Established 1822

William Mills & Son
25 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK
Fishing Tackle Specialists
(OVER 100 YEARS)

Sole Agents for
H. L. LEONARD RODS
The Rod You Will Eventually Buy

Our SPECIAL BOOKLET contains DESCRIPTIONS and PRICES of goods; COLOR PLATES of FLIES; HUMOROUS ARTICLE on ANGLING, and a "NOVEL INDEX" describing outfits for angling for various Game Fishes. Copy mailed on receipt of 10c in stamps.

A FEW OF OUR SPECIALTIES:

Fly Casting Tackle

RODS FOR WET OR DRY FLY
"TUSCARORA" 8¼ to 9½ feet.....$10.00
"MANCO" 8¼ to 9½ feet..... 15.00
"MILLS' STANDARD" 8 to 9½ feet..... 28.00
"H. L. LEONARD" 7½ to 9½ feet..... 50.00

SINGLE-ACTION TROUT REELS
"CRESCO" (ENGLISH TYPE).....$ 5.00
"KENNET" (ENGLISH)..... 12.75
"H. L. LEONARD"..... 18.00

DOUBLE-TAPERED TROUT LINES

30-Yd.	Size D	E	F
IMPERIAL (Wet Fly)..	$4.70	$4.20	$3.75 ea.
INTRINSIC (Dry Fly).	9.50	8.75	7.75 ea.

"INTRINSIC" TAPERED LEADERS
For Dry Fly—3 weights—7½ feet.....$0.60
For Wet Fly—3 weights—6 feet..... .45

ENGLISH DRY OR FLOATING FLIES
Sizes 15, 12 and 10 regular.....$2.00 doz.
Sizes 8 regular and 10 Long Shank..... 2.40 doz.
Sizes 6 regular and 8 Long Shank..... 3.00 doz.

BEST "WET" TROUT FLIES
Either Regular or Light Tied.....$1.50 doz.

"ALBION" WADERS
(The Only Perfect Waders)
LEGGINGS, Stocking Feet.....$12.00
LEGGINGS, LIGHT Wgt. Stocking Feet.. 14.00
TROUSERS, Stocking Feet..... 20.00
TROUSERS, LIGHT Wgt. Stocking Feet.. 21.00

FLY BOOKS AND BOXES
BOXES with compartments.....$0.60 to $15.00
BOXES with individual clips..... .90 to 6.50
BOOKS (clips or pockets)..... 1.00 to 16.25

Bait and Bait Casting Tackle

RODS FOR BAIT AND BAIT CASTING
(Bait Rods 7 ft. to 8½ ft.; Bait Casting 5½ ft.)
"PARAGON" BAIT, $7.75; BAIT CASTING.....$6.50
"NONPAREIL" BAIT, $17.50, BAIT CASTING (3 Agates).....16.00
"H. L. LEONARD," Three-Piece, 5 ft. to 8½ ft.....48.00
"H. L. LEONARD," Two-Piece, 5¼ ft. to 6 ft. (3 Agates).....40.00

BAIT AND BAIT CASTING REELS
(Quadruple Multiplying)
"JERSEY," No. 2315, Nickel Plated.....$ 2.50
"MANCO," No. J314, Jeweled Nickel Plated 6.75
"CROWN SPECIAL," Jeweled Nickel Silver 8.75
"MEEK," Plain or Jeweled Bearings, $30.00 to..... 38.00
"BEETZEL," Devel Winding..... 25.00

LINES—BRAIDED SILK—50-YD. LENGTHS
"MILLS' RECORD," Extra Hard, 3 Sizes, Drab or Black.....$2.75

BARBLESS HOOK FLIES
We have made for years (15 or 20, at least) Flies on Hooks without barbs—as written about (in this, and other Magazines) by Mr. HAROLD T. PULSIFER. We carry a moderate stock of some of the more prominent patterns, in the most used sizes (and can tie, promptly, orders for patterns, or sizes, not in stock—in quantities of not less than 1 dozen of a pattern and size).
PRICE, STOCK PATTERNS, $1.75 dozen.

WEBS WONDER WORKERS

THE WIGGLAKLE, 75c Each

A weedless wonder. No head or body to interfere with the setting of the hook. The wings form the weed-guard and give the tail motion. Made in sizes 1-0, 3-0, and 5-0,

FLY SPINNERS for TROUT AND BASS

With high grade silk body flies. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10. All standard patterns.
With Spinner Fly - 20c each
With Hair Fly - 40c each

PS 20 Spinner

HAIR FLIES

Hair Fly

A lifelike wonder. Never mats. Life in every hair. Outlasts many feather flies. Flies only sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10.
Each - - - - - - - - 25c

Straintest Leader

STRAINTEST LEADERS

Trolorcast Bass Fly

Every leader marked with tensile test.
Straintest, 4½ ft., each 50c
Refina, extra fine, 2yd. ea. 35c
Fina, fine, 2 yd. each - 30c
Regular, medium, 2 yd. 30c
Padron 2nd, heavy, 2 yd. 30c
Tapered, light, 7½ ft, ea. 50c
Marana 1st. for bass, 4½ ft., each - - - 50c

Best Bet Eyed 1 doz. asst. $1.50

Standard assortments in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12

Truvalu Tu Gut 1 doz. asst. $1.00

A 36 page encyclopedia is our catalog, showing flies in natural colors. Will be sent free with every order.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO.
145-147 Main Streer
STEVENS POINT, WIS.
Lock Box 315

WEBS LIFELIKE FLIES

Who Cares?

By PRESTON BRADLEY

Conclusion of Cover Editorial

material to your program. You cannot go on without human beings and you are going to awaken some morning to find that your program of commercialism has so devitalized your greatest need that your structure will tremble. Civilization was born in the fertile valley of a river. Its first building was a cathedral forest. Its first citizen was a poet. No one knows the names of the ancient bankers of Rome or Greece and no one cares. No one knows the names of the boats that carried the commerce of Greece and Rome and no one cares. But Sophocles lives, Plato and Socrates are eternal, Horace and Virgil are ever young. Cannot you see, America, that your future depends upon the quality of your citizenship and not upon your possessions? So frequently does the public think that every movement for Conservation is just another group of sportsmen that want to be assured of their fishing and hunting. The whole theme is presented as a recreational proposition. This aspect is the very least of the matter to me. It is likewise the least important. Conservation implies saving that which is already being depleted. Propagation implies creating something that does not exist. There isn't so very much of the out-of-doors that is left to save. The venom of pollution has already done its deadly work in thousands of American streams. In a very definite sense we must begin all over again. **Somebody must care! If Lincoln had not cared where would our united America be today?** If the gentle teacher of Nazareth had not cared what would be the condition of moral philosophy today? It is the consideration in life that counts most of all. One does not have to be a fisherman or a hunter to care about what is happening to outdoor America. Although every true sportsman does care. One only needs to know the results that will inevitably obtain when our streams run soaked in filth, our forests denuded, our climatic conditions unbearable for comfort or even the sustenance of life, our men merely cogs in the wheels of industry, our youth knowing only the veneer of the city—God, what a picture and how terrific will be the fall! Some grasping, unthinking biped of fiendish greed says, "When the lumber is gone, the coal exhausted, the oil wells dry, something else will come and take their places." Right you may be, my friend, "who does not care," but nothing in all the wide, wide world will ever take the place in this world of a happy, red blooded nature-loving boy or girl growing into manhood and womanhood with little rivers in which to fish, wooded lots in which to play, making friends of the little denizens of the forests, and the melody of birds to sing away their little hurts. Find me a substitute for these, you dollar-chasers. Until you do I am going to care and care much about keeping the out-of-doors as nearly like nature meant it to be as I can; so are all the other thousands of members of Izaak Walton Chapters. We of the League throw out to you the challenge. We have only begun to fight. You cannot intimidate us nor can you frighten us. There will be a million of us "Who Care." One of these days you will know just how much we care. Not for ourselves do we care. It is for those who are to come after us. We are not strong enough to stand their eternal condemnation if we fail now. Our failure now means that they will have no chance in the years that are yet to be. We could not rest in our graves. If Heaven should be our portion it would be turned into hell by their cries of reproach and shame heaped upon us. We are out to win. That means for America, and the place she will occupy when the history of civilization is written. Do you care enough to help?

Foxy Fish and Otherwise

(Continued from page 331)

servants to provide for. If you are getting six-inchers, eight or ten will pretty well satisfy you after they have been nicely browned in boiling olive oil.

But to put ten fish in your basket in the streams of China or Japan you may hook fifty. The forty that you release are absolutely uninjured if caught with these barbless hooks. To prove this we once tried an experiment on a big school of the small silver fish, cutting small notches in the dorsal fins of the little fellows and throwing them back into the stream. Often we caught those marked fish almost at once after they were marked; and some of them had their back fins notched like a saw, from repeated captures.

The barbless hook not only makes a cleaner sport of fishing, but it makes sport where there was none to be found before, as in the case that I have mentioned. Catching those little "shiners" with one of the old barbarous hooks is a nasty, scaly, slimy business, fit only for the Chinese coolie; but with the dainty Japanese trout fly it becomes a merry, clean sport, moist and strenuous, that any trout fisher would enjoy. To land a six-inch or eight-inch trout (they run no larger in Japan) with such tackle your skill must be of first-rate order; and the smaller fish will give you a merry battle. The little ones that you put back today will be there, big and strong and hungry, when you come the next time. May the use of the barbless hooks spread far.

D. S. WILLIAMS,
Engineer Yueh-Han Railway, 1908-19,
Los Angeles, California.

Since the receipt of Mr. Williams' letter I have been searching for the flies which he describes. It has been a long chase but I have finally run them to ground in the possession of the Takeuchi Brothers of 444 Bush Street, San Francisco, California. The sample flies they were able to secure for me were apologized for in the following words:

> These flies are used in Japan generally for dace—about three inches long, and silver white body—fishing in rapid stream. Dace is not foxy like trout, so that the flies are not look very good.

As ten of the flies sell for from twenty-five cents to fifty cents according to the pattern, it is not to be marveled at that they "are not look very good." They seem, however, to be well enough tied for the purpose. But at two and one-half cents apiece, one could afford to have a few disintegrate in the course of a day's fishing. I have not been able to secure the names of these flies; perhaps some of our far-traveled anglers can supply them.

Bonefish at Long Key

(Continued from page 324)

a quarter of a mile from shore. A stingray winnowed slowly beneath the surface, birdlike in its movements. Terns flew back and forth along the beach, and far overhead, that marvelous flying organism, the frigate bird, sailed on tireless wings.

There was no sign of bonefish, but standing knee deep in the warm water, I cast my bait close to the edge of the channel. It was perhaps an hour, possibly longer, when I caught a movement against the sand. There they came; a school of bonefish, and all monsters apparently, from where I stood. They were following the channel, and heading in my general direction. Then a ripple to the water, hid them from me. I waited, almost trembling with eagerness, fingering the line for the slightest nibble. It came, when I had almost

given up hope. A slight tug. Then a gentle outward movement, and I struck.

I don't think I have ever had a better fight from a fish, than this fellow gave me. I was using my regular bait casting tackle, and the reel, I knew, held far too little line for the work. The result was, that more than once I was forced to follow my fish, waist deep, when I saw the line growing scarce. Once, near the end, he fouled me on a piece of coral, and I thought I had lost him. Following the line, I reached beneath the surface and freed it. And I believe I have seldom experienced a greater feeling of elation than when I discovered that the fish was still fast. It was a good forty minutes before I had tired him out sufficiently to coax him to shore. The last fifty yards I herded him before me, and so tired was he that he suffered me to lift him gently from the water, where I placed him on a clean bed of moss. Yet tired as this fish was, he surrendered with dorsal fin erect, and with his tail still waving feebly, and with the gleam of the unconquered gladiator in his bold black eye. He weighed at the club house that night, nine pounds and one ounce.

Less than an hour later, in almost the same place, I was lucky enough to hook and land another gold button fish, this one of eight pounds and four ounces. After this, I awakened Billy, and we meandered back to camp.

These fish had battled with a speed, and with a display of energy equaled, I believe, by no game fish of salt or fresh water. And later, at the Long Key club house, they lay in honor, as befitted them, while the guests gave them the homage that was their due.

One windy day I sat making a sketch from the beach, with my rod propped against a log beside me. There was a great bow in my line, from the effect of the wind, and, altogether, conditions were bad for this sort of fishing. As I glanced up from my work to catch a fugitive bit of color, I happened to see the line go slack. I grasped the rod, and struck. Felt the weight of a fish, and then he was off. I reeled in, and as the bait came out on the sand I saw a huge bonefish trailing it inshore, like a hound on the scent of his prey. He approached within fifteen feet of where I sat, and into such shallow water that the entire length of his back was visible above the surface. Then he turned, and moved slowly out. I cast out instantly, and within two minutes felt him at my bait. I gave the fish plenty of time, for this was the largest specimen I had ever seen, alive or dead, and I wanted him. When I set up on him, I knew I had him well hooked. Yet on the first run he broke loose, and when I reeled in, sick at heart, I found the hook snapped off at the bend.

This is not an infrequent occurrence, for the crushers that lie at the back of the bonefishes' mouth are of sufficient power to break up the shellfish and crabs on which they feed. The hook, unless it is well tempered, is apt to fail in the time of need.

Perhaps I am overly enthusiastic concerning this fish. Perhaps the very newness of him as a game fish, and the romantic environment in which he is found, has affected my judgment of comparative values. Perhaps Zane Grey's eulogization of him has vested him with attributes which he does not possess. Perhaps so, but I doubt it. To me, the bonefish is the most fascinating, and the most entirely satisfying fish that swims.

V&A

1923 Spring & Summer Catalog

Listing a comprehensive stock of Quality Sporting Goods

Honestly Described and Honestly Priced

Write for Catalog T. We will gladly mail it to you on request

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
130 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago
SPORTING GOODS EXCLUSIVELY

The Covered Wagon

A fascinating and stirring story of the America of Yesterday, of gripping interest to all Americans of Today.

By

Emerson Hough

Published by Appleton

For Sale at All Bookstands

Price $2.00

churches. I was part and parcel of the great "I Am." For me, all the universe had been built. For me, the Great Hereafter was solely created. All other life was merely incidental, and created especially for my benefit. It was mine to do with as I pleased. In a mild sort of way, the school and the church told me to have a little charity, and not to "hurt the poor little birdies."

But church and school did not tell me, and has never told its pupils, that all other life on the earth was as precious as my own, and had an equal right to fight for its existence. It is true I was told that never a sparrow falls that God does not see it, but it is also true that, for six years, my state urged its children to kill sparrows for a bounty of two cents a head. I found no course in school or college that attempted to teach me that the spark of life animating my own body was no different from the sparks which animated all other living things. Both religion and school instilled into me that I was next in place to God. All other life, from the life of trees and flowers to that of beasts and birds, was put on earth for my special benefit. No other life had a right to exist unless the human egoist saw fit to let it live. And all this simply because human life happened to be the most powerful life, and cleverest in the art and science of destroying other life.

I wonder what would happen if for ten generations the churches and schools would teach their little children and their grown-ups that there is a heaven for flowers and trees and birds and butterflies just as surely as there is a heaven for man! What would happen if the teaching of the Great Truth of nature began in the kindergarten, and went on through the lives of men and women, growing stronger in the race as generation added itself to generation? It is something to think about in these days when, in our madness for a faith, we are reviving ghosts and phantom voices and are frightening our children again with the diseased and weird belief that the spirits of the dead can come back to us. We want something that is clean and healthy and inspiring, something that is beautiful to contemplate, and which is not an overwhelming insult to that Great Power of the universe of which we are so small a part—and in the kindergarten we could plant the seed of that thing, so that, through the school and the church and all life, it would continue to grow stronger with each generation, until, at last, man would shake off that deadliest of all his enemies, his own egoism and self-conceit. Then, and not until then, will he find contentment and peace and happiness in the brotherhood of all other life that is about him.

But I seem to be evading the issue—my own confession as a monumental egoist and a killer. I have said that my parents were egoists, like all their forefathers before them. Yet the world never held a better mother than mine. I do not except any who may sit in

God's Country

(Continued from page 333)

heaven at the present time. And my father, as a man, was far better than his son will ever be. He was a gentleman of the old school, living, as he died, an example of courage and fearlessness and honor to all who knew him. Yet did these two splendid people, like all other parents, foster and cultivate my egoism from the beginning. They did it unconsciously, blindly, as hundreds of millions of other parents are doing to-day.

My father loved hunting and fishing, and at eight years of age I possessed my own gun. I remember with what pride he taught me to shoot and to stalk my first living victims; and when we returned from a hunt, if I had killed anything, it was always to me that my beloved mother gave her greatest attention and commendation. We lived on an Ohio farm then, and I became a sort of boy prodigy in the art of hunting. When I was nine years old, a newspaper in a near-by city published a story of my prowess, and I do not think I was more puffed up over it than my father himself. By the time I was twelve, I had lost all respect for that life which the laws of our state said I might take. I had a fine collection of birds' eggs, and another "splendid" collection of birds' wings. My room was decorated with the wings.

I always recall with an odd sort of feeling that at this particular height of my boyish slaughter of life I "got religion," and got it hard. At Joppa, a "four-corners" two miles from our farm, a series of revival meetings was going on that winter, and I cannot remember anyone in all our community who did not get the religious fever, except most of the youngsters. But it hit me hard. I felt that I was actually inspired. So deeply did the excited preachings effect my mind that frequently, when I was alone, I felt that angels were with me. One moonlight night, in returning from a revival, I actually saw an angel, and the beautiful thing with white wings and white raiment and wonderful flowing hair walked halfway home with me. When I told that story at school the next day, and insisted that it was true, I had five different fights. My mother said that it probably was true, for she was delighted that I had become religious. So I fought, and licked—and got licked—for about a month because of my faith.

But what I am coming to is this: Though practically our whole township was converted, at no time did this religion tell me to stop killing. So inspired was I that Mr. Teachout, the revivalist, had me give a short "sermon" one evening—and I recall vividly how, in "introducing" me, he said, in a loud voice and with a great flourish of his arms, that I "was the best hunter in all Erie County and could kill more game in a day than almost any grown hunter there." Whereupon there was a mighty applause from the hundred people present, and I was the proudest youngster in Ohio.

Why?

Because from a church rostrum I was hailed as the greatest boy killer in that county! No one of all those Christians told me that I should stop killing. They made a hero of me because I was already becoming a master in the art of killing. They built up my egoism to a point where it became blasphemous—to a point where it more than offset my mother's pleadings that I stop shooting birds for their wings. Then came a thing which, as I look back upon it now, seems to me monstrous. There was to be a big "hunter's supper" to end the revival. The men chose sides, and on a certain day all these men set out to kill. They were to kill nothing "outside the law." But all life not protected by law might be sacrificed. I remember that a rabbit counted five points, a squirrel four, a hawk six, a blue jay two, and so on. The side that lost out on "points," or, in other words, destroyed the least life, was compelled to furnish the supper. How I did slaughter! When I came in to the "count" that night, my gamebag was filled to the brim with dead things. Among other creatures I had killed seventeen blue jays! Any wonder that Captain Kidd and his pals screamed over my head this morning?

And yet good Christian people still regard with horror the day when pagan Rome burned the martyrs.

My education in the art of destruction increased as my years grew in number. I was not alone. All the human world was destroying, just as it is destroying to-day. We moved back to the little city of Owosso, in Michigan, where I was born. In Erie County, Ohio, my nickname had been Slippery—just why I don't know; now, in Michigan, it became Nimrod and Wildcat Jim. I haunted our beautiful Shiawassee River as ghosts are now haunting some of our scientific writers. I trapped and hunted and fished more than I studied—so much more, in fact, that I became decidedly unpopular with our high-school principal, Mr. Austin, who is now my very good friend. At last, I stood at the splitting of the ways—and I chose my own course. I trapped a season, and, with the money earned, started in on a special course at the University of Michigan. Things went well. I slipped through college with the ease of an eel, took up newspaper work in Detroit, became a special writer and a magazine writer and the youngest metropolitan newspaper editor in Michigan. I felt inclined to believe that I was a wild and uproarious success.

But under it all burned my desire to get back to my old job of destruction, and this desire led me into my long years of adventuring into the far northern wildernesses.

(To be continued)

Next month we will follow in

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

Third Trail of God's Country

entitled

"MY BROTHERHOOD"

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 339)

bird calendar?—to try out the good old trout rod; and, if you are a rifleman, this is the spring flight season for hawks. There will be more of them now than at any other time of the year. The fretful angle worm is good trout bait now. They are not interested in flies, only caddis worms, which you can see wiggling in their queer straw and sand sheaths along the bottoms of every brook, and interested too in the occasional angle worm washed down from some weeping gully. Yours may well be one of these, if artfully fished down the current.

It will be an easy form of winter camping. The days are balmy, with the woods full of warm and sunny glades and the hot sun shining down through the bare trees. Spring peepers are out and about in every low spot; some ponds croaking with the curious song of the young leopard frog. If you strike a real warm spell, such as often comes in March, haunt the sunny stream banks and see the snakes out for their first spring warming. Nature has an immense family; every member in it, the mink along the brook, the woodpecker on the branch, the spotted brook turtle in the stream, each has his part to play. You, as a woodsman, belong here. It's **your** world. If you are not acquainted with it there is an immense and fascinating field of study ahead of you. What all the trees you see are, what their woods are food for, when they flower and fruit, of what use are these fruits and barks and fibres all around you, there's part of the woodsman's knowledge! The rocks and their geological formations. The plants and woods flowers, some medicinal, some decorative, some good to eat. The adorable birds and the wonderful things they do in this great scheme of things. All the wild animals, which go their ways and live their lives unmindful of your criticism or approval—what a lesson to mankind is here! The independence of mind of a forest animal! Is any human creature so sure of himself as these? We live, slaves to convention, tradition, what our neighbor thinks of us. Bah! Do what is right and let the neighbor talk! Will we ever learn from our little brothers of the wild?

"The fowls of the air and the beasts of the field shall teach you wisdom," says the Word. How many of us go into the blessed woods not knowing a single tree, incurious about the plant under our foot, looking dully upon the busy birds in the trees, eying a wild animal or a reptile with no thought save perhaps the desire to take a rifle in hand and take away his life. Lord of Nature, make us to be men! Teach us to humbly study Thy works. . . . . There is much weariness in books and men. Let us dwell apart awhile, in the realm of Nature. Did you ever collect for an aquarium? Did you ever take a microscope afield and learn new wonders through its lens? Did you ever roam the woods with a butterfly book in your pocket? God, what a lot there is in the forest life besides hunting and fishing!

There are a number of new discoveries awaiting him who selects the month of March for his first camp of the year.

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 341)

What a day! Every shot a hit and there before me in the drying rack stood plates every one of which was worth a dozen dead birds.

Boys, if you have never hunted with a camera you do not know what sport is. What a field, no limit to your bag, no closed season, no laws, and when you have shot your birds successfully you really have them forever."

Well told, W. E., well told. We congratulate you on your pictures and also on your patience. And we don't blame you for being proud of your photos. They sure are the berries.

W. E.'s experiences and his pictures are excellent examples of what fun a fellow can have with a camera in the study of bird life. With these as a starter, I see where we are going to see SOME pictures and hear SOME yarns this year.

Louis A. Keewer of Toledo has written us a mighty interesting letter about the birds down his way which we hoped to share with you this month but I guess it will have to hold over until next month when L. A. will have some photos for us. Believe me, L. A. is another chap who knows 'em, and you are going to be interested in his letter.

SINCE we last got together to chat about birds the boys have more than been stepping up with interesting stories about our feathered friends. Pictures have been coming in, too, and I know that what we have received so far is only a sample of what many of these fishermen and bird fans are holding up their sleeves. You can't tell me that many bait shooters and fly casters have no interest in birds or other things outdoors.

This really is a great winter for birds. Not in years have so many species stuck around as they have this season. Our mild balmy weather has been the incentive and you can't blame the robins, waterfowl and other species for wanting to loaf around when the temperature continues so mild.

La Crosse, Wisconsin, comes to bat with a story about 315 robins frequenting the hackberry trees of that town. And, mind you, this was in January. Not so bad, say we. Waxwings and cardinals are also numerous up there at this writing. A. B. B. reports these birds and also sent me a photo.

John W. Caughey writes us an interesting little note about birds getting a square meal of fish on the New Jersey coast. J. W. is a salt water angler and when he wrote this little squib he was in Texas. It is as follows:

"Fish pound nets on Youngs Pier at Atlantic City form the setting for this short story of a shrewd bird's way of getting something to eat. We fishermen were casting for king fish late one afternoon in the early fall, waiting for a strike, when beyond us a short distance from the end of the pier a staked pound net was located with a big catch of fish swimming in the net. A monster fish hawk came soaring about the net and soon dropped down on one of the stakes that held the net. He sat there just long enough to decide his next move and before we could realize it, he flew down among the fish in the net, picked one up in his claws and then returned to the stake where he began to eat the fish. This performance was repeated until he was full, when he stretched his wings and off he flew. The table d'hote dinner was over!

"Another time, while on the pier I had occasion to see one of these hawks pull a hunting trick that while efficient, I hated to witness. I was at the end of the pier and I happened to observe a fish hawk come sailing along. Suddenly a meadow lark (apparently off its course) flew past me. Immediately the fish hawk took in the situation and down he came striking the lark with such force as to knock it into the sea in a stunned condition. Then he pounced upon it, grasped it in his claws and away he went."

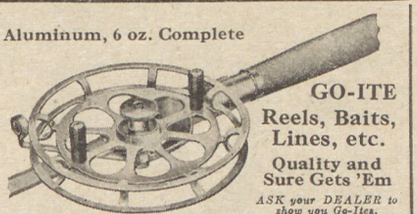
Getting back to this subject of bird photography I must say that this is no effeminate sport. If there is anything that takes ingenuity, patience, cunning, hard work and resourcefulness, bird photography is it. And getting the pictures will bring you all kinds of experiences. We feel much like Walter Hastings does on the subject in that it is a sport well worth while and something to encourage.

Speaking of bird portraits how do you like this one of a barn owl "at rest"? Some queer old "boid" is the American barn owl or, as it is sometimes called, the monkey faced owl. With a face that looks (as one bird fan has described it) like "a hooked-nose old woman, shrouded in a closely fitting hood" the barn owl is the berries when it comes to queer looks. He may look sleepy by day as most owls do, but when night comes and the rats and mice begin to navigate the barn owl begins hunting, and the way the old boy mows 'em down is nothing slow. A pair of these owls with a family to support have been known to bring eight mice to their brood in less than an hour. Nothing slow about these fellows.

The American barn owl is found in just about every place in the United States. However, so shy they are and doing their hunting only after dark you may have a pair or two in your neighborhood and never know they are there unless some night you should hear their quavering cry "h-r-r-r-r-ik."

A few years ago some scientists had occasion to look into the food habits of the barn owls, and upon examining 200 pellets from the nesting site of a pair this is what they found: 454 skulls of small mammals were in the pellets, and of these 225 were meadow mice, 2 pine mice, 179 house mice, 20 common rats, a number of other species of small mammals and only one song bird, a vesper sparrow. This list gives you a pretty good evidence that the monkey faced owl is the right kind of hunter, and when it comes to decreasing the mouse and rat population he is there.

DEMAND GO-ITE TACKLE

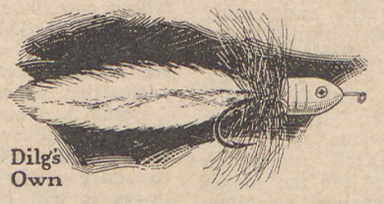


GO-ITE
Reels, Baits, Lines, etc.
Quality and Sure Gets 'Em
ASK your DEALER to show you Go-Ites.
Send immediately for illustrated literature, showing WHY GO-ITE LEADS.
WRITE NOW! 'Fore you forget.
GO-ITE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Dept. 20 Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.

The Heddon-Made Wilder-Dilg Cork Body Feather Lure

Irving Cobb

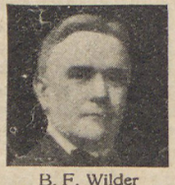
Will H. Dilg



Actual Size

Dilg's Own

W. L. Brann



B. F. Wilder

Zane Grey

Bob Davis

Length 2 inches over all. No. 6 O'Shaughnessy hooks. Six selected colors as follows:

No. 30 — **Irvin Cobb;** all red with red and yellow hackle.

No. 31—**Brann's Glory;** all green except body feathers mottled in black and white.

No. 32—**Wilder's Fancy;** black body, orange tail and brown hackle.

No. 33 — **Zane Grey;** all brown.

No. 34 — **Dilg's Own;** white and red hackle.

No. 35 — **Bob Davis;** all yellow except part green in hackle.

At your dealer's, moth-protected, in crumple proof boxes.

Any Color Each 75c

Now in Trout Size

LAST summer the world of fly-casting for bass was swept by the record-breaking success of the wonder-lure originated and perfected by B. F. Wilder and Will H. Dilg.

This novel combination of cork body, feather and hackle, imitating the action of a wounded minnow, gave a new luring principle to the light tackle angler.

The smashingest strikes—the sportingest fighting ever yielded by the waters—that was the universal report. The Wilder-Dilg lure for bass was a wildfire success.

Now in answer to insistent demand, exquisite Heddon craftmanship has produced the same principle and design in dainty miniature size for trout.

Indescribably attractive in color, with an action unique, compelling, irresistible, these tempting masterpieces of effectiveness earn a top place in your book of essential flies.

Send for the free booklet and color sheet, illustrating the Wilder-Dilg Feather Lures and giving the inventors' own story of their principle and effectiveness.

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

"Heddon Made—*Well* Made"

Wm. Croft & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Can., Sole Canadian Representatives

In 11 years of Field and Stream Magazine's Prize Bass Contests Heddon Rods and Heddon Baits have outstripped by overwhelming majorities the combined showings of all other makes of tackle that can be brought into fair comparison.